THE TOURIST'S NORTHWEST

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

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THE TOURIST'S NORTHWEST

BOOKS BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD, F.R.G.S.

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THE TOURIST'S NORTHWEST

BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Tourist's California," "The Tourist's Maritime Provinces," etc.

With Numerous Illustrations

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TO

PHILIP

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From

"THE MENTAL TRAINING OF A TRAVELLER,"

An address delivered by the

Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M.,

Before The Royal Geographical Society, London. Extract reprinted from *The Geographical Journal,* February, 1915.

. . . If a man enters the finest picture-gallery in Europe knowing nothing at all about the painters, whose work is there stored, their dates, the schools they belonged to, or the subjects they painted, he will derive very little benefit, and will carry away a most confused impression; but a little preliminary study will enable him to appreciate and enjoy pictures in a way which will be profitable all the rest of his life.

So it is when we enter the vast gallery of Nature. If we start to travel with a certain amount of preliminary knowledge, our travels repay us more and more at every step. The three things we ought to carry with us in order to learn and to profit are these: first of all, we ought to know what to look for; secondly, how to observe; and thirdly, how to reflect upon the things we do observe. Thus, also, the pleasures of travel are three: in the first place, the pleasure of observation, that which arises in the exercise of the faculty of observing; secondly, the pleasure of reflecting upon and generalising from what we have observed; and thirdly, the pleasure of memory, because it often happens that the pleasure of travel is greater in recollection than

at the actual moment. The traveller may be under a severe stress; he may be suffering some grievous hardship, or even sickness; he may have what is even worse, the disappointment of being forced to hasten on when he desires to examine some spot more carefully. But long afterwards he can recall what he has seen and done; he can call up the impressions and meditate upon them; he can visualise a long series of scenes, and, still better, can talk them over with, and draw further light from, those who have had a similar experience.

. . . Now I approach the most important part of our subject, because it is one which admits of very various forms of observation. It is the study of the surface of the Earth and of scenery. Whatever else we travel for, we all do so, at least in part, for the sake of observing scenery, and few can appreciate scenery to the full, or get the real enjoyment of it, without a strong desire to understand the elements of which scenic beauty consists. Of these elements the chief are those given by Geology. When I name that science, do not suppose that I am going to suggest to any of you that a scientific knowledge of geology is in any way essential to the traveller. I am thinking of something far simpler and more easy of attainment than the scientific mastery of geology. It has become now a very elaborate science, which has ramified out into many branches, and grown quite large enough to occupy the whole of a man's energies. What I mean is very much less than that. I refer to those elements of the knowledge of the structure and formation of the Earth which are directly connected with scenery: what one may call the composition of the Earth as regards its

substance and materials, and its structure as respects the succession of strata and the forms of the rocks which rise in eminences from the surface. These things interest the naturalist because the character of the surface and the rocks affect the vegetation and, indirectly, the animals; they interest the painter because it is his business to portray beautiful and varied landscapes; they interest the climber because his object is to get as high as he can upon mountains, and in order to know how to climb any particular kind of mountain, he will profit very much by his knowledge of the particular kind of rock of which it is composed, as I shall try to explain to you presently. And lastly, apart from all these specialists, there is the lover of beauty, and the poet, who desires to derive inspiration from nature. From all these points of view, whatever enables us to increase our power of grasping the quality and charm of scenery and carrying it in our memory is an addition to our capacity for enjoyment. I am not suggesting anything that requires a great amount of study. What the traveller needs is something like the gift for catching the type of scenery which a great painter possesses. Many of you are familiar with the landscapes of Turner. Has it ever occurred to you that Turner is one of the very few landscape painters from whose landscapes you can generally perceive what is the rock he is painting? If you go to his pictures you can almost always tell whether the mountain he is delineating is a limestone, or granite, or sandstone, or a slate mountain, because he had the gift of precise discriminative sight, and took pains to catch the exact character of the rock and render it faithfully in respect both of colour and of line. The same is true of

Titian. Any one who had ever seen one of the dolomitic mountains of Southern Tyrol would be able to recognise them from Titian's backgrounds. If you were set down before one of these Titian landscapes and did not know where the scene represented was situated, any one who had climbed among the valleys between the Pusterthal and the plains of Venetia would recognise the scene as belonging to the Dolomite country. Now the basis of this sort of knowledge which geology can give to help our appreciation of scenery may be said to reside in four things. In the first place, in a knowledge of the substance of the rock of which the hills are composed; secondly, in a knowledge of the series or succession of the different strata one above another; thirdly, in a knowledge of the processes by which the hills and mountains were raised; and fourthly, in a knowledge of the later process by which, after the raising had been completed, the mountains and hills were carved into the present shapes in which we now have them; that is to say, the processes of elevation and denudation. These four things are pieces of knowledge which a limited amount of geological study would be sufficient to give, and they would suffice to help a man to appreciate and enjoy the scenery of a mountainous country.

. . . . . .

I pass away from the subject of geology to call your attention to the fact that some knowledge of botany provides another fertile source of interest to the traveller. He who has even an elementary acquaintance with geographical botany and with the classification of the various families of plants will find such acquaintance adds a great deal to his pleasure in travelling. Some families of plants

are most frequently found under certain conditions of soil and climate; some are richer in species useful for food, or for other economic purposes. When one has learnt to know these and become familiar with them in his own country, he will derive no small enjoyment, when he visits other countries, from recognising his old friends in their flowers and trees and in making new friends among their flora, and also in fitting these new friends of the vegetable kingdom in among the families, other members of which he knows already. To find new types akin to but a little different from the types of the flora he has known at home is one of the keenest enjoyments the naturalist can have in travelling abroad. What has been called "The pleasure of Recognition" is a very real pleasure. It gives a zest to every excursion, especially to mountain excursions, and opens an inexhaustible field for fresh observation. Neither will I venture to say anything about zoölogy, except to observe that what has been said about botany holds true of the animal kingdom also. If you have already some knowledge of the families of animals and their relations, it becomes very instructive to see the wild creatures of other countries.

. . . . . .

From the field of nature we may now pass on to the other department in which a man can prepare himself by study for travel, namely, the things which belong to man and to the works of man. The relation of nature to human development, the influence which natural environment has upon the progress of civilisation and on all the arts which belong to civilisation, is an enormous theme on which one might discourse for days or even weeks; I only indicate to you what profit the historian,

and especially the historian who has devoted himself to the study of the earlier stages in man's growth and development, finds in examining in one country after another the relations which exist between natural environment and the progress of human communities.

. . . The racial changes in progress to-day illustrate the process by which races were formed in prehistoric times. The ancient races and their customs and their habits are in many regions vanishing and in others suffering change. There are processes going on in the Pacific islands which will probably have in forty years completely altered them and destroyed half their charm. . . .

Besides all these sources of pleasure which a man may derive from carrying along with him as he travels some knowledge of history, some trained power of observation, and some elementary knowledge of the sciences of nature that are easiest to learn, besides all these there is the instruction and stimulus to thought which one may derive from studying the temper and mind and ideas of the peoples with whom one comes in contact.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON, NORTHERN IDAHO AND GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA.

CHAPTER I

GENERAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST

Transportation—Customs—Local Railway and Steamer Lines—Routes—Tourist Bureaux—Cabs and Street Cars —Motorways—Money—Language—Climate and Seasons.

Transportation.

By Rail.

The Pacific Northwest of the United States is served by seven trunk lines, which enter from the south, east, and north. Connection from California is by Southern Pacific across the border of Oregon, and north to Portland. Related to the Southern Pacific, and forming the Northwest extension of the Union Pacific continental system, is the pioneer corporation, the Oregon – Washington Railroad and Navigation Company. This road branches from the Union Pacific east of Ogden, Utah, and reaches Portland via the south bank of the Columbia River. It then proceeds to Tacoma and Seattle, the latter being the northern terminus. At Pendleton, Ore., there is a branch to Spokane.

The second continental line to approach Portland from the east is the Northern Pacific, which follows the rails of its subsidiary road, the Spokane, Portland and Seattle, along the north bank of the Columbia to the metropolis of Oregon. The main

line of the Northern Pacific loops northwestward from the Columbia near Pasco, Washington, to the Puget Sound cities.

The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad joins the Northern Pacific and Great Northern in Montana by two routes, and delivers its trains to the Coast over the tracks of both these roads. The Northwestern and the Soo lines also run into coast cities on tracks used by other roads.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul boasts the shortest route between Chicago and Puget Sound. It holds a course almost due west from St. Paul, touching tidewater at Seattle.

The Great Northern skirts the southern border of Glacier National Park, Montana, and passes through Spokane to Everett, on the Sound. There it turns north to Vancouver in British Columbia, and south to Seattle in Washington.

The farthest north railway to enter the state of Washington is the Canadian Pacific, which routes its passengers over the Northern Pacific from Mission, B. C., to Seattle; and over the Spokane International Railway from Kingsgate, B. C., to Spokane. From the latter city, tourists holding Canadian Pacific tickets travel to Portland via the Oregon – Washington Railroad and Navigation Co.

Round trip tickets may be purchased west by one route and east by another, at an approximate cost of $105, under an arrangement existing between the various railroads in the United States and Canada.

Through trains consume about three days in making the trip from Chicago to Portland and the Puget Sound terminals, a distance of approximately 2200 miles. The fastest service of each

railroad is complemented by such extravagant car appointments as can be found only on this continent. Besides the luxurious electric-lighted, vacuum-cleaned, all-steel limited expresses, equipped with compartment, observation, buffet and library cars, and having valet, barber and bath facilities, a standard Pullman and Tourist sleeping-car service is maintained on daily trains over each route. The Tourist, or second-class, coaches are well upholstered, are supplied with superior bedding, and have the additional convenience of a kitchenette which is free to passengers carrying their own baskets of provisions. The occupants of the Tourist coaches are also served in the dining-cars. All Tourist as well as Standard cars are in charge of Pullman conductors and porters.

The rate in the second-class sleeping-cars is about half that charged in the standard Pullman, which from New York to points in the Northwest is $18; from Chicago, $13; from Omaha and St. Paul, $11, for a double lower berth.

The regular minimum first-class railroad fare from coast to coast is approximately $75, the price being affected by the route chosen between New York and Chicago. The fare from Chicago, Omaha and St. Paul to the Coast is about a third less. By way of Canada, over the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern lines, the Pullman rate is $19 from New York; the mileage rate to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland is the same as by routes entirely in United States territory.

From Halifax to all cities of the Pacific Northwest the first-class fare is $87.90, second-class $74.30; from Montreal the fares are respectively $72.75 and $62.50. Lower first-class berth, Canadian Pacific, Montreal – Vancouver or Mont-

real – Seattle, $17. Travellers by the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver and thence to Seattle by water, and travellers by the Grand Trunk, Canadian Government Road and Grand Trunk Pacific across the continent, and by steamer, Prince Rupert – Seattle, are transported at the foregoing all-rail rates.[1]

By Steamer.

Two swift and spacious steamers carrying the ensign of the Great Northern Pacific Company ply three times a week, from spring to fall, between San Francisco and Flavel, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Winter sailings are less frequent. These vessels, built in the Cramp Shipyards and put in commission early in 1915, are designed to compete with the fastest express trains running between California and Oregon. Passengers embark in San Francisco at Pier 9. Steamer trains operate between Flavel, Astoria and Portland in connection with the arrival and departure of the steamships *Great Northern* and *Northern Pacific*. The time at sea between San Francisco and Flavel is 26 hours; on the special train, Flavel to Portland, 3½ hours. Tacoma and Seattle are brought nearer to San Francisco by this route than by any other over either rails or water. The fare to Portland is the same as by train ($20 first-class), and includes meals and berth at sea.

The *Bear*, the *Beaver* and the *Rose City* of the San Francisco and Portland S. S. Company

[1] The reader is referred to *The Tourist's California* for detailed information concerning routes by land and water which are available for travellers to the Northwest, via California.

(operated by the O.-W. R'y & N. Co.) enter the Columbia and steam 100 miles along its narrowing shores to the docks of Portland. Connection is made by this company between San Pedro (harbour of Los Angeles), San Francisco, Portland and Seattle.

The North Pacific Steamship Company maintains a regular schedule between San Diego, California, San Pedro, San Francisco and Portland, calling en route at Eureka, California and Coos Bay, Oregon.

Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham and Port Townsend, Washington, many be reached from southern and northern California ports by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's fleet of five vessels.

The Pacific Alaska Navigation Company has biweekly sailings between California and Puget Sound, the steamers *Admiral Dewey*, *Admiral Schley* and *Admiral Farragut* being maintained in the service.

Two Canadian trans-continental railways operate fast steamers from British Columbia to ports in the state of Washington. The steamships *Princess Victoria* and *Princess Charlotte* of the Canadian Pacific Company make daily trips between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, the total time being less than twelve hours. There is direct connection nightly between Vancouver and Seattle in nine and a half hours. A steamer is in daily service on the route, Victoria – Port Townsend – Seattle – Tacoma. Time, seven hours.

Canadian Pacific steamers from Victoria and Vancouver connect with Prince Rupert and other points on the northern coast of British Columbia.

From Prince Rupert, its western terminus, the

recently constructed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway despatches thrice a week, on the arrival of transcontinental trains, the twin screw steamships, *Prince George* and *Prince Rupert,* for Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. These oil-burning vessels have a tonnage of nearly 4000 tons and a maximum speed of 18½ knots. Their schedule time from Prince Rupert to Seattle (710 miles) is twenty hours; from Vancouver (160 m. via Victoria) twelve hours; from Victoria (76 m.), six hours.

Through passengers over the Grand Trunk Pacific or Canadian Pacific Railway travelling to Seattle from Prince Rupert, Vancouver or Victoria by boat are transported at the all-rail continental rate, the water trip being optional on the C. P. R. Fares include meals and berth on steamers of both lines.

Customs.

Passengers arriving by a ship which has called at a foreign port, or by rail from Canada, must submit their baggage to Customs examination on entering the United States. This regulation also applies to all trans-Pacific passengers except those who have embarked at Honolulu. Aside from wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles and similar personal effects, residents of the United States may bring in articles for personal or household use, or souvenirs or curios not bought on commission or intended for sale to the value of $100, exempt from duty. But all articles must be declared.

Each person over 18 years of age may bring in free of duty 50 cigars or 300 cigarettes, or smoking tobacco not exceeding 3 pounds, if for the bona

fide use of such passenger. These must be declared, but will be passed free by customs officers in addition to the $100 exemption.

Non-residents must declare all articles of their own aside from personal effects, and all articles of any nature whatsoever if brought in for other persons or for sale.

See under "Motorways," Chapter XII, for United States regulations covering motor-cars entering from Canada.

Local Railway and Steamer Lines.

Oregon.[2]

The following railway lines, given in alphabetical order, provide excellent transportation facilities throughout the State to the points mentioned therein.

Coos Bay, Roseburg & Eastern Railroad, main line from Marshfield to Myrtle Point, 29 miles. Operated by Southern Pacific Railroad.

Corvallis & Eastern Railway, main line running east and west from Yaquina to Hoover, 140 miles. Operated by Southern Pacific Railroad.

Great Southern Railroad, main line from The Dalles to Friend, 45 miles.

Great Northern Railway, which operates to all territory in Washington and Northern Idaho, including Puget Sound points, from Vancouver to Portland terminus, 10 miles.

Mt. Hood Railroad, main line from Hood River to Mt. Hood station, 20 miles.

Nevada – California – Oregon Railroad operates

[2] Compiled by the Secretary of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, for the *Oregon Almanac,* 1915, published by the State Immigration Commission.

from New Pine Creek to Lakeview, Lake County, 13.91 miles.

Northern Pacific Railway, main line from Portland to Columbia River, being a part of the main line to all Washington territory, including the Puget Sound, and all of the principal points in Northern Idaho. Branch line from Pendleton to connect with main line in Washington, total 83 miles.

Oregon – Washington Railroad & Navigation Company, main line runs east and west across the state from Portland to Huntington. The new line from Ayer Junction, Washington, to Spokane, Washington, has been opened and is in operation. This shortens the Portland – Spokane route 43 miles and changes mileage from 421 to 378 miles. Branch lines to Puget Sound and Grays Harbor points in Washington, to Bend in Central Oregon, to Shaniko, Condon, Heppner, Pilot Rock, Joseph, Homestead and Brogan in Eastern Oregon. Branch lines run also to Walla Walla, North Yakima, Spokane, Moscow, Lewiston and other cities and towns in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. Line now under construction across Central Oregon from Vale, through Malheur County, has been completed to Riverside, a distance of 78 miles, and is being extended beyond. Total in Oregon, 815 miles.

Oregon Trunk Railway, part of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway system from Fallbridge, Washington, on north bank of the Columbia River, to Bend, Oregon, 156 miles south.

Pacific & Eastern Railroad, main line from Medford to Eagle Point, 34 miles, owned by S. P. & S. R. R.

Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, main

line from Hillsboro to Tillamook, 63 miles. Operated by Southern Pacific Railroad.

Southern Pacific, main line from Portland to California state line and a part of the through line to San Francisco and other California cities. The entire Willamette Valley served by branch and auxiliary lines, a large part of which are operated by electric power. Also line in Klamath County, connecting with the main line at Weed, California.

Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway, main line Portland to Spokane, 377 miles. From Portland across Willamette and Columbia rivers to Vancouver, along the north bank of the Columbia through eight counties of Washington to Spokane, connecting with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways, with which it affiliates, and forms a through line to the East. Main line also extends from Portland to Astoria, Flavel and Oregon seaside resorts. Total in state, 119 miles.

Oregon Electric Railway, main line Portland to Eugene, 122 miles, which, with branches to Forest Grove and Hillsboro, Woodburn and Corvallis, total 154 miles. Standard electric road operating freight and passenger trains and inter-changing business with system lines. Owned jointly by Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways.

The United Railways, to Wilkesboro, 27 miles. Projected to Tillamook City, Tillamook County, 90 miles west from Portland. Standard electric road, operating freight and passenger trains, owned jointly by Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Runs through the milling and manufacturing suburbs to North Portland harbour.

The Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railway. Northern terminal, Portland; southern terminal,

Eugene. Total mileage, 340. Main line follows Willamette River; Molalla division swings through rich hills on east side; west side line is an electrification of part of the Southern Pacific Company's steam lines. Operate street car systems in Salem, Albany, Corvallis and Eugene.

The Portland Railway, Light & Power Co., which owns the street railway system and street lighting system of Portland, runs interurban lines to Oregon City, Estacada, St. Johns, Fairview, Troutdale, Bull Run and Vancouver, Washington, 144 miles.

The Willamette Pacific Railroad has been constructed and opened from Eugene to Mapleton, Lane County, a distance of 58 miles, and is being extended to Marshfield.

Frequent express trains afford excellent transportation between Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, over the joint route of the O.-W. R. & N., the Northern Pacific and Great Northern.

Steamboat lines of chief interest to tourists in Oregon are those which run north and east of Portland, on the Columbia. The O.-W. R. & N. Company schedules a steamer every night except Sunday between Portland, Astoria and way-towns; at Megler, Wash., connection is made with the shore railroad to Ilwaco, Long Beach and Nahcotta, Wash. Smaller boats run direct to North Beach and Kelso, Wash. The Harkins Company has sailings over the Astoria route daily except Monday.

Steamers of the Coos Bay, and North Pacific S. S. Company lines sail regularly for Coos Bay, via the Willamette and Columbia Rivers and the Pacific Ocean.

119°
G
118°
H
117°
J
1
46°
2
45°
Pasco
Snake R.
Wallula
Walla Walla
Anatone
Bartlett
Grouse
Mt. Wilson
Troy
Paradise
Flora
Appleton
Powwatka
Utopia
Grossman
Eustis
Lovely
Chico
Eureka
Copper
Zumwalt
Imnaha
Juniper
Freewater
Milton
Course
Helix
Weston
Briggson
Holdman
Athena
Adams
Echo
Pendleton
Cayuse
Gibbon
UMATILLA IND. RES.
Duncan
Huron
Elgin
Summerville
Meacham
Mt. Emily
Hilgard
Perry
Alicel
Island City
Cove
Lostine
Enterprise
Joseph
Wallowa L.
Fruita
Nye
Pilot Rock
Vinson
McKay
Kamela
La Grande
Starkey
Hotlake
Union
Telocaset
North Powder
Medical Sprs
Cornucopia
Homestead
Albee
Ukiah
Lehman
Powder River Mts.
Limestone Pt.
Bull Run
Dale
Ritter
Desolation Cr.
Cableville
Bourne
Haines
Burkemont
Sanger
Anthony
Carson
Haltway
Miles
Sparta
Erwin
Keating
New Bridge
Pine
Richland
Baker
Kilbride
Granite
Geiser
Sumpter
Susanville
Greenhorn
Whitney
McEwen
Pleasant Valley
Lookout Mt
Mineral
Dixie Butte
Fisks
Durkee
Connor Cr.
Austin

OREGON
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
0 5 10 20 30 40 50 60
SCALE OF KILOMETERS
0 5 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
County Towns
Railroads
WASHINGTON
PACIFIC OCEAN
IDAHO
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
Columbia River
Snake R.
D Longitude 121° West E from 120° Greenwich F
L. L. POATES, E'G'R'G CO. N.Y.

Rival lines offer almost daily service from Portland to the Cascades, Hood River and The Dalles, 88 miles west on the Columbia River.

Attractive water trips may also be taken down the Willamette to Vancouver, Wash., and up the same river from Portland to historic Oregon City and the Falls of the Willamette.

Washington.

The main lines of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Spokane, Portland and Seattle, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Oregon – Washington Railroad and Navigation Companies, with their various extensive branches, furnish transportation to all sections of Washington that concern the tourist.

The Northern Pacific enters the State from Montana just east of Spokane, and from there radiates in several directions. The tourist is interested in the lines due south over the Idaho – Washington branches into the Clearwater country of Idaho, and to Lewiston, Idaho; and southwest from Spokane to Pasco, where the through road to the Coast via North Yakima joins the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Road to Portland. The Northern Pacific also operates trains from Pasco to Walla Walla, Wash., and Pendleton, Ore. Across the Cascade Mountains, Northern Pacific rails go north from Seattle to the British Columbia boundary (227 m.), branching to Snoqualmie Falls, Everett and Bellingham; and run south from Seattle to Tacoma (40 m.) and Olympia (73 m.). By way of Olympia, there is connection for stations on Gray's Harbor; from Centralia a branch goes to South Bend on Willapa Harbor. On week-days a steamer serves the route

from South Bend to Nahcotta, on the southwest coast of Washington.

The Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway, owned by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern companies, and called, also, the North Bank Road, traverses southern Washington on the border of the Columbia River for 370 miles. Its rails do not touch Seattle, passengers being routed north from Vancouver, Wash., or Portland, by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern over the Oregon – Washington railroad's tracks.

The Great Northern serves the superior half of Washington almost exclusively. At Spokane an important road, 200 miles long, joins the Inland Empire to Nelson, British Columbia. A branch, which crosses and re-crosses the boundary, turns off at Marcus to Oroville. The last-named point is also reached from the trunk line, Spokane – Everett – Seattle (339 m.), by a road which bisects the upper portion of the State and taps the Lake Chelan region. The route of the Great Northern, Everett – Bellingham – Blaine (85 m.) follows the curve of the north Washington coast; proceeding across the boundary beyond Blaine, Vancouver, B. C., is reached 37 miles further on.

The Great Northern main line is connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway in southern Alberta and British Columbia by branches which run north from Virden and Rexford (respectively east and west of Glacier National Park).

The Spokane International Railway joins Spokane to Kingsgate, B. C.

The transcontinental route of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul forms the most direct link between the cities of Spokane and Seattle, which are nearly the full width of the State apart.

Short branches give access to Everett, via Snoqualmie Falls, and to Gray's Harbor and Willapa Harbor towns. The Bellingham and Northern Railway goes inland from the coast 44 miles to Glacier, nearest station to Mt. Baker. Another road allied with the continental system is the Seattle, Port Angeles and Western, which connects with Port Townsend, and parallels the Strait of Juan de Fuca, along the north shore of the Olympic Peninsula. To the tourist the most important of the short lines associated with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul in Washington is the Tacoma Eastern Railroad, which takes its way southward from Puget Sound beneath the shadow of Mt. Rainier, and terminates at Morton (67 m.) near the base of Mt. St. Helens. This is the only railway passing the gates of Rainier National Park, though a branch of the Northern Pacific leads to within 9 miles of the northwest entrance.

Besides its main line from Portland to Seattle (183 m. = 6½ hrs.), the Oregon – Washington Railroad and Navigation Company controls in Washington a branch 26 miles long from Megler, opposite Astoria, along North Beach to Nahcotta; another from Centralia to Aberdeen and Hoquiam (57 m.), and a third from Attalia, on the road Portland – Spokane, to North Yakima (101 m.). A fourth branch joins Wallula to Walla Walla (31 m.). These two junction points are connected by several routes with Spokane, the shortest being the newly finished road via Ayer, Hooper and Marengo.

Interurban electric trains unite all large cities of Washington with outlying towns and resorts.

Many beautiful water journeys are afforded by steamers small and large, plying Puget Sound and

its inlets. Out of Seattle there are trips by the boats of the Puget Sound Navigation Company daily, or six times a week, to Port Townsend, Port Angeles, Everett, Anacortes, Bellingham and Victoria, B. C., with calls at way points. The same company gives a daily service up the long arm of the Hood Canal; his tri-weekly sailings for the San Juan Islands; makes eight trips daily down the Sound to Tacoma and return; and nine trips a day to Bremerton Navy Yard.

Seattle and Olympia are connected by steamer via Tacoma.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company offers a three-day tour around the Sound, leaving on Sundays from Seattle for Vancouver, B. C., Bellingham, Anacortes and Tacoma; fare $10, including berth and meals.

Various day excursions from Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend, Everett and Bellingham, among Puget Sound inlets and islands, are advertised in the local newspapers. *The Daily Index*, published in Seattle, may be consulted.

Alaska and Trans-Pacific Steamers.

Seattle is the home port of half a dozen passenger lines to Alaska, the principal ones being the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, the Alaska Steamship Company, the Pacific Alaska Navigation Company and the Humboldt Steamship Company. Fare, Seattle – Skagway – Sitka and return, $66. Time, about 12 days. A steamer of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company leaves Seattle weekly for Alaska during the tourist season, calling at Canadian ports en route.

The Japanese lines, Nippon Yusen Kaisha from

Seattle, and Osaka Shosen Kaisha from Tacoma and Seattle, have regular sailings for principal ports in Japan and China.

Routes.

A circular tour of the chief natural features of the American Northwest may be conveniently arranged if tickets are taken over the Great Northern to Glacier National Park, thence through the Lake region of Northern Idaho to Spokane, from which point there is direct access by three trunk lines over the Cascade Range to the Puget Sound country. The return journey may be made from Seattle to Portland, from where there is a choice of two all-rail routes to Spokane, and a water and rail route along the Columbia part way to Spokane.

The same tour can be made in inverse direction by entering the charmed scenic circle at Portland by the Southern Pacific line or by water routes from California; at Seattle by steamers from the south and north, or by three railroads connecting with Canada; and at Spokane by the Northern Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. The Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line and Oregon – Washington Railway and Navigation Company make possible the same tour, beginning on the Columbia River half way between Portland and Spokane; or at Spokane, via a branch of the O.-W. R. and N. Co. from Pendleton, Ore.

The magnificence of Crater Lake National Park in Southern Oregon rewards the long journey by rail and water, even if one must retrace one's steps by the Southern Pacific to Portland in order

to include it in the Northwest itinerary. Coming by way of California, the lakes of Southern Oregon are convenient of access.

En route to the north, the traveller who has elected the trail of the Union Pacific or the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy may visit the wonders of Colorado. From Denver, the C. B. and Q. approaches Yellowstone National Park. The Union Pacific system routes its passengers via Salt Lake City and has a branch (Oregon Short Line) to the Yellowstone. This Park is also the featured attraction of the Northern Pacific Road.

Widening the touring circle, one may go west by the Santa Fé or Southern Pacific, travel the length of California, turn aside to see Klamath Lake, Crater Lake and the Marble Caves of Southern Oregon, visit the towns and beaches of upper Oregon, go from Portland by train, steamboat or motor-road up the Columbia, return to Portland, proceed by train or the San Francisco and Portland S. S. Co. to Seattle, make a tour of Puget Sound, return east from Seattle, Tacoma, Everett or Bellingham to Spokane (if by the Great Northern from Everett, visiting Lake Chelan en route), and from Spokane continue east by roads leading to Glacier National Park, Yellowstone National Park,[3] Salt Lake or Denver.

If the tour is to include Western Canada, the trip west or east may be taken through the Canadian Rockies via the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk or Canadian Northern. Or the tourist can go by rail or water from Puget Sound points to Vancouver; travel from there through the most

[3] The Department of the Interior, Washington, issues a pamphlet, "Glimpses of our National Parks," which the tourist will find of interest.

spectacular section of the Canadian Pacific route to Calgary, Alberta; and at Calgary make rail connections which will without great inconvenience bring him to Glacier National Park, across the border. The same result may be effected by taking Grand Trunk Pacific steamer from Seattle to Prince Rupert, and there beginning the eastward journey by the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway along the Skeena River, past Mt. Robson, monarch of the northern Rockies, and through beautiful Jasper National Park to Edmonton, Alberta, 193 miles north of Calgary, with which it has frequent train connection. This programme will appeal to tourists who wish to see the Canadian Sierra, but who prefer to return east from the Rocky Mountains through the United States, instead of across the prairies of central Canada.

Excursionists to Alaska who embark at Seattle, may disembark at Prince Rupert or Vancouver, B. C., from certain steamers, and, travelling east over the Grand Trunk Pacific or Canadian Pacific lines, re-enter the United States as above outlined.

Tourist Bureaux.

In Portland, the Peck-Judah Company, 262 Stark Street, and the Travel Bureau, 116 Third Street; in Seattle, the Travellers' Bureau, 1220 Fourth Avenue, and A. E. Disney, correspondent of Thomas Cook and Son, 619 Second Avenue, all gratuitously advise the tourist. Information regarding local resources, attractions, routes and transportation may also be obtained from Chambers of Commerce, Development Leagues and Business Men's Clubs in the various cities, towns and villages of Oregon and Washington.

Cabs and Street Cars.

Electric and horse-drawn vehicles are for hire by the course and by time in all the cities of the Northwest. Electric rail transportation, both urban and suburban, is carried to a high degree of efficiency. Aside from many miles of street car lines in Portland, there are cars running into the country in seven directions. Seattle's 250 miles of street car tracks transport resident and visitor to the city's generous limit and beyond. Spokane's street car mileage totals 137, and suburban lines make easy of access a great number of delightful resorts.

The jitney automobile, whose enterprise has seriously affected the profits and equanimity of chartered transportation companies, continues to thrive in the Northwest, and gives a cheap, rapid, convenient, and, withal, democratic service to all classes of people.

Motorways.

The great transcontinental automobile road of the United States, the Lincoln Highway, extends 3384 miles from Forty-second street, New York, to Lincoln Park, San Francisco. The official emblem of the Highway is a large letter L on a tricolor sign-board.

Lateral roads join the highroad from the north and south. One which branches from the main artery of motor travel 200 miles east of Ogden, strikes toward Boisé, Idaho, and continues over the trail of the Oregon pioneers through Baker City, Ore., beyond the Snake River, and down the valley of the Columbia to Portland. The same route followed from Boisé turns northward at Walla

Walla, Wash., to North Yakima, Ellensburg and Seattle.

The American Automobile Association, 437 Fifth Ave., New York, will supply information concerning this ocean to ocean tour.

The National Parks Transcontinental Highway, born of the ambition and energy of the good roads enthusiasts of the Northwest, is open to traffic from June 15 to October 1, and presents a well maintained highway from Chicago, through St. Paul, Bismarck, N. D., Livingston, Montana, Missoula, Wallace, Idaho, Spokane and Ellensburg to Seattle and Tacoma. The sign is a device in red and white. Though three ranges are crossed, the grade never exceeds five per cent. Along its course this northern continental route touches by branch roads the Yellowstone, Glacier and Rainier National Parks. On the coast of southwestern Washington it brinks the Pacific. The Motorists' Travel Service Bureau at Spokane will send free a pamphlet about this highway and its contributing branches.

Spokane is also the headquarters of the Western office of the Automobile Trail Blazing Association of America. This organisation undertakes to blaze motor-ways throughout the continent, by placing a painted mark on telephone and telegraph poles, or other suitable places, at every opening in given roads. A trail from New York to Seattle is so marked, also the Pacific and Columbia Highways, besides many others of interest to motor tourists. Inquiries as to routes, distances and road conditions will be answered by this association if addressed, Post Office Box 156, Spokane, Washington.

The Pacific Highway, "Road of Three Nations,"

was originally projected at Seattle in 1910, when representatives of Coast automobile clubs met in conference to outline a system of routes which should join Mexico to Canada, via California, Oregon and Washington.

The sign bears the name of the Highway with arrows pointing north and south.

Tourists entering Canada from Washington are required to give a bond for the export of their machines within three months or six months. Upon re-entering the United States the sum of this bond is returned. Seven-day Touring Permits, issued without payment of bond by the Canadian Customs, will be extended to fourteen days upon request.

The Pacific Coast Automobile Blue Book, published at 541 Pacific Building, San Francisco, at $2.50 per copy, gives exhaustively, touring maps, descriptive notes, traffic regulations and automobile laws relating to California, Oregon, Washington and Western British Columbia. Customs Regulations are printed in detail at the rear of the volume.

A superior map showing the motor routes and topography of the entire Pacific Slope will be sent free upon application to the California Automobile Tours Co., Hotel Oakland, Oakland, California. The path of the Lincoln Highway is also outlined, together with its main laterals. The author is indebted to this folder for the following information concerning speed regulations and licenses.

Under a recent ruling of the Supreme Court of California the state law was held to supersede the city and town ordinances and the speed regulations of motor vehicles are therefore uniform. Practi-

cally the same regulations apply to Washington and Oregon. These permit thirty miles an hour on all highways, twenty miles an hour in the outlying districts of towns and cities, and ten miles an hour in the congested districts. By observing these regulations the visiting motorists will not be annoyed by the motor-policemen maintained in many districts, particularly on the State Highway in the vicinity of the cities. The fine usually imposed where arrests are made for speeding is $25 for the first offence, $50 for the second, and $100 or a jail term for the third offence. The third offence usually carries with it a revocation of the license to drive an automobile.

Foreign cars are allowed thirty days' touring privilege on the Pacific Coast without taking out a license. This is the provision of the State laws, but as a matter of fact one may safely tour for a period of ninety days without the necessity of taking out a license, as all Pacific Coast communities are lenient in this regard and desirous of extending every courtesy to visiting motorists. The car, must, however, bear the license number of its home State displayed conspicuously both on the front and rear.

The Portland Automobile Club issues an illustrated booklet, entitled, "Oregon's Scenic Highways," which is distributed gratis, and similar printed matter is obtainable from the Automobile Club of Seattle, concerning the roads of Washington.

The good roads enterprise of Oregon is of comparatively recent date. During the past three years, over $2,000,000 has been spent by counties traversed by the Pacific Highway and the Colum-

bia Highway in perfecting these roads alone. Since 1903, the total sum of $18,000,000 has been expended in the State upon the construction of roads and bridges. The proudest achievement of the counties which border the Columbia from Pendleton to Astoria is the hewing and surfacing of the superb motorway along the palisades of the River of the West, which in the summer of 1915 was opened to wheeled traffic. Counties on the Washington side of the river are also developing a highway which follows the course of this storied stream.

The Columbia Highway; the Ocean Highway from the Columbia's mouth southward along the Pacific; the Central Oregon Highway, which divides the state in two from the Columbia River to the California border; and the Pacific Highway south from Portland are the principal motor courses of Oregon. Each of them has its particular lure of vast peak, wide plain and valley, broad river, towering forest or ocean view.

Roads leading from Medford or Ashland, in southern Oregon, or from California by way of Klamath Falls, arrive at the gates of Crater Lake National Park. Within the Park, the Government is building a system of roads, to include one of 22 miles around the lake rim, with four roads leading in from contiguous counties.

Moderately good roads from Medford and Grant's Pass approach the Josephine County Caves, 47 miles off the Pacific Highway. The last 10 miles is by pack trail, not negotiable by automobile. True appreciators of the miraculous in nature will disregard all discomfort to see these Marble Halls, within the fastnesses of southern Oregon.

Some Oregon towns, notably Ashland and Springfield, maintain free camping-grounds for tourists by motor. Among pleasant groves are stores, garages, free shower baths, chalets and cooking facilities — all at the disposal of the stranger who stays the night. Thousands of cars are annually parked in these hospitable grounds.

The western and eastern sections of Washington are veined with roads adapted to touring. From Tacoma a splendid road as regards both surface and scenery, spans the distance of 56 miles between Puget Sound and Rainier National Park. From the Park entrance, motors go on by Government road in view of Mt. Rainier to Nisqually Glacier and Paradise Valley.

Good roads lead from the local boulevards of Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia to the Gray's Harbor country. A trip replete with vigorous sensations is the one from Olympia by the Olympic Highway, newly completed, up the broad peninsula to Quilcene, Port Townsend and Port Angeles, across sapphiric Lake Crescent, and so to the Pacific Ocean, distant by this route 275 miles from Seattle.

A detour of 10 miles from the western end of Lake Crescent brings one to Sol Duc Hot Springs, high in the mountains of Olympus.

Of the short trips east from Seattle, the one to Snoqualmie Falls (28 m.) and Snoqualmie Pass (65 m.), via the Sunset Highway, is the finest. Five miles beyond the Pass is Lake Keechelus.

The Pacific Highway follows the coast 125 miles north to Blaine, on the way into British Columbia. West from Everett (32 m. north of Seattle), there is a beautiful mountain drive to Index. From the

latter point, a new highway has been constructed across Stevens Pass to Wenatchee, east of the Cascades. Two roundabout routes lead from Bellingham (72 m. north of Everett) towards Mt. Baker.

An international tour consuming about a week and covering 500 miles of good road around Puget Sound is known as the Georgian Circuit. The route from Seattle follows north to Vancouver, B. C.; thence to Nanaimo, Vancouver Island by steamer; thence to Victoria by road; thence ferry to Port Angeles, Wash.; thence down the Olympic Peninsula to Olympia, and back to Seattle via Tacoma by road.

Washington's great central tract is crossed by the Sunset Highway (joined at Wenatchee by the Stevens Pass road from Index), and by the Inland Empire Highway.[4] The Sunset Route lies across the Cascades through the Snoqualmie Pass, from Puget Sound to Ellensburg. From the latter point it proceeds by way of Wenatchee (detour by steamer to Lake Chelan) and Coulee City to Spokane, and there loses its identity in the National Parks Highway, of which it is a part. Travellers by this route describe the going as very bad on the desert between Wenatchee and Spokane.

Seattle to Spokane via Ellensburg and Wenatchee, 360 miles.

The Inland Empire Highway turns south from the Sunset at Ellensburg and proceeds across Central Washington via North Yakima and Sunnyside to Walla Walla. From the latter city it mounts almost due north to Spokane, where many

[4] The McClellan Pass Highway, Auburn to North Yakima, is in process of building, across the Cascades.

roads focus, and continues on to the British Columbia border.

The 100-mile journey east from Spokane, through the Rockies to Kalispell is especially fine. Glacier Park, which lies just beyond, is the resort each season of an increasing number of enthusiastic motorists, who find the Park roads, the scenery and lodging accommodations beyond criticism.

Money.

Gold and silver currency are in more frequent circulation on the Pacific Coast than paper money. The 25-cent piece is familiarly termed "two-bits." Canadian silver is accepted at face value.

The most convenient method of carrying funds is in the form of travellers' cheques, such as are issued by various banks, express companies and tourist agencies. A list of principal banks is given at the rear of this volume.

Language.

Interesting traces are still to be found in the Northwest of the "Chinook jargon," a patois of Indian origin which the pioneer settlers employed in trade.[5] Just as in California the Spanish word often usurps the English, so in the Northwest one hears *tillacum* (or *tilikum*) used for "companion" or "friend," and *skookum* to express "excellent,"

[5] Captain Cook in 1778 "recorded a list of native words which were afterwards used by other captains until it became the foundation of the great Chinook jargon, which, as developed by the Hudson Bay Company, became the common language of all northwestern Indians from California to Mt. St. Elias, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean."—E. S. Meany in *History of the State of Washington.*

or " forceful." The " skookum house," because it is strong, is a common term applied to the local jail. If something to eat or enjoy is particularly pleasing, it is also " skookum."

Place-names, particularly in Washington, reflect Indian occupancy. Charles Nordhoff in his book on Northern California and Oregon, published in 1874, decries the inelegance of Skookumchuck, Newaukum and Toutle, and of the county names Wahkiakum, Snohomish and Klickitat. " They complain in Olympia," says he, " that Washington Territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American Continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Snohomish, or bring up his children in the city of Nenolelops. . . . Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Steilacoom is no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma . . . because that is one of the few places on Puget Sound whose name does not inspire horror and disgust." Nordhoff's distaste might reasonably have extended to Pe Ell, Cle Elum and Enumclaw, Humptulips and Moclips, but the census records do not indicate that any of the communities afore-named have suffered in population by reason of their uncouth cognomens — certainly not Seattle, which a woodcut of forty years ago portrays as a scant village of low wooden houses.

Climate and Seasons.

A well-known author-physician has declared that one lacks " important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like," if he has never known an Oregon or Washington sum-

mer. As applied to the coast this is praise which in normal years any traveller will corroborate. Concerning the vast territory east of the Cascades, and even the western valleys which serve as funnels for the torrid prairie winds to draw through and in those confined by mountain ranges, one might more truthfully agree with Père Accolti, a Jesuit writer of the early half of the nineteenth century, who described the Oregon climate as "*Huit mois d'hiver, et quatre d'enfer.*"

In the central and eastern sections of Oregon and Washington, away from the cooling influence of moist sea winds, one may suffer oppressive summer heat during persistent periods unrelieved by rain-storms. Here, summers are dry and hot, winters cold and rainy, with some snow on the upper plateau. West of the Cascades and east of the Coast Range, in the Rogue River Valley of southern Oregon, the average maximum for July is 87°, with a correspondingly high temperature in winter. In Portland, 100 miles from the sea, the thermometer occasionally attains the century mark in mid-summer, but the temperature at the same season in the Puget Sound district rarely exceeds or equals 90°, and 60° is the average temperature during July and August. The nights on the Coast are invariably refreshingly breezy. Oddly, Tacoma is usually one degree cooler than Seattle, possibly because of its closer proximity to the great glacier-hung peak of Tacoma – Rainier. Bellingham, 100 miles north of Seattle, claims "the most sunshine, the least rainfall and the coolest summer on Puget Sound."

Winters are humid, but mild and equable, throughout the whole extent of the Northwest Coast. In Seattle and Portland it seldom freezes,

the mean record for January being about 15° higher than in Chicago, which is geographically over 700 miles further south.

The rainfall west of the Cascades varies in average precipitation from 36 inches on Puget Sound to 133 inches at Glenora, on the coast of Oregon. Washingtonians jibe at their neighbours, call them "web-feet," and protest that time in Oregon is reckoned only in terms of the deluge. During the wet season, that is approximately November to April, nearly as much rain falls upon Portland as upon New York in a year, the normal annual precipitation being about 45 inches in both cases. The coastal rains, as official pamphlets are careful to explain, usually descend gently, without accompaniment of heavy thunder or cyclonic winds. Contrary to popular impression, there are many pleasant or partly pleasant days during the winter, or rainy season.

The dry bright summers of the Northwest are one of the region's chief inducements to travel. Outdoor excursions may be freely planned without proviso as to inclement weather. Most of the main highways are hard-surfaced, so that dust, the sole penalty of an all-sun and no-rain summer, is not a serious detraction from the pleasures of road touring.

Across the Cascades, eastward from the Pacific, the rainfall is in some places less than 6 inches in a year. The reason given by weather scientists for this decline in the scale of humidity is that the prevailing west winds are forced upward, rarified and chilled in passing over high snowy ranges, and thus lose much of their moisture.

CHAPTER II

HOTELS — CUISINE — SPORTS AMUSEMENTS AND FESTIVALS

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The cities of the Northwest are distinguished by the number, size and modernity of their hotels. The Davenport at Spokane, outgrowth of a successful restaurant, has lately been constructed at a cost of millions, and is marked by individual characteristics which find favour with travellers. The new Washington Hotel, which succeeds a former of the same name, occupies the site of a Seattle hill demolished within recent years by municipal edict. The Tacoma Hotel has long been established as a rendezvous for tourists in the terraced city down the Sound. Portland is fortunate in the possession of a hotel so elegant and so complete as the Benson, whose proprietor is a man of public spirit fêted and honoured the length of the Coast for his unique benefactions. The Portland Hotel, of gracious court-yard and mellow memory, annually plays the host to large numbers of visitors. European rates prevail in principal hotels and range from $1 to $2.50 and up. Where rooms and meals are provided on the American plan the terms are from $3 a day upward.

In each of the larger cities of the American Northwest there are several good and medium-class houses, with rates proportionate to their accommodation. At least one well-built hotel serves

each of the tourist towns having an inferior population.

Transients may also secure apartments in various cities at such establishments as the Wheeldon Annex, Portland, where charming little suites have house-keeping equipment, and where in an hour, with the aid of a resourceful management, the stranger finds himself installed amid comforts and conveniences which recall his own home. Under such auspices a party may find accommodation in a four-room apartment, with bath, closets and private hall, at a total lodging expense of but $3 to $4 a day. Smaller suites and single rooms are also available. The expense saved in preparing incidental meals in one's own kitchenette nearly equals the rent of such an apartment, and the markets of Northwestern communities offer tempting products at low prices, throughout the four seasons. Certain streets are surrendered each week-end to the sidewalk and market stalls of venders who produce the flowers, the fruits, the vegetables, eggs, poultry, cheeses, preserves, and other delicacies they sell.

Within recent years, since the Northwest began to consider seriously its touristic development, a number of attractive inns have been erected at mountain resorts, and overlooking highways, beautiful lakes, rivers and seas. As yet there has arisen no Frank Miller of the North to embody within the walls of a hotel regional sentiment and history, as has been done at Riverside, California, in the matchless Mission Inn. Sites there are a-plenty, possessing souvenirs of the Northwest a century or nearly a century old, to inspire with their high historic note architect and host. Pic-

ture the charm of a hotel somewhere on the River Spokane, on the Columbia or the Willamette, at Astoria near the sea, or on the southern shores of Puget Sound, whose exterior and interior were designed to reflect the customs, surroundings and life of settler and trapper. . . . So far, imagination has been lacking; a guest-house which recreates the atmosphere of Northwestern pioneer days, as the Riverside *casa* recalls the epoch of the Spanish friars, remains for some practical dreamer to build.

The hotels and chalets erected by Great Northern interests in Glacier National Park reflect their surroundings in massive and rustic designs relating to the forest. The main reception hall of the "Glacier Park," with its two tiers of balconies, is notable for the arrangement of supporting columns and beams, which are actually undressed fir trunks. The same rugged scheme is carried out in all the lobby furniture. Blankets of Indian weave and trophies of the chase are used as decoration. The Many Glacier Hotel is another forest lodge in this superb wilderness, fashioned of native timber and occupying a narrow strip between Mount Allen and McDermott Lake. Several chalet groups, disposed among the mountains and water courses of the Park, invite the traveller to sojourn in comfort and at his leisure in an alpine environment unsurpassed on any continent.

The rates at hotels in Glacier Park ascend from $4 a day, American plan; at the chalets, prices are a dollar a day less.

Hotels, sportsmen's inns, camps and ranch houses provide housing for the tourist among the hills and lakes that so lavishly beautify the sec-

tions of Washington and Idaho of which Spokane is the hub. The average rate at such stopping-places is $2 a day.

A mountain hostelry of charming aspect is the Hotel Field at the upper end of Lake Chelan, in the Cascades. Near the summit of the Cascades, also on the Great Northern route, there is a hotel at Scenic; on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and the Sunset Automobile Highway, is Keechelus Inn and its colony of tent-houses, overlooking mountain-bordered Lake Keechelus, just east of the divide.

The most widely reputed alpine establishment on the Northwest coast is the hotel and thermal sanitarium of Sol Duc, on the Olympic Peninsula between Puget Sound and the sea. Here supplemental cottages and tents are at the disposal of guests. At Lake Crescent, Lake Cushman and Lake Quiniault, on the coast of the Peninsula, and on the idyllic shores of Hood Canal are numerous summer camps and hotels where food and lodging and outdoor diversions are provided at $2.50 a day, or $12 to $15 by the week.

Taverns more or less pretentious, and many boarding-houses serve vacationists and motorists who seek the highways and by-paths that thread the perpetually lovely country from Seattle northward to the frontier of Canada. Many delightful nooks on Whidbey Island and in the San Juan Archipelago hold hotels of homey charm.

On the road between Tacoma and Rainier Park are several wayside retreats whose joint claims upon the attention of the passerby are amazing views and truly appetising ménus of game, fish and chicken. Within the Reserve are the National Park Inn (American and European plans), and

Longmire's hotel at the Springs. The tent camps at Indian Henry's and Paradise Valley offer comfortable quarters in the Park to mountaineer tourists at rates surprisingly low considering the exigencies of transportation.

Washington holiday-makers have an especial fondness for resorts bordering Gray's Harbor and Willapa Harbor, and for the sea beaches which extend north and south of these inlets. In consequence many hotels, some of them but crude summer shacks, may be found up and down the coast of Southwestern Washington, from Moclips to Ilwaco, at the mouth of the Columbia. The average rate of these shore hotels is $2 a day.

Back from the Columbia, between Vancouver, Washington and White Salmon, there are several camps and small hotels offering rustic accommodation for persons seeking the out-of-door life. At White Salmon are two frequented resorts, "The Eyrie," and Jewett's Farm, situated on the Columbia palisades, opposite Hood River, Oregon. From this point parties start inland to explore the region about Mt. Adams.

On the Oregon side of the river, Mt. Hood is the excuse-for-being of a bevy of inns at varying elevations. At Hood River one is genially entertained by Mrs. Howe, the mistress of Cottage Farm, where besides a hotel building there are cottages and tents. Mt. Hood Lodge is at an altitude of 2800 feet. Cloud Cap Inn, 6000 feet above sea level and 35 miles by road from Hood River village, perches on a northern spur of the mountain at the snow line, ten minutes from Eliot Glacier, source of the Hood River. A number of other hotels and camps which attend the needs of the casual tourist or mountain-climber are

clustered about the base of Mt. Hood at Rowe, Welches, Tawney's and Arrah Wannah. At some of these resorts there are log bungalows in connection with a central dining-hall. The prevailing rates are from $2.50 to $3 a day.

Chanticleer Inn occupies a most fortunate site just off the Columbia Highway, above Rooster Rock. Very appropriately, chicken dinners, of excelling goodness, are the specialty of this road-house. Over-night and week-end guests are also accommodated. Other inns for rest and enjoyment overlook the river from the Columbia's cliffs.

The principal Oregon beaches, Gearhart and Seaside, and neighbouring resorts, are endowed with excellent vacation hotels. The Hotel Gearhart and the Hotel Moore (Seaside) are both large structures situated directly on the beach, with a delightful environment of lawns, sport-fields and open meadow-lands. Rates here are $3 to $5 a day.

Hotels, tent cities, and cottage colonies house thousands of merry-makers on the Oregon coast, from Astoria to Newport and Coos Bay. Furnished bungalows and camps, as well as camping sites, are for rent by the week or by the season at reasonable rates.

South of Portland, the wayfarer who drives or tramps among the hills surprises likeable little houses in such places as Mehama, on the Santiam River, inland from Albany, at Mackenzie Bridge, on the Mackenzie River, 60 miles from Eugene, and elsewhere at springs and fishing-resorts.

Crater Lake Lodge is the only hotel within the southern Oregon Government Reserve. There is also a camp five miles from the Crater's rim where guests are accommodated, and a store where campers may buy provisions. Board and lodging at

both hotel and camp costs $3.25 a day. Tents furnished and unfurnished are to let, the former at $1 per day per person, the latter at $1 per day.

Capitalists whose lumber interests in Klamath County necessitated long sojourns in this region south of Crater Lake, constructed the White Pelican Hotel at Klamath Falls, primarily that they might themselves be luxuriously lodged. At the European plan rate of $1.50 per day and up, tourists and sportsmen share the delectable quarters provided by these unusual landlords. The same proprietors have taken over the handsome " camp " formerly owned by Mr. E. H. Harriman at the head of the Klamath Lake, and named it Harriman Lodge. The building, supplied with all citified comforts, stands beneath the shadow of Mt. Pitt on the water-edge among trees which also shelter a group of well-designed cabins.

Cuisine and Products of the Northwest.

The cuisine of the Northwest exhibits few individual characteristics, but prolific varieties of native sea food, game, vegetables, fruit and berries enrich the table at all seasons.

The Pacific Coast (Olympia) oyster is very small and strong-flavoured, but pleasing to the accustomed palate. A pan-roast of Toke Points, taken from the waters of Willapa Harbor, is especially esteemed. Clams, and particularly razor-clams which grow near the mouth of the Copalis River, Chehalis County, Washington, are delicious. Crawfish cooked in wine is a specialty of the Hofbrau-Quelle, Portland. Pre-eminent among shellfish in this part of the world is the Dungeness crab, a giant and succulent species which is netted in the

Strait of Juan de Fuca. The body not infrequently measures eight or ten inches across, and the meat is extraordinarily sweet and fine-fibred.

Fresh-water and sea trout are abundant, likewise halibut. Salmon of several varieties are taken in enormous quantities. As regards the flavour and grain of the flesh, however, the salmon of the Pacific is not comparable to that of the Atlantic streams.

The meat of the Mongolian pheasant is counted the choicest viand in Oregon markets. Hood River apples are another Oregon specialty. So extravagant is the demand for the shiny beauties that they are said to have fetched a dollar apiece in European hotels. Monarchs and restaurateurs command their monograms stencilled upon the crimson surface, this being accomplished by the aid of applied paper letters and the rays of the sun. Rogue River, Willamette, Wenatchee and Yakima Valley apples and cherries are also renowned.

Semi-tropic fruits and nuts mature in favoured sections of southern Oregon. In the Willamette, Rogue and Umpqua Valleys is grown a prune of distinctive variety. The annual crop runs into millions of pounds. Among the foothills of the Cascades and the Coast Range, uncountable bushels of wild berries are harvested each year. Both the cultivated and uncultivated berry-fields of Oregon and Washington yield many varieties, some of them unknown east of the Rockies. Chief among them are the red and yellow salmonberry, the blue and the tart red huckleberry, the wild raspberry and dewberry (ripe in September), the wild currant, blackberry and white strawberry, the mountain grape, the yewberry, sarvisberry, manzanita, loganberry, salal and choke berry. The culti-

vated strawberries of Puget Sound Islands and interior irrigated valleys of Washington and Oregon, the raspberries of Puyallup, near Tacoma, and the blackberries of Clatsop Plains, Oregon, are particularly luscious. The loganberry, a grafted product, has of late years been canned in great quantities, being too tart to eat without a sweet syrup. Its juice is also bottled, the flavour rivalling that of the grape.

The temperateness of the West Coast winter encourages the outdoor growth of small fruits and green vegetables until late in the year.

Sports.

Hunting and Fishing Licenses.

Washington: For each county (payable to County Auditor) resident, $1.00; non-resident, $5.00; alien, $50.00. For state (payable to State Auditor) resident $5.00; non-resident, $10.00; alien, $50.00.

The office of the State Game and Fish Commissioner is located at Bellingham, Wash.

Oregon: Resident Hunter's License $1.00 per year; Non-Resident Hunter's License, $10.00 per year. Resident or Non-Resident Angler's License, $1.00 per year.

The office of the State Game and Fish Commissioner is at Portland, Oregon.

Idaho: Resident licenses, which also entitles holder to hunt, $1.00; non-resident or alien license, $2.00.

The office of the State Game and Fish Warden is located at Boisé, Idaho.

Montana: It is required that all persons who desire to hunt and fish procure a license, the cost

of which for a resident is $1.00; for non-resident (divided in 3 classes), the "General," $25.00, which entitles the holder to hunt large and small game and to fish; the "Limited," $10.00, which entitles holder to hunt small or feathered game and to fish; "Fishing," $1.00, which entitles the holder to fish only. This fee applies to United States citizens who have resided in Montana for the six months last past. United States citizens who have not resided in the State for the six months last past, $2. Any person who is not a citizen of the United States is entitled to an alien license, which is divided in three classes, same as non-resident's license, and costs $25.00, $10.00, and $5.00 respectively.

The office of the State Game and Fish Warden is located at Helena, Montana.

It is recommended that application be made to state wardens for free copies of complete Game and Fish Laws, referring to seasons, bag limits, bounties, penalties, transportation and special provisions. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Southern Pacific, Spokane, Portland and Seattle, and other railways also issue folders concerning laws governing sport in the Northwest and localities reputed for their game and fish.

The huge area still untamed in the northwestern section of the United States constitutes a natural game preserve whose moors, uplands and mountains teem with wild creatures, and whose legions of streams are the habitation of finny hordes. To name all the districts where the sportsman's reward is sure would be to create a gazetteer of each State. Even the most populous city is figuratively but the length of rod or gun from some realm where bags and creels are speedily filled to the

rim. Seventy-five Dolly Varden trout (30 to 35 inches) is in Oregon the legal limit of a day's fishing per person.

The rivers, lakes and salt water inlets of Washington and Oregon yield Chinook, Steel-head, Blueback, Silver-side and other species of salmon; also salmon trout, Kelp, Rainbow, Cut-throat, Dolly Varden, Loch Levin, Beardsley and Eastern brook trout; bass, perch, pickerel, pike, flounder, cod, pogies and croppies, char, cat and white fish.

The Skykomish River in northwestern Washington is known for the size and gaminess of its trout, likewise the Snake River of Idaho and Washington, the Deschutes and the McKenzie in Oregon, and in general all the streams which flow down the slopes of the Cascades, and into the Pacific from the Coast and Olympic Ranges. Rainbow trout weighing more than 20 pounds have been taken from creeks tributary to Klamath Lake. Puget Sound and the Columbia synonymise salmon to the angler. Below the falls of the Willamette River, Chinook salmon are caught which weigh 50 pounds and heavier. The Spokane River, and the half hundred lakes and hundreds of streams contiguous to Spokane in Washington and Idaho, abound in sportive trout, perch and bass.[1]

Trout, greyling and black bass are among the species of fish to be hooked in Montana waters. Bull trout are indigenous to St. Mary Lake, Glacier National Park; the Mackinaw trout may be caught up to 18 or 20 pounds weight. All the Park lakes afford good fishing. As everywhere in National Parks, hunting is forbidden.

[1] For details as to localities and routes, see the illustrated folder issued by the Spokane Chamber of Commerce.

The game animals of the Northwest include deer, ibex, caribou, moose, mountain sheep and goat, antelope, bear, cougar, wild cat, wolf, timber wolf, bobcat and lynx. Elk and deer are particularly plentiful amid the wilds of the Olympic peninsula, and the Yaquina and Mohawk River country of Oregon. Mountain goats and cougars are sought on the upper slopes of the Cascades, Lake Chelan being the centre of a good hunting ground. There are said to be more bear in southern Oregon than in any other part of the Union, due partly to the abundance of wild berries growing in the mountains.

Of the lesser animals to be hunted and trapped there are the mink, martin, beaver, otter, skunk, coon, coyote, badger, ring-tailed cat, muskrat and squirrel.

Wild fowl are numerous and of varied families, both native and foreign. Concerning the resources of the Willamette Valley, the Game Warden of Oregon says,

"In no other region in the United States can one find such a variety and number of game birds. The sooty grouse, sometimes called the blue grouse or hooter, is common where the fir timber surrounds the grain fields. This is a bird that lives on grain and weed seed during the summer, but in winter stays well up in the fir trees where it lives mostly on buds. The ruffed grouse or native pheasant is everywhere a bird of the thick cover. It is found almost entirely in crab-apple thickets and alder swamps. Our mountain quail is abundant all through Western Oregon, a bird that likes wood patches, the brush heaps and the surrounding fields. The bob-white is the quail of the Eastern States introduced years ago in the Willamette

Valley and is now very abundant in certain regions. The California quail was introduced into the Willamette Valley from southern Oregon and the Hungarian partridge from Europe. Both species have multiplied rapidly. In certain districts the Reeves pheasant is breeding in the wild state.

"The real game bird that has made the Willamette Valley famous to sportsmen the world over is the Chinese, ring-necked or Denny pheasant. He is a fully naturalised citizen. He was introduced here in the early eighties. He has thrived in his new environment better than our native game birds and is now more abundant than any other species. No other place in the United States has proved such a favourable home for this bird as the Willamette Valley. This is because of the good medium climate that is not too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. It is a land of many gardens and grain fields where birds find food abundant in summer and winter. It is a land of wood patches where birds never fail to find cover. The Chinese pheasant has learned to make the best of his environment here in Oregon."

The Chinese or Mongolian pheasant has been called "the most beautiful of all game birds." With the quail, partridge, ruffed and blue grouse, sage hen and prairie chicken, it is hunted on the heaths of nearly every part of Oregon and Washington.

Snipe, woodcock, curlew, plover, brant, ducks and geese, infest the shores of both States. The Klamath marshes and lakes are the home of swarms of ducks, geese, pelicans, cranes, herons, cormorants and swans. Water-fowl are so partial to the swampy tracts of Southern Oregon that a Federal

preserve exists for their protection on Lower Klamath Lake.

Mountaineering.

Guides and climbing outfits are supplied at inns and camps adjacent to principal peaks. The charge for guides varies according to the number in the party and the duration of the trip.

There are three organisations in the Northwest of large membership, whose foundation motive is the promotion of mountain knowledge.

Following the disbandment of the Oregon Alpine Club, first organised in 1887, a company of two hundred climbers founded the Mazama Club in 1894, on the summit of Mt. Hood. The name is Spanish for a particularly agile mountain goat. Applicants for membership in this Oregon society must attain the crest of a perpetual snowcap, up whose sides it is impossible to ride. Novices are sometimes invited to join the camp held yearly for two weeks at the base of some mountain of the Northwest, chosen for the summer climb.

The Mazamas were the first to make known Crater Lake to climbers and tourists. Their leader upon the occasion of the initial expedition was William Gladstone Steele, who influenced the establishment of the National Park. The mountain whose hollowed crest holds Crater Lake bears the name of the Club.

The Mountaineers of Seattle formed their association in 1907. Mt. Rainier has been the particular object of their exploration and exploitation, though on the occasion of the annual summer camp, other peaks of the Northern Sierra have also been climbed. According to the by-laws, "Any person of good character, seventeen years

of age or over, who is in sympathy with the objects of this organisation is eligible for membership." On the outings, all members of the Club party are encouraged to qualify as true craftsmen of the mountains.

Youngest of the three organisations is the Mt. Baker Club, instituted at Bellingham in 1911 by thirty-three graduates of that gruelling course which leads to the brow of the grand and lonely Patriarch of the North. Many hundred members are now enrolled whose aim is to acquaint themselves, the State and the Nation with the glories of their eleven thousand foot mountain, and to bring to pass the creation of the Mt. Baker National Park.

In the year of its founding, the Club conceived a project of daring novelty whose avowed purpose was the advertisement of Mt. Baker and the Mt. Baker district. It was proposed that a race of one hundred miles be run from Bellingham to the summit, and back to Bellingham,— two-thirds of the distance to be accomplished by train or automobile, and one-third on foot. A prize of $100 in gold and a trophy were offered to the first man returning to the Chamber of Commerce and signing the Book of the Marathon. For three successive years, beginning in 1911, this test of thew and sinew, heart, wind and fortitude was staged on the plain between sea and mountain-base and up the sides of the giant Alp to its topmost spur. Of the three races, the best time was made in the final one, when Harry Westerlund accomplished the distance in nine and a half hours. After 1913 the Marathon was annulled because of the perils it was found to entail — perils of crevasse and storm and racing wheels. The Mount Baker Marathon

has passed into tradition, probably never to be revived as a sporting event. But the hundreds who in years to come scale the rugged flanks and perhaps achieve the summit can never be indifferent to the memory of the stalwarts who fought their good fight in this trial of snow and ice endurance.

As a matter of record, it is interesting to set down here an abridged description of the final Marathon, written by an eye-witness for *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

"At 4 o'clock, the morning of August 15, every mill whistle in Bellingham started an inferno of sound which must have awakened almost the entire population and summoned more than 5000 of the more enthusiastic to the starting places of the race.

"On Railroad Avenue a Bellingham & Northern special stood, fretting for the signal. Two squares away three automobiles, stripped to a framework, popped and snorted.

"At one minute past the hour the train got away with a scream. A half-mile away, at a street intersection, it had reached a speed of sixty miles an hour. Like a roaring devil it leaped from town to country and from countryside to wilderness.

"Four minutes later the automobiles were off in a bunch, and the crowd had scarcely found breath to cheer before their rapid-fire exhaust had faded in the distance.

"So the race began.

. . . . . .

"For twenty-four hours it had stormed without let-up. We were camped under a little canvas shelter at Hann Lake, 7000 feet high — four of

us. When it was not snowing the fog rolled in, and when the fog lifted it snowed again.

"From behind the white veil which shrouded the mysteries of the giant peak came an intermittent thunder, at times a faint murmur, again an earth-shaking roar. Avalanches were sweeping down, walls of ice were falling from the glaciers, crevasses were opening with the rapidity of exploding dynamite. The mountain was in an agony.

"Sometimes the clouds would blow back to reveal the ebony cliffs of the black buttes, which tower 2000 feet above Deming Glacier. From a cliff top 1000 feet above we could drop pebbles onto the face of the great ice river.

"A gale howled up the deep canyon below, though not a breath of wind stirred at the cliff top. As a puff of its breath tore apart the white veil the black cliffs opposite would start forth, stark naked rock, powdered at the top with a frosting of new snow.

"Chisels of ice have carved them down sheer with an infinite world-old cunning and patience — a force the human mind cannot conceive. Black sentinels they stand, bounding a river of white glacier. Above where the ice tumbles from the precipices its chaotic cliffs gleamed occasionally in blue flame.

"Then in the passage of a moment the clouds would shift again and the world was bounded by a horizon of dead white not twenty feet away.

"And into that hell of cold plunged seven men, clad in gymnasium suits, barelegged except for calked shoes.

"The trail from Heisler's ranch on the west slope was soaked by days of pelting rain. In many places it was more a ditch than a trail. Mud lay

knee-deep along it, and travel had carved out its sides between the roots of trees, leaving no choice of footing.

"It is no level trail through forest. It is ever climbing or descending, zigzagging over the slopes, crossing smaller streams by a single log. The last couple of miles it makes a heart-breaking climb up a mountain.

"The men who went by automobile reached the foot of this track in fifty-five minutes. They started into the forest at 5:55 o'clock in the morning, and at 8:39 o'clock Westerlund had covered fourteen miles. Two minutes behind him came his nearest competitor, Joe Frankoviz. Both of these men passed up the steepest of the path at a heart-breaking stride, not even winded.

"Westerlund, the winner of the run, leaped from the train at Bellingham at 2:39 in the afternoon, fresh and smiling. He paced two blocks to the Chamber of Commerce without apparent effort.

"Clean living and hard training counted in that run.

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"The Mount Baker Club, of Bellingham, made no mistake when it adopted this thrilling out-of-door adventure to advertise Whatcom County's peak.

"Of the mountain which it advertises, it is impossible to speak calmly. Mere description means little to those who cannot or will not see for themselves.

"Already several good trails take the visitor to the snow line from various approaches. The tourists pass through a wonderland of untouched timber, great cedars and firs and hemlocks of amazing girth and splendid mien, immense water-

falls, glacial streams abounding in game fish, mountain parks carpeted with red and white heather, and a bewildering catalogue of rare and beautiful flowers, views which appall by their significance, all the joys of camp life; these are the attractions.

"It will not be many years until the Club accomplishes its chief ambition. Mount Baker will be made a national park. Good roads will be built, and once they are, the tourists will come. One cannot hide the light of that shining peak under any common bushel!"

Winter Sports — Motor-boating and Yachting — Golf.

The proximity of sierra and forest to thickly populated communities is conducive to widespread indulgence in every sort of winter game. In addition, the influence of the Scandinavian in the Northwest is strong, and ski-ing contests organised by these snow-loving Northerners are popular events. There is perfect "riding" in Paradise Park, on the slopes of Mt. Rainier. Parties go by motor to mountain lakes for skating carnivals, hockey and tobogganing.

To accommodate winter sportsmen, certain inns in the Olympics and Cascades keep their doors open all during the frosty season.

The mercury so rarely drops below the freezing point in cities near the coast that skating is done under cover in Ice Hippodromes. The one at Portland is of great size, and witnessess many exciting inter-state and international competitions.

Motor-boating is the premier sport of the region bordering Puget Sound. All-the-year cruising is possible, and every week-end fleets of speedy little power-boats, well-stocked with provisions and

camp utensils, skim away to favourite nooks, be the month June or December. Annual regattas and distance races receive enthusiastic attention. The Puget Sound championship races are open to entrants from both the United States and Canada. A power-boat race from Seattle to Ketchikan, Alaska, is an annual event.

Gasoline cruisers may be hired for a month, with captain, deck-hand and cook, provisions and fuel, at $50 each for a party of ten. The waters of the Sound and of isle-sheltered passages to the north are ever tranquil, and so deep inshore that 1000-mile voyages may be made in safety. The round trip of 2000 miles from Seattle to southern Alaska and back has been accomplished by motor-boat in eighteen days.

The membership of the Seattle Yacht Club includes owners of splendid 100-foot gas-driven vessels, whose fleetness and luxury would mark them for comment in any waters. The Oregon Yacht Club and the Portland Motor Boat Club are also flourishing organisations.

Various charming rivers and inlets up and down the coast are the anchorages of trim house-boats, some of which may be rented by the week or season.

The use of municipal golf links in the suburbs of principal towns, and often in connection with the resort hotels, is granted to visiting golfers. Private clubs also extend courtesies to properly accredited persons. Among many others, the links at the Spokane Country Club, at the club on Hayden Lake, at the two clubs of Portland, at Gearhart Beach, at the Seattle Golf and Country Club and at the Tacoma Club on American Lake are all well laid out and well-maintained, and golfing is enjoyed throughout the year.

Amusements and Festivals.

The communities of the Northwest give proverbially good patronage to theatrical and musical attractions. Even in some remote places there are theatre buildings which would do credit to much larger cities. Portland, Tacoma, Spokane and Seattle (note especially the Orpheum) have first-class houses where current road attractions, repertory, vaudeville and motion pictures are seen, and have, besides, elaborate amusement parks on the outskirts. Each of these cities supports singing and orchestral organisations of unusual merit. The Portland Orchestra and Police Band, the Amphion singers and Symphony Orchestra of Seattle, and the Davenport-Engberg Orchestra of Bellingham are notable examples. The Bellingham association was founded by Mrs. Engberg in 1912 and has now nearly one hundred members. Annual symphonic concerts enlist the services of some soloist internationally known.

Water carnivals enliven the summer season at lake and ocean resorts. The aquatic spectacles presented each year at Hayden Lake, near Spokane, and at Lake Washington, Seattle, are especially elaborate. The parades and tourneys of Seattle's Golden Potlatch, which reflects aboriginal traditions, engross the country-round for a week in each July. In the same month Salem, Oregon, has its Cherry Fair. A play-monarch reigns each fall over the National Apple Show at Spokane. Tacoma has two summer festivals, the Rose Carnival and a School Children's Celebration held in a great stadium on the heights. The Wenatchee Valley has its " Fair Hesperides," the Yakima Valley its Spring Blossom Festival and its Indian

Round-ups, Walla Walla its May Day Festival and September Frontier Celebration, Browning, Montana, its annual Medicine Lodge of the Blackfeet in July, and the Blackfeet Fair in September. Hop-picking festivities and county fairs make merry the early days of autumn. In September the Riddle Rod and Gun Club is host at a Venison Barbecue near Roseburg, Oregon. Marksmen's contests, log-rolling, fly-casting and dancing make up the programme. Four thousand visitors feasted on twenty barbecued bucks at the 1915 celebration.

Astoria signalises the close of each fishing-season by a regatta in which neighbouring cities are invited to join. This "biggest nautical event on the Coast" comprises every sort of water sport — yacht, launch, canoe and fishing-boat races, surf-riding, swimming, diving and water polo, besides marine processions, a ball at which the dancers wear nautical costumes, and daily parades and manœuvres on land.

Established on an annual basis since 1907, Portland's Rose Festival constitutes this delightful city's best advertising medium. Funds for the carnival are popularly subscribed, and all the western counties of the State unite in making this the most sumptuous thing of its kind in the Oregon Year. For half a week in June, some sort of diversion is scheduled for every hour from morn till midnight. Bands play and choral clubs sing; on the greens are children dancing; the story, traditions and progress of the Northwest are celebrated by brilliantly contrived floats in a gala procession; vehicles twined with the municipal flower compete for prizes, and throughout the whole high-coloured

celebration there is an exhibition of the glorious roses that have made Portland so famous.

Pendleton in northeastern Oregon yearned for a city park to ease the stress of treeless and too-constant plains, but lacked the funds for the making of such a playground. On near-by cattle-ranges, the round-ups of spring and fall had for years been succeeded by unbridled exhibitions of horse-mastery. These equestrian tournaments had progressed from localised cowboy larks to more formal inter-ranch competitions, when the Pendleton Commercial Association was gripped by the idea of assembling in the market-town of the Oregon cattle country the plainsmen and girls, with their ponies and steers, for a three-day frontier carnival which all who paid might see. In 1910, a few thousand spectators came. In 1916 more than 50,000 will be quartered on the thriving hospitable town, whose population on 362 days of the year is less than nine thousand. Other communities of the Northwest know the thrill of the Round-up Show, but only Pendleton has developed the range-riders' gymkhana to a festival of national fame and importance. Regulations concerning order and conduct are strict; no one showing the effects of liquor can assist in any event. But jollity and good humour reign supreme. Hotels, boarding-houses, and Pullman sleepers take care of the crowds who each September, toward the end of the month, turn their faces toward the Mecca of the Buckaroo.

Prices for seats at the Pendleton Round-up are as follows: Grandstand seats, reserved by number, $1 each for each day's show, no reduction for all three days; box seats, reserved by number (chairs in railed-in enclosures nearest the track),

$1.50 each for each day, no reduction for season; bleacher seats, no reservation, 75 cents for each day; forenoon tryouts, general admission to any seats without reservation, 25 cents. To Happy Canyon, the evening entertainment which has been staged during the past two Round-ups at the corner of Main and Railroad Streets, general admission, without reservation, 25 cents.

Elimination races are scheduled for the first two days, championship contests for the last day. The prizes offered cowboys and girls, Indians and their squaws, and stage-drivers are saddles exquisitely carved and silver inlaid, money, trophies, beaver hats, silk mufflers, bridles, bits, spurs, chaps, whips and lariats. A gold and silver belt is given each year to the cowboy who points highest in the principal events open to men. The programme includes half-mile pony races, ridden by cowboys and girls and by full-blooded Indians; three-day relay races against time, "no cinche barred"; steer bull-dogging, in which contest the man must throw the beast with bare hands and not touch teeth to lips until steer is down flat on the ground on his side, after which steer must be held by lip, and hands released — time limit two minutes, best time for three days wins; bucking contests for men and women, mounted on horses drawn by lot and ridden with plain halter; four-horse chariot race; standing races; quick change race; stage coach and pony express races; rope-spinning contests, and finally the wild horse race, for which unbroken range horses, ignorant of "leather," are furnished by the management. With this demonstration of the riders' ability to control outlaws never before mounted and of an ingenious deviltry surpassing description, the fiesta closes. "A page out of

history has been seen, a scene from the vanishing West impressed." In the City of Happy Canyon the visitors spend their evenings, learning how a wild west town looked and acted sixty years ago. The management guarantees a thrill every half-minute in the Canyon arena, and everywhere are relics and reminders of a time when Pendleton was "woolliest" of all the settlements in the Northwest.

The Round-up is a communistic endeavour. Officials give their services without remuneration. All the profits of the festival go into the town treasury. New exhibition grounds, a huge grandstand and a free natatorium are cited to prove that in Pendleton it pays to "Let 'er buck."

CHAPTER III

CHRONOLOGY

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Ethnologists commonly agree that the western coast of the American Continent was once populous with the races of the Orient — Polynesians, Malays, Birmans, Chinese, Japanese, Hindoos and Tatars, who as navigators were transported thither "by winds, waves and stress of weather," or came upon intended trading expeditions.

Josiah Priest of Albany, N. Y., published in 1833 a compilation of facts relating to American Antiquities and Discoveries in the West, founded upon copious research among the files of Antiquarian Societies. He describes the discovery by Spaniards of a native town having Mongolian characteristics, which was situated "on the bank of a river running into the Pacific from the territory now called Oregon." The inhabitants called the settlement Talomeco, and there "Hernando Soto was dined by a cacique named Guachaia," whose servants "stood in a row with their backs against the wall in Eastern fashion. The principal pride and grandeur of this people consisted in their temple . . . a hundred paces long and forty wide. . . . There were twelve wooden statues of gigantic size with menacing and savage faces. . . . The cornice in the temple was ornamented with large shells mingled with pearls. . . . In

coffers and baskets the Spaniards found . . . so many pearls that they distributed them among the officers and soldiers by handfulls.

"The remains of cities and towns of an ancient population," continues our author, "exist everywhere on the coast of the Pacific, which agree in fashion with the works and ruins found along the Chinese coasts, exactly west from the western limits of North America, showing beyond all dispute that in ancient times the countries were known to each other, and voyages were reciprocally made." Rafinesque, the antiquarian, is quoted: "The exact time when the Chinese first discovered or reached America is not given in their books, but it was known to them and to the Japanese, at a very early period, and called by them Fu Sham, and frequented for trade. But who were here for them to trade with? Our answer is, those first inhabitants, the white, the red, and the black, the sons of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth, who got onto the Continent before it was severed from Asia and Africa, in the days of Peleg, one or two hundred years after the flood of Noah."

Which all goes back much further than the imagination of most of us can follow. However, an incident of the fall of 1915, chronicled in the press of the Northwest, demonstrates the facility with which Orientals may even to-day be unwittingly brought to American shores. A Japanese vessel, dismasted in a gale off the coast of Japan, was blown to sea. After forty-eight days three castaways who had been subsisting on rain water and scant portions of food, were succoured on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the coast of British Columbia.

Spanish, Portuguese and Danish adventurers

were the first white men to navigate the waters of the Pacific Northwest. In 1774, Juan Perez sailed from Monterey in the then Spanish colony of California, to claim for his country whatever lands might lie to the northward, as far as 60° latitude, where the Russians were known to be already established. The Spanish navigator attained the shores of lower Alaska, several degrees south of his goal, and on his return to California called in a harbour which was later to be known as Nootka Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Bold headlands and low-lying meadows were visible from the deck of the *Santiago* as Perez coasted southward, but from Captain Heceta, who sailed north in the same vessel a year later, we have a description of a definite place on this foreign shore. He ran close to "a bay with strong eddies and currents, indicating the mouth of a large river or strait," which was in fact the estuary of the continental stream known to early travellers as the River of the West, and called by the Spanish, the Rio St. Roc. Heceta and his companion, Commander Quadra, formally claimed for Spain the Pacific Coast as far north as Sitka, Alaska.

In 1776 began a period of English discovery and exploration along the Northwest Coast, inaugurated by the expedition headed by Captain Cook, who was under charge to find a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Cook had already discovered New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands. A biographer writing the introduction to the explorer's *Voyages*, published in 1785, describes this intrepid man of deeds as "cool and deliberate in judging: sagacious in determining: . . . unsubdued by labour, difficulties and disappoint-

ment: fertile in expedients: . . . always possessing himself and the full use of a sound understanding." The great captain first approached the coast of present-day Oregon near Heceta Head, and followed the course of his Spanish predecessors to Nootka Sound, so named by him, and to Sitka Bay, from where he proceeded as far as Cook Inlet and Cape North. Cook had thus "completed the work which Balboa began. The map of the western coast line of our continent had been traced, amid mighty perils by sea and shore, testing the valour of seven generations." [1]

In 1788, Lieutenant Meares voyaged from Nootka, passed the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and named Mt. Olympus. Foiled in his effort to trace the river mouth reported by Heceta, he called a promontory which actually flanked it, Cape Disappointment, and a bight through which the river flowed, Deception Bay.

After the death of Captain Cook at the hands of Hawaiian natives in 1779, a youth named George Vancouver, who had accompanied him on the last two of his three voyages in the Pacific, received a commission to continue his commander's explorations. He was of service to his country at Nootka, in 1792, following a belligerent controversy concerning the respective rights of the British and Spanish in that harbour. In the same year Captain Vancouver discovered a great arm of the sea, which he named for Lieutenant Peter Puget, one of his officers. Members of Vancouver's crews were the first white men known to have seen Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker. In the name of King George III, all the newly discovered

[1] Joseph Schafer in his *History of the Pacific Northwest.*

territory bordering Puget Sound was baptised New Georgia.

Another discovery, and one long deferred, made the year of 1792 a red letter date in the calendar of west coast exploration. Ships of all nations, attracted by the Eldorado of the northwestern fur country, were turning their prows in increasing numbers toward Nootka, on Vancouver's Island. One which left Boston in 1791 was called the *Columbia*. Its Yankee skipper, Captain Gray, coasting south after wintering in the harbour of Clayoquot, came in the month of May to the wide-mouthed inlet reported by Heceta. Being more inquisitive or more enterprising than Spaniards and Britons who had gone before, he pointed inland and arrived at the bar of a broad-flowing river, up which he later sailed for thirty-five miles.

Thus it was a Boston trader who determined beyond dispute the outlet of this fabled stream, whose existence was bruited among the Spanish as early as 1570, and known to them under the Indian name of Tizan in 1606. Eighty years later, voyagers in the interior of the continent heard from the aborigines of "a great river running to the west." Another eighty years passed, and Jonathan Carver, a captain of provincial troops in America, undertook his historic journey from Boston to St. Paul. During the winter of 1767 he camped with a band of Sioux Indians and from them learned "that the four most capital rivers on continental North America, viz.: the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the River Bourbon and the Oregon or the River of the West . . . have their sources in the same neighbourhood." Probably the word Oregon, which Carver was the first to put in print, is not spelled exactly as the Indians pro-

nounced it. It is suggested that its origin may have been the Algonquin word, Wau-re-gan, "beautiful water." Joaquin Miller thinks the name had "rounded down phonetically from a phrase bestowed by Portuguese navigators, 'Hear the waters,' *aure il agua,* to or-agua, or-a-gon, Oregon."

Captain Gray, first white man to enter the river, called it for his vessel, the *Columbia.* The first exploration of the lower reaches was made in October of 1792 by Lieutenant Broughton, who commanded one of Vancouver's two vessels.

Nine years before Gray's discovery, Thomas Jefferson had evinced his interest in a transcontinental expedition under American leadership, to offset certain proposed activities of England to explore "the country from the Mississippi to California." At that time the Mississippi marked the limits of the United States. Soon after Jefferson became President he began two important negotiations. He proposed to France that the United States buy the territory formerly owned by Spain, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to a line running west of the Lake of the Woods; and he recommended to Congress in January, 1803, that a party be organised to explore an overland route to the Western Ocean, and "have conferences with the natives on the subject of commercial intercourse." The last proposal, as Professor Schafer points out, was the one first matured, though it is the common understanding that the expedition undertaken by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark was not conceived until after the Louisiana Purchase was completed in 1803.

It was not until 1804, however, that the two young officers, Lewis and Clark, set out from St. Louis in

command of a company of thirty soldiers who had been chosen for the overland journey.

Undiscouraged by strange and perilous incidents, the adventurers ascended the Missouri, crossed the plains to the Rockies, traversed this mighty range by heretofore untrodden passes, discovered and explored the upper waters of the Columbia, and followed it to the Pacific Ocean. The winter of 1804–5 was spent south of the river's mouth, at Fort Clatsop. By the following autumn, Captain Lewis had returned to Washington and reported to his patron the results of this first transcontinental journey undertaken by Americans.[2]

All the territory which now comprises Oregon, Washington and Idaho was until Washington's secession designated as the Oregon Country. No nation had established an exclusive claim to proprietorship.

In the year 1811, the Pacific Fur Company, sponsored by John Jacob Astor, the German-American merchant, founded a trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia, and called this first American settlement on the Pacific Coast, Astoria. Similar centres for trafficking in fur were established in the Oregon Country by the Hudson's Bay and Northwest Trading Companies. The war of 1812 accomplished the defeat of Astor's plans on the Columbia, and left the British in territorial possession until 1818, when a provisional treaty of joint occupancy was signed, giving to both nations equal rights in respect to trade and colonisation. However, the English Hudson's Bay Company remained for a quarter-century the controlling influence on the Columbia. Fort Van-

2 Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotchman, crossed to the Pacific by way of Canada, in 1792–3.

couver, the most important post west of the Rockies, was established at the confluence of the Columbia and the Willamette in 1825 by Dr. John McLoughlin. Though of British birth and sentiment, he has been called the Father of Oregon, in recognition of his large-hearted consideration for the American colonists, who between the years 1833 and 1845 came from across the Rockies to people the lower Willamette Valley.[3]

Among the newcomers were several companies of missionaries, who set about their labours in isolated places bordering the pioneer trail.

The question of Oregon's political status was repeatedly discussed in the American Congress, and overtures were made to Great Britain to finally fix the 49th parallel as the northern boundary between western Canada and the United States. England obstinately supported her contention that the Columbia River, in latitude 46° 10′, should form the dividing line.

In the winter of 1842–3, Marcus Whitman, founder of the mission at Walla Walla, rode from Oregon to the Atlantic to report to the American Board of Missions and to the Government of the United States concerning conditions in the far West. Early in 1843 the "Willamette Settlement" first met to establish a system for law and order and a year later the first legislative assembly of the Provisional Government met at Oregon City.

About this time there began an organised move-

[3] "In the face of Parke and Peel and all the British warships Dr. McLoughlin sent succour to the famishing immigrants. Far up Des Chutes they met his messengers of mercy with shouts and hallelujahs."— *McLoughlin and Old Oregon,* by Eva Emery Dye. Dr. McLoughlin was born in 1784 at Rivière de Loup, Quebec.

ment of pioneers from the plains of the Middle West through the defiles of the Rockies. The trail of the ox-teams led via the Platte and Sweetwater Rivers over South Pass (7450 feet), thence to the Lewis or Snake River, and down the Columbia Valley. Over this route came trappers, missionaries and immigrants, whose numbers eventually annulled British power in the Oregon Country, " and paved the way for the empire of the Pacific to become part of this great nation." Fourteen hundred settlers arrived in 1844, and twice that number in the year following. Altogether there were about 6000 people in the Willamette Valley, and a few settlers in a newly formed country north of the Columbia, when, in 1846, it was definitely agreed between the two nations that the northern boundary of the Oregon Country should follow the 49th parallel.

Her frontier being at last determined and the Americans left in unqualified possession of the territory so long under dispute, the question of a permanent government for Oregon now arose. No action had been taken at Washington, and the settlers on the Willamette were daily growing more restive, when the massacre by Indians of the Whitman party at Walla Walla occurred in November, 1847. This painful incident so impressed upon the country the need of extending formal protection to the new country, that President Polk, always the friend of Oregon, quickly influenced the passage of a bill in Congress. The Territory of Oregon came into being in August, 1848. General Joseph Lane was appointed to the post of governor, following the refusal of Abraham Lincoln to accept the office.

The southern shores of Puget Sound became the

objective of the overland pioneers as early as 1845, when Colonel M. T. Simmons and some companions built several cabins at Tumwater (Olympia). Fort Nisqually had been founded by the Hudson's Bay Company at the junction of the Nisqually River with the Sound in 1833, and five years later Archibald McDonald, a representative of the fur traders, had organised the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.

In 1851, Arthur A. Denny, who had journeyed from Illinois by way of Portland and Astoria, settled on Alki Point. A few months later, in February, 1852, he surveyed the town site of Seattle and called it for a friendly Indian chief. The following year, the Territory of Washington was created (March 2, 1853), the limits extending at that time into portions of Idaho [4] and Montana. Governor Isaac Stevens was the first executive of the new Territory. His belief in the American Northwest, his energies, ardour and capabilities had concrete result in the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad a generation later. In 1850 there were 5000 people in the northern settlements.

The discovery of gold in California and southern Oregon gave a new impulse to immigration in the Pacific Northwest in the late forties. Between the years 1850 and 1858, various parts of Washington and Oregon were the scenes of tragic contests of the Whites with warlike Indians. The worst massacres occurred in the Rogue River Valley, Oregon, in the White River Valley, Washington, at Seattle, and on the Columbia River at the Cascades. Treaties were finally concluded with tribes west and east of the Cascade Mountains in both territories.

[4] Idaho was organized as a separate territory in 1863.

Eastern Washington was opened to white settlers in 1858. The town of Walla Walla throve so lustily upon the commerce of miners, traders and travellers, passing to and fro between the Columbia and the mines of what was to be the State of Idaho, that it maintained its position as the largest town in Washington until 1880. Early in the sixties, roads were opened and mail routes established to serve the miners on Washington and Idaho rivers. Spokane, a fur-trading post since 1810, also increased in importance, because of the proximity of rich mines. The population of Olympia in 1870 was 1200; of Seattle, 1100; of Tacoma, 73.

In 1859 Oregon took its vows of statehood. Portland, known until fifteen years before as Multnomah, had in 1860 a population of 2000. In the same year, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company began to operate a steamboat, railway and tram service on the Columbia. The first railroad in the Northwest had been laid in 1850 along an Indian trail on the north bank, where the Columbia's flood pours through a narrow, rock-harried gorge. The rails of this " portage road " were made of wood. Its single car was drawn by a mule. Iron rails and a steam locomotive were introduced by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. This organisation was a combination of competitors. Until 1879, when the various interests were sold to Henry Villard, the corporation enjoyed the benefits of a complete monopoly of freight and passenget traffic both east and west in the Columbia Valley. Freight which is now carried between Portland and The Dalles at $1.50 a ton, then cost $40 a ton to transport. One steamer is said to have

repaid its full purchase price on its maiden trip.[5]

An era of enterprise devoted to lumbering, fishing, agriculture and cattle-raising succeeded the rush to the mines. Railways were laid in Oregon and Washington which supplied necessary facilities for carrying products and passengers, and population quickly increased.

Washington became a state in 1889; Idaho was admitted a year later.

Vast irrigation projects in the heart of Oregon and Washington have redeemed deserts for the growing of grains and fruit, and given a further impetus to immigration.

Spokane, market-place of a great tract of wheat and mines, has become an affluent city. Alaska's Horn of Plenty, emptied into the lap of Puget Sound ports, and a mighty trans-Pacific trade, have stored coffers with gold, reared lofty buildings, laid miles of boulevards and acres of parks. From Portland's harbour sail fleets to all the world carrying lumber, wheat, wool and fish. The population of the city is to-day twice what it was a decade ago.

To the industries of the Northwest a new one is added: Multitudes of tourists journey each year down highways of steel or asphalt to behold the wonders of river, sea and mountain the Creator has performed, and to praise marvels of city and plain wrought by man.

[5] Passenger service between the Willamette River and California was inaugurated by the brig *Henry* in 1846. A few years later, the *Columbia*, "last word in marine architecture, size, speed and elegance," was placed in commission on the same route.

CHAPTER IV

PORTLAND AND ITS ENVIRONS

A CITY without a shabby quarter, an alley or a blighting street is Portland — the most intrinsically satisfying municipal fabric in the Pacific Northwest. Other cities are fair in part; Portland is wholly fair, wholly sane and charming. The civic house is so well ordered that development is unrestricted by political considerations. The city's site and prospect are nowhere surpassed. Its streets, business and residential, form an immaculate procession from river to highlands, and gardens displayed on its terraces and planted between curb and sidewalk make the landscape beautiful all the year with greenery and flowers.

Portland is the twentieth-century fulfilment of a comparatively old civilisation. Settlers chose its site three quarters of a century ago. Though its extraordinary growth as to size and population is a matter of recent years, it was in its earliest days the chief port of the first American colony on the Pacific Coast. The farms of the Willamette Valley responded abundantly to the invitation of the settler's hoe, so that the period of hardship attendant upon the taming of a virgin district was of short duration. Soil and climate were the beneficent influences which gentled the pioneer's labours. With granaries brimming and minds at peace, there was repose for the planning of institu-

tions calculated to increase the culture of the frontier community. No one willing to exert his energies was poor; almost from the beginning the homes built in cleared fields were above the average in comfort. So Portland, at the gate of this Valley of Contentment, rose upon a prosperous foundation. Its first families are not newly rich, but are descended from a well-to-do and conservative ancestry. Movements social, educational and commercial are based upon a ripe precedent, and we see in culmination a city of modern ideals matured to the highest plane of efficiency — a very paragon of a city, comely, opulent, clean, temperate and industrious.

Multnomah, "Down by the Waters," the Indians called the forefather hamlet of the present Portland. A year after the first cabin was built (1844) on the original townsite, at the southeast corner of the streets now known as Front and Washington, two American skippers let the verdict of a tossed coin decide the name of the embargo town. "Heads" for Boston, "tails" for Portland. And tails won.

The population which was 2000 in 1860 multiplied sixty-five times over in forty-five years. During the period between 1905 and 1910, eighty thousand more souls were added to the roll of inhabitants. In 1916 the registration figures will in all likelihood give Portland a population of 300,000, an increase of over 200 per cent. in a decade. This spectacular gain is primarily attributed to the agreeable impression of the city received by visitors to the Centennial Exposition in 1905.

As a shipping-centre for lumber, Portland claims precedence over all harbours of the world, and in wheat exports it rivals New York. One-

sixth of the timber standing in the United States is contained within the forest areas of Oregon, though much of it is still inaccessible. Millions of feet are cleared as the cargo of a single vessel, and annual shipments out of Portland approximate 700,000,000 feet. Before the World War this fresh-water port was the Pacific Coast terminus of the two largest fleets afloat, it being chosen because of its position as the disbursing point for 250,000 square miles of territory served by the Columbia, second river highway of the continent.

Ships leaving Portland reach the Columbia by sailing ten miles down the Willamette to the confluence of the rivers. The name of the latter stream is a corruption of the Indian Woh-la-mutt. Washington Irving spells it Wallámot in his *Astoria*. The accent implied is the one to which natives still adhere, though the Gallicised spelling misleads the stranger into placing the emphasis upon the final syllable. By this token are the newly arrived identified, and for their error promptly chided by the punctilious Oregonian.

The Willamette divides the city into two parts, which are joined by five railway and passenger bridges. On the east side is a wide tract, level for the most part and platted with miles of well-paved residential streets. The main commerce of the city, all the tourist hotels, the principal shops, banks, theatres and public buildings, and the most pretentious dwellings are on the west bank. Docks and mills occupy the river frontage. West of Front Street, streets are numbered. Those running at right angles to the river bear names of trees, presidents, pioneers and Oregon products. Seventh Street is known as Broadway. For a dozen squares south of Salmon, Eighth and Ninth

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MT. HOOD AND PORTLAND, FROM CITY PARK

Streets are merged in the Park Blocks, and become Park Street and West Park Street respectively.

Theatres and hotels are centred on or near Broadway in the six blocks between Salmon and Stark Streets, and department stores on Fifth Street between Morrison and Washington. The Union Station and the North Bank Station (Great Northern and Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railways) are within a short distance of each other, on Hoyt Street in the northern part of the city.

On the slopes above the business section are ranged streets ornate with beautiful homes and schools, parks and motor boulevards. Crowning all at an altitude of 1200 feet is the Crest where the Braves of old held council.

In museums and buildings of historic or architectural interest Portland is no richer than the average American city. At Third and Taylor Streets is the site of the first church, erected in 1847. On the plot stands a tall-steepled edifice, successor to the plain little fane originally erected by the Methodists " among the blackened stumps and logs " of a partially cleared wilderness.

Two blocks south on Taylor Street one comes to the unassuming brick portals of the Portland Museum of Art, where the Art Association has installed a creditable collection of paintings, sculpture, antique glass and porcelain. The work of greatest value is a good Corot. An auxiliary gallery is provided for the exhibit of loan collections and the work of visiting and local artists. Scholarships in the Art School connected with the museum are offered to graduates of high schools throughout the State.

A museum of native birds, shells, animals, botanical specimens and minerals rewards a visit to the

City Hall, at Fifth and Madison Streets. The array of objects relating to the constructive period of Oregon history, assembled by the State Historical Society, has had such meagre space in a building downtown in the market district, that the exhibits, many of them of inestimable value, have been lamentably crowded. A hall in Portland's new City Auditorium, promised for 1916 at Third and Market Streets, is to be the future abiding-place of these pioneer relics. The Oregon Historical Society was organised in 1898 to foster the memory of the Builders of the State, to collect and publish historical data, and to preserve souvenirs relating to the domain which was the first to be settled by natives of the United States west of the Rockies. Oregon has further distinction as the "only acquisition of territory on this continent to which we obtained undisputed title without either conquest or cash purchase." The Historical Society is the guardian of original letters, diaries, books, newspapers and maps, which reflect the rigours and ambitions of the infant colony, and portraits of those who guided its affairs. Besides Indian handicrafts, and implements used in cultivating the earliest valley farms, and furnishings from the log dwellings of the frontiersmen, another rude and symbolic relic, which it is to be hoped an appreciative citizenry will mount with ceremony in the new quarters, is an ox-cart whose great wheels rumbled westward across prairie and mountain-pass during the migration which peopled Oregon seventy-five years ago. George H. Himes, the curator of the Museum and its chief creator, is himself a poineer, having immigrated with his parents via the ox-trail in the year 1853. It is inconceivable that Oregon can ever repay what it

owes Mr. Himes and his associates for saving to the State, and to the United States, documents which would have been dissipated or destroyed but for their capable and devoted efforts. The collection laboriously gathered by them for seventeen years is recognised to-day as the most accurate and prolific source of information to be found anywhere concerning the history, archæology and Indian nomenclature of the Pacific Northwest.

Westward from the City Hall, at Tenth and Taylor Streets, stands the classic Georgian edifice of the Multnomah County Library, opened for the free use of the public in September, 1912. The exterior of the building is carved with the names of printers, historians, philosophers, poets, novelists, dramatists, book binders, educators, religious leaders, military commanders, naval commanders, explorers, statesmen, painters, etchers, sculptors, architects, musicians, scientists, inventors.

In the backs of the seats of the balustrade surrounding the building are carved the names of notable fiction writers, with a few titles of important novels.

There are seventy-five pedestals in the balustrade, and on the panels of the larger ones are carved the Seal of the United States, the Early Oregon Territorial Seal, the State Seal, the County Seal and the Seal of the Library Association of Portland. On the smaller pedestals are carved reproductions of printers' marks and water marks used by the early printers and book binders.

Besides general reading rooms, a story hour room, exhibition galleries, individual study rooms, and an art library, there is on the main floor a large library hall which is used by fifty organisations

without cost. A course of University Extension Lectures is also free to all who respond to the sculptured invitation, "*Come Go With Us; We'll Guide Thee to Our House and Shew Thee the Rich Treasures We Have Got, Which, With Ourselves, Are All at Thy Dispose.*"

The originator and director of the broad activities of this exceptional library is Miss Mary Frances Isom, who for fifteen years has been chief librarian. It is her aim to make the institution the civic and intellectual centre of the community. To this end she has established travelling libraries, has organised lecture courses and exhibitions, has created a travel bureau, which tourists will find on the second floor in the lobby, and has deposited in fire stations, in department store rest rooms, in factories and similar centres books adapted to the tastes and needs of the readers. Strangers may while an occasional pleasant hour in the Periodical Room, which is situated to the left of the main entrance.

A 20-mile tour of the city, its parks and vantage-points may be accomplished with slight effort and at small expense by means of the Seeing Portland Automobiles, which leave Sixth and Morrison Streets at ten, two and four o'clock daily. These cars also call for passengers at all tourist hotels. Fare, one dollar. Seats may be reserved in advance. There is also a trolley observation car which leaves Third and Washington Streets at the above-named hours. Fare, fifty cents.

Individual trolley trips within the city limits and to near-by towns and amusement places are summarised in a leaflet distributed by the Portland Railway, Light and Power Company, First and Alder Streets. A booklet issued by the Portland

Automobile Club (Touring Bureau in the Commercial Club Building, Fifth and Oak) outlines a two-hour tour of the city which may be taken by individual conveyance.

All sight-seeing cars give patrons an opportunity to enter the Forestry Building, which occupies a site on the former Exposition Grounds, whose area comprised 400 acres in a residential section overlooking the Willamette River and Guild's Lake, fifteen minutes' ride from the business centre. This "log palace" was constructed of timbers five to six feet in diameter. "Thick as a man is tall," some of the logs weigh thirty-two tons and, according to the graphic statistics of one writer, contain each enough lumber "to build a small cottage, fence it in, and lay a walk to its door." The interior is a shadowy Hall of Giants, in which hewn trees stand in their rough coats as pillars to support the high roof. The specimens were cut 75 miles from Portland on the Columbia, down which they were floated to the Willamette and Guild's Lake. A guide explains various exhibits contained in the building.

On the way to City Park, which lies under the summit of King's Hill, the visitor is entranced by the floral extravaganza presented by successive gardens bordering the highway. In June and October the rose is queen. In midsummer one finds the blooms somewhat seared and fallen. The tea-roses are the aristocrats. But in "texture, tint, fragrance and size" all varieties grown in this section are superior to the roses of England, France or California. Growers are partial to the La France Rose and the lovely Caroline Testout, to the Merveille de Lyons, and the varieties named for the Baroness Rothschild, the Duchess de Bra-

bant, Mrs. John Laing, Dorothy Perkins and the Viscountess Folkestone. Rose trees, rose vines, rose hedges bloom with wanton luxuriance. A hundred miles of rose bushes border the city's sidewalks. An eight-year-old climber bore five thousand golden blossoms at one time. At Peninsula Park (reached from Fifth and Washington Streets, by Mississippi Avenue car), seven hundred kinds of roses are displayed in a picturesque sunken garden, and plans are now under way for a series of wonderful municipal beds in which all the varieties grown in this climate shall be planted according to horticultural classification.

Winding up King's Heights to the City Park (also known as Washington Park), one obtains wide views of the busy town below, and of the country which extends to the east. If meteorological conditions are favourable, the looming peaks of snow mountains will rise clear against the horizon on either side the glistening Columbia. The Park itself is a dusk retreat thick-grown with natural verdure and carpeted with the yellow eyes of a trailing Japanese vine. Two notable bronzes grace the reserve, each of which memorialises the Oregon of eleven decades ago. "The Coming of the White Man" is typified by two Indian figures, one haughty, the other inquiring, at the approach of the invaders. The other statue is also of an Indian, but a girl — Sacajawea, the Shoshone maid, who, with babe upon her back, was trail-maker and emissary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. The copper for the casting of the figure, modelled by Alice Cooper of Colorado, was given by the owner of a mine named Sacajawea. The statue was erected by women patriots of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Ore-

gon, in memory of the services performed by the Indian girl-mother to the " bold spirits of that best crusade " during their journey across the territory now comprised within the limits of these States. The unveiling in July, 1905, was made a ceremony of the Lewis and Clark Exposition programme.

Tsa-ka-ka-wea is the literal spelling of a Hidatsa tribal name meaning Bird Woman. It has been suggested that the name of the pathfinder was actually Shoshone for " the Canoe Launcher "— Sac-a-jawa.

When a child of five the maiden was carried east across the mountains by Blackfeet Indians, following a victory over the Shoshones in battle. In a Mandan village near the site of Bismarck, North Dakota, she was reared to the age of fifteen and then sold as wife to a half-breed French-Canadian trapper, Toussaint Chaboneau, described in the journals of Lewis and Clark as " coward, wife-beater and idler." The exploring party came upon the pair in a camp on the plains and engaged the man as interpreter for the expedition to the Coast. During the winter, Sacajawea's baby was born, and in April, 1805, she departed with her husband as one of the venturesome band. When the mountains were reached, the homing instincts of her race led her sure-footed and confident through forests and over streams which confused the white men. For she was born of a mountain tribe; the slopes of the Rockies had been the dwelling-ground of her fathers. She saved documents which would have been lost in a seething river but for her quick wit. She it was who warned the Americans of a plot to take their lives, and when the company reached the camps of the Shoshones, she secured the good-will

and assistance of her own people, among whom, so it happened, her brother was chief. During the progress of the expedition down the Columbia Valley it was she who pacified hostile members of the Flathead and Nez Percé bands. The records of Lewis and Clark commend her stoicism, her resource and her trail instincts. When the infant Baptiste, who rode five thousand miles upon his mother's back, had grown to young manhood, he was summoned to St. Louis by Captain Clark to receive a white man's education, in token of the officer's high regard for the bronze woman.

If we may believe the verdict of those who have made research, Sacajawea is buried on the Shoshone Reservation at Windy River, Wyoming. A monument at the grave was erected by the State of Wyoming. Other memorials have been raised in North Dakota and Montana to the pilot of "the most hazardous and the most significant journey ever made on the Western Continent."

Brave Lewis and Immortal Clark!

. . . . .

You gave the waiting world the spark
That thronged the empire-paths you made!
But standing on that snowy height,
Where Westward yon wild rivers whirl,
The guide who led your hosts aright
Was that barefoot Shoshone girl!

. . . . .

Where'er you turned in wonderment
In that wild empire, unsurveyed,
Unerring still, she pointed West —
Unfailing, all your pathways laid!
She nodded toward the setting sun —
She raised a finger toward the sea —
The closed gates opened, one by one,
And showed your path of Destiny![1]

[1] From a poem by Bert Huffman, composed for the unveiling of the statue.

On Council Crest, high above the river, the Indians in conclave burned their festal fires. We mount thither by hillside roads garlanded with picture-homes, and perfumed by wistaria and rose. Trolley and motor-car essay the bold rise once trod by the moccasined feet of gathering clans. As they climbed through the unhewn forest they looked, as do we, upon vistas of valley, river and summit, and thought these sights, these meadows, these peaks and streams, were theirs for eternity. On this hill-top we may picture them gathered in congress to discuss the encroachments of trappers and adventurers. From this height they were free to watch unseen the movements of trading-vessels and the sloops of the pioneers gliding to and from the River Woh-la-Mutt, once reserved for their own trading.

At the pinnacle of this wooded butte we gauge from an observatory tower the extent of the realm which the Indians who met here in council surrendered to their conquerors. Fourteen counties in two states lie below us. Toward the sunset spreads the tranquil valley of the Tualatin, rimmed by the Coast Range; we turn to the south and see where this tributary joins the Willamette, and looking down the Willamette Valley gaze upon the winsome vale which the river makes green.

Eastward across a rising plain, rilled by innumerable creeks and rivulets, defiles the range whose hoary eminences stand aloof from each other, yet form a mantled procession from Baker to Shasta. When no haze intervenes, five great mountains perpetually snow-crowned are in view from the hills of Portland. Best beloved of Oregonians is Mt. Hood, piled in pure grandeur toward the sky. On a fair day the atmosphere seems rosy in contrast.

Mt. Jefferson beckons to the south. Northward strides the range across the winding blue of the Columbia to the massive domes of St. Helens and reticent Rainier. Eastward in Washington, lordly Mt. Adams is revealed.

When we descend from the Crest, some of these visions remain with us to startle and amaze, as we glimpse their god-like forms in the midst of trivial occupations.

The supreme beauty of Oregon panoramas has spurred to striking achievement the noted photographer, Fred Kiser, whose lens has interpreted the principal scenes of the whole Northwest. His main studio is in Portland.

This city has also been chosen as base for the photographic expeditions of Benjamin Gifford, a rarely gifted portrayer of mountains and mystic forests, whose pictures are invested with the artistry of a great landscapist.

Within the bounds of the city are several driveways to be recommended for their vistas as well as for their irreproachable surface. The Terwilliger Boulevard, 200 feet in width, follows a ledge 500 feet above the river, and forms part of Portland's park system, for which a million-dollar bond issue was voted. This parkway on a western slope is named for an ancestor of the family which gave the land it traverses.

Out of Portland are drives which roam the wilds, run to the sea, brink rivers and canyons, and acquaint one at close range with fruitful fields and orchards.

Columbia River routes and scenes are described in the following chapter.

Trolleys, steam trains and a steamboat carry passengers from Portland to Vancouver, on the

Columbia's north bank. Electric trains speed through an inviting country to Salem (50 m.) and Eugene (122 m.), and make a loop of 100 miles to Hillsboro, Forest Grove, McMinnville and Dallas, west of the Willamette River. There are trolley excursions to Bull Run, beneath the shadow of Mt. Hood, and to Estacada Park, a mountain resort 34 miles distant, in a forest of fir trees. Launches are for hire on the river-front for water excursions.

The amateur of places historic will not fail to go by motor, steamboat, interurban train or railroad to Oregon City, 12 miles up the Willamette.[2] Places to be noted on the way are the Oaks Amusement Park, the Waverly Golf Links, and the stretch of water along the edge of the river and its islands where are moored villages of houseboats.

The highway to the oldest incorporated municipality and the first territorial capital of the Northwest crosses a shady little brother of the Willamette extolled by no less a person than Kipling. A chapter in his *American Notes* (1891), titled "Fishing," relates the events of a day upon which, after returning to Portland from The Dalles, he went with two friends through "a valley full of wheat and cherry trees" to catch salmon in the Clackamas. He asks us to imagine "a stream seventy yards broad divided by a pebbly island, running over seductive 'riffles' and swirling into deep quiet pools, where the good salmon goes to smoke his pipe after meals. Get such a stream amid fields of breast-high crops surrounded by hills of pines, throw in where you please quiet

[2] Car half-hourly from First and Alder Streets. Oregon City Transportation, and Willamette Navigation Company. Southern Pacific trains.

water, long-fenced meadows, and a hundred-foot bluff just to keep the scenery from growing too monotonous, and you will get some faint notion of the Clackamas."

The author of *Plain Tales* cast "just above the weir," and snared after a dizzy contest of thirty-seven minutes a twelve-pound salmon. Altogether the party got sixteen fish whose weight totalled 140 pounds.

Not far from the Clackamas, a branch of the trolley turns off at the town of Gladstone to an imposing grove of trees covering 75 acres, which has been ceded by the owner, Mr. Harvey Cross, for use as a Chautauqua camping ground. For two weeks, every July, thousands of subscribers enjoy the summer school and the programme of music, lectures, festivals and sport presented at this largest of all Chautauquas west of the mountains. The Park is also reached by Southern Pacific trains. Season tickets cost $2.50, single admission, 25 cents. Camping privileges, including ground and water, are granted at the rate of $1 per camp. Floored unfurnished tents may be rented at $3 to $3.50 for the fortnight. The Assembly is now entering its twenty-third year.

Two miles beyond Gladstone is Oregon City, a likeable and essentially American town of romantic and industrial interest, built on the slopes of two successive bluffs above the river. In 1829 on the flats down by the "Great Falls" of the Willamette, Dr. McLoughlin, when Hudson's Bay governor at Vancouver, staked a claim. In his wisdom he foresaw that the power generated by the pouring of the river over these rocky horseshoe ledges would some day drive the wheels of commerce. The falls are formed by the river leaping in numerous cas-

THE COLUMBIA RIVER LOOKING FROM ST. PETER'S DOME, OREGON, TOWARD MT. ADAMS IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

cades, with a total descent of about forty feet. An early chronicler thought Oregon City "destined to be one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the western world." If it is not yet that, it is nevertheless the site of three mills which annually produce 75,000 tons of paper, and of the Oregon City Woollen Mills, the largest industry of its kind west of St. Louis. Established half a century ago, when the Red Man's robe still lent its warm colours to the Oregon landscape, this plant has a special reputation for Indian-striped blankets and other gay-hued fabrics made from Oregon fleece. At the Falls there are also lumber and furniture mills, and an electric power plant which gives Portland its light. A canal and locks, toll-free since April, 1915, permit access to the river above the falls.

Late in the spring when the Chinook Salmon are running up-stream, fishermen come from far to test their skill with the line at the base of the falls. Sometimes more than a hundred rowboats are congregated here, each one holding a fascinated group of anglers. Excitement runs high as gleaming salmon weighing from 20 to 65 pounds are played and finally conquered. A fish ladder west of the main fall assists the incoming thousands in their effort to reach the breeding-waters.

The builder of Dr. McLoughlin's first cabin was the Frenchman who cleared the first Oregon farm, in 1829, on Swan Island, 10 miles down the river. In 1837, the Hudson's Bay factor organised a post at what was then the head of Willamette navigation. The first city to be incorporated on the Pacific Slope was the outgrowth of this early settlement. In the year of the incorporation (1844), Methodist immigrants built on the main

street the mother church of all the Protestant temples this side the Rockies. The original building is now embodied in a more modern edifice, which has been raised above the street level to make room for a row of stores. The first Congregational and the first Baptist organisations on the Coast also built churches in Oregon City.

In 1846, the very settlers who owed so much to McLoughlin, the hardy Canadian, received him with somewhat grudging hospitality as a resident of the town. His benevolence to the American overland arrivals had made him enemies in London, who thought his kindness treachery to his country and to his company. Refusing to discontinue his ministrations, these are the words with which he heroically severed his connection of twenty years' duration:

"Gentlemen, as a man of common humanity I could not do otherwise than to give those naked and starving people to eat and to wear of our stores. I foresaw clearly that it aided in the American settlement of the country, but this I cannot help. It is not for me, but for God to look after and take care of the consequences. The Bible tells me, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he be naked, clothe him.' These settlers are not even enemies. If the directors find fault with me they quarrel with Heaven. I have simply done what any one truly worthy the name of a man could not hesitate to do. I ask you not to bear these debts; let them be my own. Let me retain the profits upon these supplies and advances made to settlers, and I will cheerfully assume all payments to the company. All I can do honourably for my company shall be done. Beyond that I have no pledges. Shall I leave these

Americans to starve, or drive them from the country? Gentlemen, if such be your orders I can serve you no longer."

How Dr. McLoughlin surrendered an income of thousands a year to keep his conscience straight, how his enterprise and shrewd judgments affected the early progress of Oregon City, how he led its July Fourth parades and livened its dancing-parties, and how he and his lady continued to feed and hearten the newcomers who made this a convening point — these things and many more tales of this just and lovable, though erratic personality are told in the form of a story by Mrs. Dye in her *McLoughlin and Old Oregon.* Through the efforts of this pleasing biographer and her companions in the Woman's Club, the McLoughlin house, which was moved some years ago from its neglected plot on Main Street to the "first bluff," is now restored to an almost complete semblance of the home occupied by the ex-factor and his household. A good many objects used by him have been given by people into whose hands they had fallen. In the room to the left of the entrance Madame McLoughlin was accustomed to supervise her dusky servants in the packing of baskets for the poor. The humblest and the most destitute were as free to seek her aid as were the most exalted of the community's visitors to ask her hospitality. The term "open house" had its fullest interpretation within these portals. Lady Franklin was among the guests of the Doctor and his wife while she was on her long tour in search of her husband, the explorer.

On the brow of the precipitous bluff, now beautifully turfed and planted as a memorial park surrounding the house, the Indians used to shoot

their arrows down upon the hated white men. Here those who love and revere the memory of Oregon's Friend hope some day to see his statue rise, with hand out-held to the valley of which he was the patron, and by whose waters he now sleeps.

On the east bank of the Willamette, 33 miles from Portland and less than 20 miles southwest of Oregon City, there was once an Indian village called Champooick, so named for an edible root indigenous to the river bank. Dr. McLoughlin put up a warehouse at this place in which to store the harvest of the fields that retired French-Canadian trappers had tilled and planted early in the thirties. Here on French Prairie near the missions of the Methodists and of the Catholic Fathers, in the hamlet called Champoeg by the Whites, the Willamette settlements from Oregon City to Salem were invited to assemble in May, 1843, to hear the report of a committee which had been appointed two months previous "to take into consideration the propriety of taking steps for the civil and military protection of the colony." Such action in defence of the settlers' persons and property as had previously been proposed had been annulled by the passive antagonism of a few Americans and most of the French farmers. When the report of the committee was read at the meeting in May and was found to be favourable to the organisation of a civil government, a motion that it be accepted was lost. Then George Le Breton, a Catholic of American sympathies who had immigrated from Massachusetts, proposed amid the reigning confusion that those approving the objects of the meeting stand

to the right, and those of a contrary mind to the left. "We can risk it," he cried, "let us divide and count." The Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association record the scene that followed:

"As quick as tongue could utter the words, William H. Gray emphasised the proposition by saying with great animation, 'I second the motion.' Joe Meek thundered out with an earnestness not less than that he would manifest in an attack upon a grizzly bear —'Who's for a divide?' and as he stepped quickly and nervously in front of the settlers, he added in a voice that rang clear out as though it was the death knell to anarchy, 'All for the report of the committee and organisation, will follow me.' This move was sudden and quite unexpected at that stage of the proceedings, and it was electrical in its effect. Americans followed the patriotic and large-hearted trapper and his Rocky Mountain companions and their allies and they counted fifty-two, while their adversaries numbered but fifty. Then in the 'three cheers for our side,' proposed by Meek, there went up such a shout as Champoeg never heard before and never will again."

A judicial staff was chosen, and a sheriff (none other than the Virginian, Joe Meek), also magistrates and constables, and a major and three captains, who were instructed to enlist men to form companies of mounted riflemen. A committee of nine was also delegated to draft a code of laws for the government of the community.

In this manner Oregon's first constitution was born, her first judiciary and her first militia. And for the first time the flag of the nation became the emblem on the Pacific Coast of American government.

The site of old Champoeg was definitely located through the efforts of the Oregon Historical Society in 1900. Since May, 1901, when a commemorative monument was unveiled, the Society has celebrated each year with patriotic ceremony the recurrence of the Second of May.

At St. Paul, within short walking distance of Champoeg and the site of the first Methodist Mission at Mission Landing, the Romanist Fathers established the first Catholic school in the Northwest for the conversion of the Indians, and there built a brick church in the year 1846.

CHAPTER V

THE COLUMBIA RIVER FROM PORTLAND TO MT. HOOD AND THE DALLES. CENTRAL AND EASTERN OREGON. THE COLUMBIA FROM PORTLAND TO ASTORIA. PACIFIC BEACHES

. . .

Portland to The Dalles.

Five routes are provided by which one may mark the majestic course of the Columbia east from Portland. On the south bank runs the Oregon – Washington Railway, on the north the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Road. Above the tracks on the borders of both States are highways for vehicle traffic, and on the river itself are steamboats which give frequent service between Portland, Vancouver, Wash., the Cascades, Hood River, and The Dalles. An interchange of routes permits the traveller who is returning to Portland to go one way by train and the other by boat; or to ship his car by water and return in it by road. Coming west by rail one can leave the railway at The Dalles and continue the 100 miles to Portland by the more leisurely steamer, by motor-boat, or by automobile. If the latter plan is followed, the loveliest portions of the river are in the summer seen late in the afternoon and at sunset. The principal waterfalls are on the Oregon side. It is therefore well to enjoy the trip at least one

way along the south bank by the motor-road, which permits an intimate view of cascades and bosky dells. Tourists make half-day motor excursions from Portland to Multnomah Falls and back, and day trips to Hood River and back. Sight-seeing automobiles leave at regular hours from the Tyrrel office at Sixth and Morrison Streets for Multnomah Falls (30 m.). In good weather these cars are often uncomfortably crowded, and there is no protection from the sometimes very ardent Oregon sun. Automobiles holding up to seven passengers are for hire at hotel garages.

By the Columbia Highway, Portland — The Dalles.

The sensational stretch of road which unites Portland with the hinterland of the Columbia Valley was first projected by a group of citizens of whom Julius Meier, a Portland merchant, and Samuel Hill, "the road-builder," were the leaders. Mr. Hill, whose vocation is telephones, has made the technique of highway construction his hobby. It was he who outlined a State highway scheme for Oregon and built at his own expense demonstration roads to prove the advantages of various methods which he and his emissaries had witnessed in operation on two or three continents. By this means and by practical lectures he awakened the people of the Northwest to the advantages of good roads which should serve both the tourist and the farmer. Men of ideas had long dreamed of a boulevard which should lead to the infinite wonders of the Columbia's shores. In the summer of 1912 a plan was formulated to fuse the road building energies of all the Oregon counties bordering the river. When the engineers

and labourers began their work under the direction of the expert, Samuel C. Lancaster, and John Yeon, the millionaire road-master, the knowledge of "Sam" Hill was of invaluable aid in determining materials, grades and routes, and in suggesting where culverts, bridges, retaining walls and buttresses should be built to hold the road upon its ledge carved high on the cliffs. Three years after the propaganda was launched, long stretches of hard-surfaced highway between Astoria and The Dalles were opened to traffic. In the fashioning of this royal road no beautiful thing was destroyed or marred. Ingenuity and money were painstakingly employed to spare each natural milestone.

Twenty-two shadeless, monotonous miles intervene between Portland and the Gate of the Gorge. Midway, a road near the Automobile Club House turns off toward Mt. Hood. Auto stages make daily trips to Arrah Wannah, Welches, Tawney's, Rhododendron Tavern and Government Camp (57 m. from Portland), on the west side of the mountain. The Travel Bureau, 116 Third Street, reserves seats in advance. Return fares, $5-$7.50. Fishing and hunting are the attractions at these resorts. At Government Camp, parties are outfitted to climb the mountain.

At Crown Point the car runs out an esplanade from which one looks 35 miles either way on the conquering river — a noble site for a memorial pavilion to those who voyaged this way to the Oregon Country.

The Columbia, fifth waterway of the world for magnitude, is the only river of the Northwest that pierces the Cascades, and is one of four major rivers which reach the Pacific Ocean from the

east side of a range of mountains. The other three are the Yukon, the Fraser and the Colorado. When it has journeyed twelve hundred miles from its source,[1] the Columbia approaches the sierras named for its cascades, and for a distance of 50 miles breaks its way through highlands that are crowned on the south by Mt. Hood, and on the north by Mt. Adams and Mt. St. Helens.

In the opinion of geologists, " this extraordinary passageway of the river . . . represents ages of gradual elevation of the mountain chain and a contemporary erosion by the river, so that as the heights became higher, the river bed became deeper. The one-time shore slowly mounted skyward, and as the new upheavals rose from the ocean deeps the lines of erosion were in turn wrought on them, and river shore succeeded river shore through long ages. With these fundamental forces of upheaval and erosion there were eras of local seismic and volcanic activity, more cataclysmic in nature, from which there came the magnificent pillars of columnar basalt and the first trenching of the profound chasms which subsequent lateral streams carved through the rising base of the great range." [2]

The Columbia's gorge is distinguished beyond that of other rivers for its rock-forms, for its

[1] The river rises in Columbia Lake, southeastern British Columbia, flows north 200 miles through the Rockies, then south through the Arrow Lakes, and enters the State of Washington at its northern boundary. Making a great bend it crosses the 46th parallel, and thereafter on its westerly course to the ocean divides Washington and Oregon.

[2] Quoted from *The Columbia River, its History, its Myths, its Scenery, its Commerce,* by William Denison Lyman,—a book recommended to all travellers in the Northwest, and particularly to those who follow the path of the river.

contrasting intervales, its lofty waterfalls and its sublime and subtly beautiful palisades. A map showing the land's configuration about the northern base of Mt. Hood betrays the origin of the cataracts and airy cascades which fill a dozen forest alcoves with the music of their falling. Streams of melted snow hurrying through their valleys reach the broken face of the foothills and drop down ravine and granite gully to the river. Four hundred feet below the sheltered parapet of Crown Point stands tinted Rooster Rock among trees on the water-edge. Why so fair a monolith bears a name so ungainly is not explained. It has no likeness to a fowl. Some deem it the most graceful of all the river rocks. Perhaps admiration was implied in calling it the cock o' the shore line. More massive pieces of chiselling are the Pillars of Hercules, three miles above, and the wind and tide-worn bluff across the river, where the contraction of the bed becomes most apparent. This basalt wall on the Washington side, formed of half-imbedded, torpedo-peaked columns, has been unmelodiously christened, Cape Horn. Even from the south bank, its fretted sides glow with that singularly soft yet trenchant beauty which characterises the crags of the Columbia.

Beyond Crown Point the road twists up and down a formidable but admirably graded incline to the first of those "handsom cascades" mentioned by Clark in his Journal. Latourelle is not the handsomest, but in its exquisite descent it is the most poetic of the dozen falls to be seen in the next ten miles. Shepperd's Dell is as Pan-like as it sounds. One listens for the piping of fauns, and hears them in swaying waters and leaves that stir in the breeze. Four tumbling creeks veil the

green bluffs with spray between the Dell and Multnomah Falls. Deep within the glooming shadows, this glorious cataract plunges over the edge of a cliff 607 feet high, buries its foam in a resounding pool, and makes a second leap of 67 feet to the river-shore. The Yosemite Fall is four times higher and of greater volume, but the master waterfalls of Oregon and California have points of resemblance in the lovely angle of the sky-line at their topmost ledge, and in the outward poise of their stream. By an ascending path, access is gained through the ferny woods to the pool and to the retreat behind Multnomah. The whiteness of the pendent waters is here intensified by mosses that cling to the cliff wall and by tall evergreens that lean from either side to make a perfect mise-en-scène.

One of those æsthetically arched bridges that so frequently grace views on the Highway has been placed above the pool — a gracious gift to the people from Simon Benson of Portland.

A seven-mile trail up Multnomah Creek was completed in 1915 to the summit of Larch Mountain, which rears itself 4000 feet above river level like "a grandstand where the children of men can come up and see all that God has done in shaping this land."

From the road, little impression can be gained of the "peaks that ward the em'rald Oregon" beyond the crest of the southern palisades. Only from the river is Mt. Hood disclosed, and all the castellated coterie about its feet.

The gorge of the Oneonta is a rift between granite walls hugged so close above the stream that it grumbles in its narrow bed. Beyond a tunnelled obstruction are falls which sweep down-

THE CANYON OF THE DESCHUTES RIVER, CENTRAL OREGON

ward with the arch of a thoroughbred's tail. Opposite Warrendale rises the basalt beehive called Castle Rock — one of the out-standing features of the Washington shore. Bonneville, on the Oregon side again, calls to mind the adventurous captain whom Washington Irving made the hero of a pioneer romance. To piscatorial experts Bonneville also spells fish, for this is the site of the mammoth trout and salmon incubator which each year produces fry by the million for Oregon waters.

Now the road crosses the Multnomah County line, and looks from the level of the river upon the eminence known to unromantic geographers as Table Mountain, but called by those of us who put faith in Red Men's legends, the north pier of the fallen Bridge of the Gods. Hundreds of volumes have been written about the Columbia. At least one is devoted solely to the story of the great span which formerly united the two shores and was unwittingly wrecked by a rock from the hand of the god that was Mt. Hood, when in combat with the deity symbolised by Mt. Adams.

Professor Denison gives "a finer, though less known" fire legend to account for the accumulation of rock in the river-course at this point, where Indians allege, and geologists confirm, the one-time existence of a natural arch under which the water made its way. There was a father whose two sons quarrelled over the possession of the land which they found on the banks of the Great River. The father shot an arrow north and an arrow west, and sent a son in pursuit of each one to establish his tribe on the plains where the arrows fell. The son who went to the north became the ancestor of all the Klickitats, and the

son who followed westward the arrow's flight established the Multnomah nation. That the land should be forever peaceful, the Great Spirit upreared the Cascade Mountains as a barrier, but as a concession to convenience, he threw a rock bridge across the river. A sooth-sayer was placed upon it as the guardian of fire, the only fire in the whole world. But when Loowit the witch saw how the Indians needed the fire which they could never have without Sahale granted it, she appealed to the Great Spirit to let them enjoy the benefits of the Sacred Fire. He yielded to her plea, and he made her, moreover, a maid of beautiful instead of hag-like form to compensate her faithfulness and benevolence. Whereupon peace no longer reigned. Strife arose among rival chiefs who loved the sooth-sayer transformed. War raged, the land was desolated. Sahale thought he could partly annul the evil which had resulted from his good intentions. So he broke down the tomanowas bridge, the Span of the Sacred Fire, and put to death the one who had been its guardian and her lovers, Klickitat and Wiyeast. Then to commemorate what had been good in their lives he called into being the mountains known to us as Hood, Adams and St. Helens.

So, after all, we have reason to be glad Loowit was changed from a witch, and braves fought for her.

A few miles east of the rapids where the Government has built a chain of locks to surmount problems of navigation, a feudal watch-tower has been made of Mitchell's Point, by tunnelling the projecting height and piercing the river-wall with casements. At this point and at others on this

remarkable road it is said surveyors hung by long ropes over the escarpments in order to mark the route for the blasters. Hood River, port of the red and yellow apple realm, is just beyond.

The way to Mt. Hood is facilitated by rail and motor-roads, and good mountain inns rob the sojourn of even minor hardship. The Hood River Railway (one train a day, 8 A. M.) penetrates 22 miles toward the base, Parkdale being the terminus. From this point a road connects with the main highway which ascends through the valley of orchards to Mount Hood Lodge (2800 ft.), and to Cloud Cap Inn at the snow line (6000 ft.). Guests of both will be met at Hood River and conveyed by automobile to destination, if advance notice of arrival is given. The round trip rate by rail from Portland to Hood River station, by automobile to Cloud Cap Inn, and return to Portland, is $12.50. The O.-W. R. & N. ticket office at Third and Washington Streets, Portland, and the Travel Bureau at the same corner, will give further information about the inn and make reservations. Arrangements for accommodation at Mt. Hood Lodge must be made in advance (telephone Hood River-Odell 314). Rates at both houses are from $3 a day up. The Lodge management maintains a tent camp at the foot of Coe Glacier for the convenience of guests. Mr. Rogers, the host, is a member of the American Alpine Club, the Sierra and Mazama Clubs, and brings the experience of a true mountaineer to the service of his patrons. Many delightful expeditions are organised from this base point.

The Hood River orchards vie in interest with vistas of Hood and Adams as the car makes the

steep ascent to the timber line. The rolling backs of low hills and level benches basking in sunlight show regiments of trees symmetrically pruned, each one a mint of wealth coined in the specie of Spitzenberg or Newtown pippin. About 50 square miles are irrigated and under cultivation. In occasional cases the yield is up to $1200 gross per acre, but the average return received from mature trees is $300 to $600 an acre. The annual harvest, approximating half a million boxes, is handled by a growers' organisation which has its own storehouse, ice plant and vending system. Strawberries are also a prosperous crop. The wage of berry-pickers averages $3.50 a day.

Except for the lower and upper valleys of the river, most of the area of Hood County is in timber. Half its forests are included in the National Reserve, which throws a cloak of fir, larch and pine about the feet of Mt. Hood.

Though the heat in the valley be intense,[3] on the upper slopes the air blowing from acres of snow brings refreshment, and increasingly rugged views add to the sense of invigoration. Cloud Cap Inn (26 m.), the motor's ultimate goal, is a rambling structure of log and stone sprawled with its cabins on the brow of a wooded spur. Its aspect and social mien put one immediately in the mood of the high places. Though one may not have come to climb, the sight of tanned outdoors-

[3] Daily average maximum in July, 85°. During short periods the thermometer may register 100° and more in the hottest part of the day, but nights are usually cool. It will be remembered that at the cascades we have passed through the mountains and at Hood River are on the borders of arid central Oregon. The precipitation at the cascades is 75 inches a year, and at The Dalles, 42 m. inland, 16 inches.

men and women clad in knickers and calked shoes and armed with hatchets and stocks whets the appetite that latent lies in every one to know the mountains.

Lifted by motor-road to the very shoulder of the peak, we must travel the last mile of altitude over glacier trails and fields of rock and snow. But the way is not too arduous even for the inexperienced, if guides and first-aids-to-climbing are at hand. By the north route the ascent is sharp but direct. About five hours are required by the average climber to reach the top. When in this case one says "the top," he means the pinnacle of a hoary watcher of the world, two miles and over in the air, a summit whose sovereign view counts within its scope the crests of three ranges and many isolated buttes, the rivers just ascended, the tawny plains to the east, and labyrinthine forests inset with sparkling lakes.

More difficult to climb than Adams, Mt. Hood (its name was bestowed by Lieutenant Broughton of Vancouver's Columbia expedition) is nevertheless somewhat lower than its neighbour across the Columbia. When first climbed, in 1854, it was reported to be 19,400 feet high. Government topographers have reduced this zealous estimate by about 8000 feet.

The hours spent at Cloud Cap, altar of the mountain, brim with exhilarating walks and minor climbs, with discovery — a water-mirror lost in the forests, the snow-god from new angles,— and with enjoyment indescribable of colour and atmospheric changes.

Like all who have dwelt on mountain-tops, we descend with reluctance to more material planes.

The river beckons toward The Dalles, reminding us that we have not yet seen the end of its attractions. By road, the distance from Hood River to The Dalles is a bit over 23 miles. The grades are often steep, in contrast to those between Portland and Hood River (64 m.), which never exceed 5 per cent. Inclines both before and after reaching Mosier occasionally have a grade of 7 to 20 per cent. The route lies for the most part away from the river bank through the apple, peach, pear, prune and cherry orchards of Wasco County, of which The Dalles is county seat.

In the summer of 1915, pioneering parties continued from The Dalles by a road at times superior both as to grades and quality to circum-motor Mt. Hood, going south to Dufur and Wapinitia, through the bunch grass country of north central Oregon, and west along the old Barlow trail to Portland, by way of Government Camp and Gresham, the total number of miles covered (Portland – Portland) being 253. Transcontinental automobilists say this loop involves "every variety of road and every variety of scenery that is afforded on a tour entirely across the United States." A road of many turns connects The Dalles with main highways in Washington, via Grand Dalles, Sunnyside, North Yakima and Ellensburg.

By Steamboat, Portland — The Dalles.[4]

The best general view of the river is afforded from the deck of a moving boat. The heights

[4] Every day but Sunday and Monday, daylight excursion steamers, moderately comfortable but much inferior in size and appointments to those on other scenic rivers at all comparable with the Columbia, leave foot of Alder Street at 7 A. M. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings a slow boat leaves at 8:30. Passengers by the latter can return from the cascades by *Bailey Gatzert* on the down trip from The Dalles the same day, arriving in Portland about 10 P. M. Minimum time, Portland to Cascade Locks, 4½ hrs.; to The Dalles, 8 hrs. Round trip fare to Locks, $1.50; Sunday excursion (9 A. M.), $1. Single fare Portland to The Dalles, $1; return $2. Fare one way by boat and one

which surmount the Columbia Highway come into the picture, Mt. Hood adds its note to the harmony of the landscape.

Voyaging on the river itself we are more at one with it, and every island, every curving meadow-bank, every cliff that rises from the water-edge to reveal its woof of moss and chased stone woven with streamy threads of silver, confirms this feeling.

For the first twelve miles out of Portland the Willamette is followed, beneath three of its bridges, to the meeting with the Columbia. The Broadway Bridge, the one furthest north, was completed in 1913, at a cost of over a million and a half dollars. This and the railway bridges across the Willamette and the Columbia, notable for their length and engineering, were built by Ralph Modjeski, son of a famous mother. The year 1915 saw the realisation of a plan over which legislatures had temporised, but which two counties in opposite states brought to fulfilment. The Commercial Clubs of Portland and Vancouver were the forces which spurred the people of Multnomah County, Oregon, and Clarke County, Washington, to undertake at their own expense the construction of a highway drawbridge across the Columbia. A steel structure three miles long will unite the two shores sometime in 1916. Multnomah County made itself responsible for $1,250,000 worth of bonds, Clarke County voting the balance of the total cost, which is $1,750,000.

Vancouver, at the Washington end of the new inter-state bridge, is 6 miles by rail from Portland, 8 miles by road, and 18 miles by river. It

way by rail, to Cascade Locks and back, $2; to Hood River and back, $2.90; to The Dalles and back, $3.60.

was named for the Discoverer by Broughton in 1792. In later years it was the landing-place of *voyageurs* and fur-traders, the Hudson's Bay post having been established at this point in 1825.

As the prow of the boat points east, we look from base to summit on the dome which John Muir describes as giving "the supreme touch of grandeur to all Columbia views, rising at every turn, solitary, majestic, awe-inspiring, the ruling spirit of the landscape." Beyond the mouth of Salmon River, we sail past the tree-shadowed flanks of Rooster Rock and beneath the turrets of Cape Horn into the matchless realm of Columbia's waterfalls and battlemented precipices. St. Peter's Dome, unseen from the highway, rises like a pale-hued campanile from a massive pedestal at the head of Oneonta Gorge. Still higher towers Cathedral Point. Many of the hills are walled about the rim and shored by long shafts of rock, as if fortified by nature against assault. Between the heights are green valleys which narrow to a canyon's width near the level of the river.

The steamer calls at places on the Washington shore where produce is loaded and unloaded, and camping parties going into the hills put off their equipment. Huge salmon wheels constructed on the edge of the stream are frequent sources of interest, though summer excursionists rarely experience the excitement of glimpsing so much as a single shiny tail in the revolving cups which dip and re-dip the water. Kipling speaks of coming down from The Dalles in a boat which stopped to pick up a night's catch of one of the salmon wheels. Twenty-two hundred and thirty pounds of Chinook were taken from the troughs. Later he visited a cannery "up a fishy incline."

At the cascades there is a fall of 50 feet within a half-mile. The water froths over the ledges and piled boulders which halted navigation at this point until the Government spent, in 1896, several millions to build locks on the south side of the channel. Here, "when every ripple of the Columbia hid covert danger," ruffian Indians used to waylay travellers by canoe, and like the brigands of Tarifa, levy toll on their goods. As a defence against the Klickitats a blockhouse was built in 1856 on the north side of the rapids by Lieutenant Philip Sheridan, better known later as "General Phil."

White Salmon, opposite Hood River, is the place of disembarkment for cliff resorts on the Washington border, and for pilgrimages to Mt. Adams. Seven miles beyond lies the long lava "Isle of Sepulture," the Chinook Valhalla, Memaloose. For unnumbered years the Indians brought their dead here for burial, even though the performance of the rite entailed many weary miles of travel. Lewis and Clark describe the island in detail. In contrast with its dun sides stands a white monument raised over the grave of one, Victor Trevet of The Dalles, who, friendly to the Indians in life, elected their companionship in death.

The Dalles.

Dalles City began life over seventy years ago as a Methodist mission station. After the Cayuse War it became a military post, commanded in the '50's by Grant and Sheridan. The settlement was advanced commercially by the miners' rush to Idaho in 1862. It is to-day one of the two or three most important wool shipping-points in the

United States, though the region hereabouts depends less on sheep and more on wheat for prosperity than formerly. Fifteen years ago there were very lively scenes in June at the arrival of ten- and twelve-horse wagon hauling the wool-clip. Thousands of sheep roaming the sage-dotted hills of northern Oregon produce in a year about a million and a half pounds of wool. The average weight of a fleece is eight pounds, its minimum value about a dollar and a quarter. Northern Wasco County is the Florida of Oregon. The green grocers of Portland receive asparagus from its gardens the first of May, strawberries in the second week of May, lasting till October, peaches in June, grapes toward the end of July. Here one hears typical Oregon tales of acre patches that annually yield nine hundred dollars' worth of beans, of woodlands turned into prosperous vineyards, and artichokes that give 500 sacks to the acre.

The City of The Dalles conforms to a bend in the river. Its sightly location is enhanced by the white cone of Mt. Hood, which climbs above a dip in the hills directly back of the town. The Dalles proper are the laminated sheets of cooled lava whose red-brown masses overflow the path of the Columbia six miles upstream. The river, which drains an area of 237,000 square miles, has a maximum discharge at The Dalles of 1,390,000 cubic feet per second. Having gleaned its tributary waters on the way through British Columbia, Washington and Oregon, and pushed wide its banks as its volume grew, the Columbia below Celilo Falls is of a sudden crushed into a channel no more than a few score yards across. Nordhoff remarks in his book written a generation ago,

"Of course water is not subject to compression; the volume of the river is not diminished; what happens, as you perceive when you see this singular freak of nature, is that the river is suddenly turned up on its edge. Suppose it is, above The Dalles, a mile wide and fifty feet deep; at the narrow gorge it is but a hundred yards wide — how deep must it be? Certainly it can be correctly said that the stream is turned up on its edge."

The volcanic dalles (the word is of French origin, *dalle*, a trough) obstruct the river-bed for a distance of 10 or 12 miles. At Celilo the river has a minimum drop of 40 feet. Not until the summer of 1915 were any vessels able to ascend beyond the mouth of the torrential gully. Descending canoes and small vessels used occasionally to take the *chute* at high water, but once below the rapids, there was no returning to Celilo, except by portage. In 1905, Oregon ceded a right-of-way to the United States for the building of a long-mooted canal. The river was first dredged at Three Mile Rapids to a channel depth of 10 feet at low water; concrete river walls were then sunk and lock gates installed at an estimated total cost of nearly $5,000,000. A steamer entering the Columbia at Astoria can now go 400 miles to Priest Rapids on the Columbia, and 550 miles to Pittsburgh Landing on the Snake River, beyond Lewiston, Idaho. About three hours is consumed in passing through this portal to empires beyond.

An Excursion into Central Oregon.

From The Dalles, the Great Southern Railway (41 miles long) runs through a productive valley

to Dufur and Friend. Connection by rail and the Central Oregon Highway is also made from The Dalles and Celilo via Moody, Sherman, Madras and Redmond with Bend, 160 miles south of The Dalles.

Until the Hill and Harriman interests built into the Deschutes Valley a few years ago, central Oregon was the largest territory in the United States without rail transportation. It was known to Indians and cattle-rangers only. Æons before, it had been the tramping-ground of the sloth and the mastodon, whose bones still encumber these plains. The Grand Canyon of the River of Falls (*des chutes*) forms a hundred-mile-long panorama (culminating in majesty about mid-way to Bend) of ribbed and bright-coloured cliffs which rise straight from the water and are heightened by hills a thousand feet in altitude. Lateral bands of rose and fawn contrast with biscuit-coloured bluffs patched and bordered with green herbage. Above the high plateaux traversed by this tumultuous waterway, Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington and the Three Sisters lift their spectral forms, and bald and lonely buttes keep watch over the hummocky desert and the ranches of planters and stock men. Eastward range the Blue Mountains like a misty crenate wall.

The southeastern border of Wasco County is marked by the River John Day, whose gorge is flanked by steeps 3500 to 5000 feet above the bed. John Day, whose name is also borne by several minor streams, was a Virginia hunter of superb physique and prowess. He crossed the Rockies with Wilson Hunt, one of John Jacob Astor's partners, and suffered unspeakable hard-

ship with him in the winter of 1809–10. Occasionally they caught beaver; they ate their moccasins and the dried pods of wild roses. In the spring they walked down the Columbia Valley. They were assailed and robbed by Indians 15 miles east of Celilo, where the river named for Day meets the Columbia. The Oregon – Washington Railway has given the Virginian's name to the station at the junction of the rivers. Stripped of clothing, food and arms, the two unfortunates were driven off by the savages, and would have perished but for a providential meeting with Robert Stuart, who took them in his canoes to Astoria. Day died insane a year later, but his companion returned and brought to book their assailants.

Crook County, south of Wasco, has a population of two persons to each one of its 6000 square miles, and 91 per cent. of the inhabitants are American born. Great irrigating works are in process of construction which will eventually affect an area of 250,000 acres. The western slopes of the Deschutes Valley are covered with forests of pine trees which afford remotely attractive camping-places, and excellent bear, cougar, wild cat and deer hunting for sportsmen.

Round trip excursion tickets are sold by the Spokane, Portland and Seattle and Oregon – Washington Roads to Deschutes River fishing resorts. Wagon-roads radiate in several directions from Bend, present terminus of the railway. Daily auto stage, Bend – Klamath Falls, 150 miles; fare, $11.50. The Oregon, California and Eastern Railway is projected between these two points. By motor highway west over McKenzie Pass to Eugene, the distance from Bend in central Oregon to the Willamette Valley is 125 miles. Bend – Silver Lake – Lakeview in southern Oregon, 180 miles by daily auto stage; fare, $25. Bend – Brookings – Burns (140 m.) – Ontario, in eastern Oregon, 300 miles. Ontario is the point on the Idaho – Oregon border crossed by the

Oregon Trail, over which the pioneers journeyed to the Northwest.

Eastern Oregon via The Dalles.

The main line of the Oregon – Washington Railroad follows the south bank of the Columbia for 100 miles from The Dalles to Umatilla, putting out, en route, short branches to Shaniko, Condon and Heppner, each the centre of an extensive wheat area. North of Umatilla, the railroad's Washington lines proceed to Walla Walla, North Yakima and Spokane.

The road which turns away from the Columbia at Umatilla, and goes south to Pendleton (44 m.), is part of the continental Union Pacific System through Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska. The route tracked now by gleaming rails is the one first furrowed by the wheels of the emigrants' wagons — the Oregon trail. From Omaha, on the Missouri River, the adventurers from the East and the Mid-West took their way across Nebraska to Casper, Wyoming, and to Independence Rock, where all who passed, including Lieutenant Frémont, inscribed the record of their journey; thence by the Sweetwater River to South Pass, and across the present State of Idaho to Boisé City. The Oregon Country was broached at Ontario, near Vale, and the route continued in a northwesterly direction through Baker, La Grande, Pendleton and The Dalles, and so down the Columbia, or by the Barlow Road south of Mt. Hood, to the Willamette Valley. The pioneers' carts paused on the plains of eastern Oregon only that the occupants might stretch their cramped limbs, and feed and rest, the

> . . . great yoked brutes with briskets low,
> With wrinkled necks like buffalo
> . . . . . .
> That seemed to plead and make replies,
> The while they bowed their necks and drew
> The creaking load. . . .

The hopes of the incoming procession were fixed upon the enchanted vale beyond the Cascades; none of all the throng that passed this way between 1843 and 1859 imagined that the tract, whose crossing was a dread and a weariness, would some day be a sea of grain fields, and pasture a million cattle.

Washington Irving wrote that "the desert of sand and gravel" between the Snake and the Columbia had insufficient herbage to feed "horse or buffalo," and opined that this vast territory "must ever defy cultivation."

Umatilla County for wheat acreage, yield per acre and total annual production of wheat (5,000,000 bushels) excels all the countries of Oregon. Nearly 50,000 acres are under irrigation in Umatilla basin, where the "dust soil" is so rich in fertile substances that an acre in some districts yields ten tons of alfalfa a year, cut in three crops. Grapes, apricots, almonds and berries are also grown, and sheep rove in immense herds on the hills. Echo, 20 miles south of Umatilla station, has a wool-scouring plant covering five acres, where 2,500,000 pounds of wool are processed annually.

Approaching Pendleton, the judicial seat and distributing center of Umatilla County, the 1800-foot rock is visible, by which the immigrants were piloted west from the Blue Mountains. Pendleton's liveliest interest for the stranger is the September exhibition of cowboys' feats and races at

the annual Round-up, already described at some length under "Sports and Festivals," in Chapter Two. At any other period of the year Pendleton is to the new arrival just a well-built and energetic frontier town, whose 6000 inhabitants are as friendly and brisk as the ideal of the frequently disillusioned Easterner conceives all far western communities to be. A loyal ranger rhymes it:

> Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
> Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
> . . . . . .
> Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
> Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing —
> Pendleton, that's where the West begins. . . .

The stranger who stays awhile in Pendleton senses by degrees the spirit of the fabled West. Veteran plainsmen have narratives to relate of Hank Vaughn and others of his ilk, who enlivened with their bravado and reckless frays the pre-respectable epoch of Pendleton. Hank, whose pseudonym alone prepares us for gun-fraught tales, was a gambler and a fighter of evil prowess, says a Pendleton journal, and, according to Lue Vernon, a distant acquaintance hereafter quoted, was not averse to acquiring others' livestock if the impulse drew him. "Hank had a revolver duel in Prineville with Charlie Long, another 'bad man.' Long, before this shooting scrape at Prineville, used to haul wood into Heppner, and was well known in that town. Vaughn and Long had never seen each other prior to their meeting in Till Glaze's saloon in Prineville. They were known by reputation to each other, and had made threats as to what they would do, should they ever come face to face. They met in Glaze's place one summer's afternoon, argued over who was the

best man with a gun and agreed to 'shoot it out' to determine the question.

"The men sat down to a round poker table, and at a signal from a friend of theirs, they arose and emptied their guns at each other. Both fell, and when the smoke cleared a bit (no smokeless cartridges in those days) both were thought dead. But such was not the case. When Hank was lifted from the floor he offered to bet $500 he would live longer than Long. But both men lived to tell the tale. What is more, they were the best of friends afterward — good to each other as long as they lived. Charlie Long always limped after the shooting. Vaughn lost the use of a muscle in his right arm, I think, from a bullet received during the encounter.

"When Hank played 'faro bank' in Pendleton there was something doing. 'Hank Vaughn's in town!' was the word passed from one to another.

"I remember one time I was on a train going to Spokane Falls (it was called Spokane Falls instead of Spokane, during the days I am speaking of), and I met Hank, who was also ticketed to Spokane Falls. Two men boarded the train and undertook to ride without paying railroad fare. Both had Colt's revolvers and swore they would ride or hurt some one. It was in the summer time and Hank was trying to take a 'snooze,' as he called it. When the conductor, a small-sized man, came through collecting fares, the two 'bad' men refused to pay. They swore by all that was holy that all the Northern Pacific employés from Portland to St. Paul could not make them pay fare or put them off.

"When Hank saw that the conductor was getting the worst of it, he took a good stretch, yawned

several times and, quick as a flash, struck the largest bully over the head with his own silver-plated pistol, took him to the platform of the car and kicked him off. Every one expected the other desperado to kill Hank, but he began to beg for mercy, but Hank took him by the collar and — well, I never saw a 'bad' man get the drubbing this fellow received. Hank was the hero of the hour — every one wanted to be the first to shake his hand. . . .

"Hank was famous in Pendleton and Walla Walla for his fast riding and fast drives. He always paid for what he destroyed, it seems, and nothing was ever said about it. Of course you know Vaughn met death in Pendleton from being thrown from a horse, while riding recklessly up and down the streets."

"Thirty years ago," says Lot Livermore, dean of Pendleton pioneers and first mayor of the town, "robbing stages was one of the recognised businesses of Eastern Oregon. I come pretty near knowing, for I was the Wells Fargo agent as well as the agent for the stage line for many years."

Time was when passengers between Pendleton and Umatilla accepted with considerable equanimity the halting of their stage by an armed bandit. The drivers of those early conveyances now sit securely their familiar boxes and hold taut the reins in the rattling stage-coach races at the Round-up. Bronzed and reminiscent, one finds "old-timers" around the new post office, or down at Powers's or Hamley's, where carved saddlery, chaps and lariats are made for the annual prizes.

Besides the saddle-makers' establishments, which invariably attract the stranger, there is a blanket factory whose product, woven in Indian hues and

patterns, carries the name of Pendleton far beyond the limits of the neighbouring Reservation, where Cayuse and Umatilla dwell.

As the Round-up date approaches, muscular figures in the livery of the range, strings of dappled Roman-nosed horses unaccustomed to the town, free-riding Indians and their muffled squaws, are seen in increasing numbers on Pendleton's streets, and personals like these appear in the papers concerning the year's performers:

Among the fancy ropers here are Cuba Crutchfield, undoubtedly the foremost master of the lariat in the world, Sammy Garrett, Tommy Grimes, Bee Ho Gay and Bertha Blanchett. Bee Ho Gay won the world's championship in fancy and trick roping at the 1915 Cheyenne show.

John Spain won the championship in the bucking here in 1911. He lost his right hand at Halfway, Oregon, July 4, 1912, when it became entangled in a rope. He may ride at the Round-up this year to show that it is not necessary for him to "pull leather" to stick on a horse, in spite of the loss of his hand.

Miss Ruth Parton, the popular champion relay rider of North Yakima, is one of the most skilful horsewomen in the country. She won the cowgirl's relay race last year at Pendleton and Walla Walla. Miss Parton has made a specialty of her celebrated exhibit which she calls "the Cowgirl's Drunken Ride." She is an enthusiastic autoist and is eighteen years old.

Miss Lola Beach, one of the popular cowgirls competing this year, was prevented from participating in the show last year on account of a broken arm. She has been visiting this Summer in her home in Kalispell, Montana, where she found the people very enthusiastic over the Round-up.

Buffalo Vernon, the spectacular all-around cowboy, had a narrow escape from death a few years ago. Buffalo was about to bulldog a steer. The ground was particularly wet and the steer entered so far into the spirit of the struggle as to fight with great ferocity. The pair fought furiously for fifteen minutes before the steer got in a solar plexus with his long horns. Vernon ducked and swung under, but the long prongs missed him by a shade, catching his

nether garment full in the slack, and ripping the trousers asunder. Minus his pants, the roper continued the struggle to the immense interest of the audience, and finally won a victory over the steer.

And prints are a-jingle with ballads of cayuse and vacquero:

. . . But I must tighten my latigo
For I'm off with the morning's first faint glow,
Over the sagebrush plains I ride,
Like a buccaneer on a rising tide.

With new sombrero and silver spurs
I'll search the herd for stray "slick-ears,"
For I'm off to the Round-up sure this fall—
My broncho and I. Say, I've got gall!

. . . . . .

Then tighten the cinch, take off the blind,
Let 'er buck in front; let 'er buck behind,
We'll both go up and come down together,
But I hope to die if I pull leather.

Occasionally one comes on a bit like "The Maverick" in the *Evening Tribune*, depository of cowboy verse.

I loped among the wildest brands
Of saddle hating winners,
Gay colts that never felt a brand
And scared old outlaw sinners.
The world was pasture wide for us,
The wind was rein and girth for us,
And our wild name was pride for us,
High-headed, bronco sinners!

So loose and light we raced and fought,
And every range we tasted,
And now since I'm corralled and caught,
I know those days were wasted.
From now the all-day gait for me!
The trail that's hard but straight for me!
Far down that trail who'll wait for me?
Ay! Those old ways were wasted.

. . . . . .

The poet is a Flathead Indian and Round-up performer from Poison, Montana. "His pals say he can ride anything to a standstill; that his fearlessness and skill are almost unequalled in the Montana country."

The stadium where the most characteristic of Western spectacles is staged occupies several acres on the edge of the town. The exhibition grounds are surrounded on three sides by grandstands, which seat tens of thousands of thrilled spectators. A field beyond the race-course gives space for waiting wide-hatted groups of performers on bronco-back or afoot, in sheepskins, striped blankets or divided skirts; for idle stage-coach and prairie-wagon; for the tepees of Indians, who, though controlled now, have the blood of the wildest in them, and for the corrals of steers and tamed, half-tamed and wholly untamed horses.

Besides its newly earned park, Pendleton is proud of its manual training school, of its library and Federal building, its hotels, its mills and foundries, its city water system and electric-lighted streets. Decidedly, Pendleton is not a place to be missed.

From Pendleton to Walla Walla, across the Washington border, is a matter of 47 miles. If one is going on to Spokane, he will journey another 200 miles to the north.

Leaving or entering the State by the main line of the Oregon – Washington Railroad, the traveller will get a view from the train of the Umatilla Indian Reservation, which is also visited from Pendleton by automobile. South of the Reservation, the Blue Mountains are crossed and the Great Round Valley entered at La Grande. This immense fertile amphitheatre has an altitude of

nearly 2800 feet. The mountains which enclose it, and shed the moisture of clouds and beneficent streams upon it are the highest in this part of Oregon. Some of the rough peaks of the Eagle or Power Range, east of the valley, climb 7000 feet above the plain and 10,000 feet above sea level. A floor of wheat-fields is laid from base to base of the encircling scarp. Eight-horse thrashers beat out the grain; on steep hillsides thrive sheep, cattle and cherry trees. If one stops off at La Grande, it is to see its monster saw mills, and perhaps to spend a day at the summer Chautauqua held in Riverside Park. A still better reason for leaving the rail highway here is the wonderful alpine lake to which a branch road climbs among the crags, canyons and lofty plateaux of the Wallowa Valley for a distance of 84 miles. This mountain paradise, over which Wallowa Lake presides like a scintillant houri, would in any state with a lesser heritage of scenic grandeur than Oregon be a signal tourist attraction. Few except herders, ranchers and big game hunters know the majesty of its narrow gorges, or have heard the clamouring voices of its descending creeks and rivers. Many regions not so magnificent, and removed by days of hard travel from the railway, are more visited and described. A four-hour train journey from La Grande along the base of straight-standing heights brings us to Joseph (4100 ft.). A mile to the south, a white-crested range shuts in the lake, whose waters fill a bed of unknown depth.

The name of the settlement on the lake shore commemorates Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés who in defence of his ancestral holdings, defied in 1877 the forces of General O. O. Howard in the

Wallowa Valley, eluded the white troops, and fled by a succession of forced marches across the mountains, hoping to reach the old Nez Percé Reserve on the borders of Canada. Near Chinook, Montana, 200 miles east of Glacier National Park, the valiant warrior was subdued, and thereafter was banished from his beloved Wallowa Country, for which he mourned until his death. His father, also named Joseph, had been present at the great Walla Walla council twenty years before, and in return for a service done the Whites had asked, and believed he had been given these lands for all time.

The hottest mineral spring in the world, if we are to believe its promoters, is 9 miles below La Grande. The Hot Lake Sanitarium offers a complete course of hydropathic treatment. Another thermal establishment, reached by a 20-mile drive from Union or Baker, is situated at an altitude of 3400 feet, midway between these two stations on the railway.

Baker, 50 miles south of La Grande, is a centre of new development in irrigation, lumber and mines. The county of which it is the trade and social capital ranks highest in the State in hay and gold production. Broad level areas are capped on all sides by the Blue Mountains and two spurs, the mountains of the Powder River and the Burnt River. It is said that the three most extensive mineral zones known are tributary to Baker. In the Cornucopia, Rainbow and Sumpter Valley districts, hundreds of pestles operated by power crush an average of $1,500,000 worth of gold each year. Baker's exceedingly attractive and sturdy appearance is partially accounted for by the use of a native stone which cuts readily, like

the limestone of Portugal, and hardens in use. Many stage routes run out of Baker to mining camps.

The upper half of Oregon's eastern boundary is formed by the Snake River (called also the Mad River, and the River Lewis) from its junction with the Owyhee River, 50 miles below the little town of Huntington. From the latter station, which is 50 miles south of Baker, a railroad follows the Snake on its northward course to Homestead, a mining camp, 58 miles distant. Small river boats ply this tortuous and historic stream, touching landings first on the Oregon, then on the Idaho shore.

Between Huntington, Umatilla, Bend and Lakeview there is enclosed a circle of Oregon territory, 300 to 400 miles in diameter, which is penetrated by but two railways, and those from the east. The Sumpter Valley branch from Baker crosses the Blue Mountains to Prairie City (80 m.). The Oregon – Washington extension, Ontario – Vale – Riverside (92 m.), is to be carried on another 60 miles to Arden in Harney County, and will eventually cross to meet the Klamath Falls – Eugene cut-off of the Southern Pacific line. For years to come, however, this great east central tableland, for the most part rolling and treeless, will continue as in the past, a region traversed by wagon-roads only, and by the trails of cattle-rangers. Conveyance is by automobile or saddle-horse. Once counted fit for breeding livestock solely, this sage brush desert is to-day blossoming with fruit and grain, and without irrigation, dry farming being the rule.

The monarch of the Harney Valley is "Bill"

© Lee Moorhouse

THE GRAND PARADE AT THE ROUND-UP, PENDLETON, OREGON

Hanley, "discoverer of central Oregon." His holdings amount to hundreds of thousands of acres. A constructionist as long of vision and broad of heart as his possessions are vast, he has influenced Federal legislation to release State resources for the use of the people, has pointed the way to builders of railroads, and wisely directed colonisation. The superintendent of all the Hanley ranches is Tom Allen.

Says the *Oregonian*, anent a visit of the "King of the Buckaroos" to Portland after a lapse of five years, "during which he had never been beyond the sound of the coyote's yell," "Eastern Oregon is still the cowboy's country. Tom Allen is its indispensable son. He travels about the railroadless territory summer and winter, through storms and stifling heat, through mosquito-infested swamp and alkali desert. Every week in the year he visits the 20 odd ranches, knows all the broken horses by name and is the everlasting friend of the lonely children living 70 and 80 miles from a town. In the winter-time he is the dispenser of news, for the mail man seldom gets around to the remote sections of Harney County. He is the link that connects civilisation to the human beings pioneering in the semi-arid lands miles and miles from railroads and the cross-roads store."

Malheur County, whose northeasterm limits are defined by the Snake River and the Oregon Short Line, is longer than the State of Indiana is wide and has more acreage than Massachusetts. It contains a tenth of Oregon's total area. Of this tenth, over 500,000 acres are unappropriated public lands, 700,000 acres are privately owned, and 240,000 acres are under cultivation. The

counties of southeastern Oregon are generously proportioned, if scantily populated except by the coyote, the puma and the porcupine.

The Journal of Peter Skene Ogden (see Note 5, Chapter Nine) says the "Rivier Malheur (Unfortunate River)" was so named "because this is the place where our goods were discovered and stolen by the Americans last year."

Ontario, Malheur County — Boisé City, Idaho, on a branch of the Oregon Short Line, 60 miles. The capital and chief mining town of Idaho was called by the French, "Wooded," because of the trees that once covered its site.

The Snake River, whose picturesque canyon between Weiser and Huntington is viewed from the car window, carves its deepest gorge, and in striking fashion, about 150 miles southeast of Boisé City, near Twin Falls City. Branch from Minidoka (200 m. from Boisé) — Twin Falls City, 59 miles. Twin Falls City – Shoshone Falls, 5 miles by road. The Twin Falls have a descent of 180 feet; the Shoshone leaps "with wall-like straightness" 200 feet from a crescent-shaped ledge, whose width is variously given as from 700 to 900 feet. Lieutenant Frémont named the great fall, the Niagara of the West. The river grinds its way between lava walls 4000 to 5000 feet high, dashing spray against its confines.

About Twin Falls, where the Snake divides around a crenellated boulder frowned upon by barren hills, a heroic reclamation project has been successfully undertaken. The Milner Dam is 2000 feet long, and 80 feet high.

The American Falls of the Snake River are sighted from the train, half-way between Minidoka and Pocatello, Idaho. Connection is made at Pocatello for Yellowstone National Park, 150 miles to the northeast.

Portland to Astoria.

By Steamboat.

Daily except Sunday in the summer season, O.-W. R. & N. service from Ash Street dock. Sailings at 8 P. M. Time to Astoria, 10 hours, distance 98 miles.

Daily except Monday, steamer *Georgiana* leaves foot of Washington Street 7 A.M., returning to the same dock at 9 P. M.

Local steamboats run from Portland to Vancouver and

Kalama, Washington, and to Rainier and Clatskanie, Oregon, all on the lower Columbia.

By Rail.

Spokane, Portland and Seattle south bank line to Astoria (100 m.), daily trains in 3–4 hours, from the North Bank Station at Tenth and Hoyt Streets. Steamer trains direct to Astoria and Flavel (107 m.), Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in summer season, at 9:30 A. M., arriving at the docks of the Great Northern Pacific Steamship Company in 4 hours.

By Road.

The cross-country road between Portland, Buxton (36 m.) and Astoria (120 m.), and the Columbia Highway, Portland – Scappoose (20 m.) – St. Helens (29 m.) – Goble (42 m.) – Rainier (49 m.) – Clatskanie (65 m.) – Astoria (100 m.), afford varied scenery on the way from the Willamette to the sea.

This section of the Columbia Highway is of later construction than the road between Portland and up-river points.

The first adventurers who rode the lower reaches of the Columbia remarked its level sedgy shores relieved by occasional cliffs and by verdant highlands receding from the water. The Oregon marshes are the resort of swarms of water-fowl, and are much visited by hunters. Opposite Rainier, a farm, fish and lumber centre, the Cowlitz River casts in its lot with the Columbia for the journey to the sea. Another point of interest on the Washington side is Mt. Coffin — an ancient burial place of the Indians. Below Clatskanie, where the river broadens, the channel is strewn with large islands; some that are hilly and well-wooded are romantically associated with fishermen's feuds and the illicit operations of traffickers in spirits.

The seining grounds, staked with nets and alive with little boats, are before us when we have made the next wide curve with the stream. The nets

full of fish are drawn in by hand or by horse power. Canneries are near by on the shore to receive the day's harvest. A famous river-mark is Pillar Rock which stands 40 feet above the water at some distance from the Washington border.

Thirty miles above its mouth, the Columbia is 6 miles wide. Before it reaches Astoria its breadth is 9 miles from shore to shore. Little wonder that navigators seeking the River of the West passed it by, thinking its ostiary but a great bay of the ocean.

Below the outlet of still another John Day River is the long peninsula which the partners of Astor the fur merchant chose in 1811 as the site of their settlement. Fifteen miles further on, the river merges its flood with that of the Pacific.

Astoria.

The whole of the United States participates in the history of the principal fishing-town on the Columbia, for though of brief duration, the Pacific Fur Company's occupancy of this point of land in 1811 constituted the first American settlement on the Pacific Coast. Six years before the *Tonquin* arrived bearing the fur-traders, President Jefferson's envoys, Lewis and Clark, had wintered on Clatsop Meadows south of Astoria, but their camp was not established for purposes of trade or for permanent residence. Jefferson and his cabinet were in sympathy with the ambitions of the Rhenish trader and his associates who wished to dot the Mid-West and the West with fur posts whose catches should be delivered to the port on the Columbia, whence they should be despatched

for sale in China. John Jacob Astor, godfather of Astoria, was born in Waldorf, near Heidelberg. In 1783 he came from London to Hampton Roads, where he met a countryman who persuaded him to enter the fur trade between New York, London and Montreal. He was already a man of large means when he proposed the plan of carrying the fur traffic across the Rockies and controlling the commerce of the Pacific. But two years elapsed — eventful years, despairing and fearful — before the position of the Pacific Fur Company became untenable through rumours of America's war with England, and menaced attacks. Eventually the settlement and $100,000 worth of pelts passed into the hands of the British, the merchandise being purchased by the "Northwesters" at a third its value. The commander of an enemy frigate changed the name to Fort George, but the port again became Astoria at the return of peace in 1818. In June of that year the U. S. S. *Ontario* arrived off the Columbia River, having been ordered thither from Lima, Peru. The log of Captain James Biddle relates that fifty officers and seamen crossed the bar in small boats and landed at a cove inside Cape Disappointment, on the north side of the river. "In the presence of several nations" the flag of the United States was displayed, a sod of soil was turned up and three cheers were given for the United States. Thereupon, final possession was taken by nailing to a tree a leaden plate proclaiming this land as belonging once more to the Americans.

However, Astor's attempts at re-establishment were fruitless. The Canadians and British were in complete domination of trade on the Columbia, and thus perished the first enterprise intended to

found "a commercial empire beyond the Mountains for the United States."

The true story of primitive Astoria was told by Washington Irving at the solicitation of his friend, John Jacob Astor.

Astoria of the hills interests itself no longer in peltry. To-day, its fortunes move with the tides, are founded on fish. Its own fleet of two thousand winged messengers, and smacks from other river-ports, bring to its hoppers millions of monster Chinooks to be dried, smoked, or packed pinkly into pink-labelled cans. Twenty-one thousand tons of salmon were taken from the Columbia in 1915. Two-thirds of this catch was tinned in or near Astoria, thousands of people of many races being employed in the various processes of catching and preserving the fish.

The cans alone used in Astoria canneries represent an investment of $350,000 a year, and the labels which advertise their contents, about $20,000. The fisherman receives an average of five cents a pound for the "green" salmon, or about half the gross value of the pack.

Astoria lives on and above the water, it thrives on what is brought from beneath the water, and it is surrounded on three quarters by the water. The city believes in its future and wears an optimistic smile. At its back are miles of forests and acres of rich pastures. Past its doors and to its great docks sail ships from all the world. It is both a sea and a fresh-water port, a market-place and an industrial centre. In the vicinity are great strawberry fields, cranberry bogs and dairy pastures. From the ridge above the town there is a queenly view of winding roads and waters and level delta lands, of mounting hills and snow peaks, a

view quite out of the ordinary in the sum and quality of its beauty. When at dawn or sunset shapely sails of fisher-boats flutter against the horizon, and river mists rise below, and the sea lies grey or rose beyond the outer shore of the continent, then one chafes at the inanity of adjectives, mentally thumbing his thesaurus for a single glowing word to express it all.

For as many centuries as the Columbia is old the incoming and the outgoing tides have pitted their strength each day at the meeting of sea and river. The barrier of silt and sand piled at the mouth warned off the *Columbia Rediviva*, first craft to essay it. Since sail and funnel first entered the river, the bar has menaced the safety of ships. Operations extending over nearly forty years, but carried on with encouraging results principally within the past decade, have at last overcome this serious handicap to navigation and commerce. The Federal Government has expended many millions in dredging a forty-foot channel in the vicinity of Cape Disappointment and Baker's Bay, and in throwing out from the shore long jetties to narrow the path of the river, so that its deeper flow shall eat away the bar and keep the passage free forever.

The northwesternmost cape of Oregon is armoured by the guns of Fort Stevens, which is reached by road and railway from Astoria via Warrenton and Flavel. On the Washington side of the Columbia outlet is Fort Canby, guarded by the lighthouse on Cape Disappointment, 100 feet above the sea.

At Astoria the O.-W. R. & N. Co. makes connection twice every week-day for Megler, Wash., 4½ miles across the Columbia. Trains run from this station to North Beach

resorts as far as Nahcotta (26 m.). Here a steamer connects with north-bound morning train and makes a trip around Willapa Bay to South Bend, Wash.

The Beaches.[5]

The expansive meadows which lie between the strand and the forests of the breezy county of Clatsop are traversed by several streams. Some are famous for their fish; one, at least, is historic. On the banks of the Lewis and Clark River its namesakes set up their penates in the winter of 1805, and waited restively for Spring to release the way home. Touring-car and roadster speeding from the south side of Young's Bay to Clatsop Beach, pass within sight of the place where they raised their cabins and stockade on the "first point of high land" on the western bank.

Clatsop Plains were first described in print by that Captain John Meares who came down from Nootka Sound, on Vancouver Island, to find the great river-of-the-many-names reported by Indians and Spaniards. Searching for the elusive channel, he glimpsed in July, 1788, the downs of Clatsop, and recorded in his book of travels the pleasure they afforded his rock-weary eyes. He noted that "the high land which bordered the bay stretched a great distance; and a flat unbroken country occupied all the space between this land

[5] The S. P. and S. Railway (see "Portland to Astoria") continues from Astoria to Gearhart on Clatsop Beach (16 m.) and Seaside (19 m.). The wagon-road follows the same route along the ocean. Beyond Seaside it curves behind Tillamook Head to Cannon Beach and goes on to Nehalem. Across the inlet from Nehalem, the Pacific Railway and Navigation Co. touches at Wheeler (92 m. from Portland) and turns down the coast to Garibaldi, Bay City and Tillamook Bay (115 m. from Portland). Motor-road, Nehalem – Tillamook Bay, 27 miles. Tillamook – Portland, via Dolph and McMinnville, 106 miles.

and the bay . . . " named by him " Deceptive," because he thought it was not a river leading to the interior, as he had hoped it was.

Forest, sea, farm, hill, dune and beach diversify the road to Gearhart. At this popular meeting-place one bathes in the surf or in the natatorium, goes trouting on the Necanicum, walks or drives on the sand boulevards, enters into the social enterprises of the hotel and villa colony; above all one golfs over excellent links that lie within call of the ocean.

If the visitor is staying across the bridge at Seaside, the days will be similarly occupied. Beach amusements include digging for clams with a nimble shovel.

Cottagers from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and states farther East, call the village of Seaside their summer home.

A mile south of the little watering-place is the Seaside House, once the hospitable dwelling of Ben Holladay, a builder of railways. Near this point were discovered in 1900, and since preserved, the very cairns employed by members of the Lewis and Clark party in evaporating salt from sea water, for the use of the sojourners at Fort Clatsop. Opposite the Seaside House geologists have uncovered " acres of shell-heaps " imbedded with Indian relics.

The broad sweep of beach 20 miles south from the Columbia bar is interrupted by Tillamook Head, whose long sea-reaching snout is the northern outpost of the Coast Range. A trail from Holladay ascends to the crest of this rugged tor, which commands limitless views up and down the Oregon shore and out upon the ocean. A fragment of rock directly off the Head is the pedestal

of "the loneliest and most perilous lighthouse on all our coast." Ships avoid it by ten miles.

Beyond the out-flung promontory of Tillamook nestles Cannon Beach, reached only by wagon-road or trail. Still further on, the shore is broken by fantastic caves in the face of bare cliffs, and queer-shaped rocks disport themselves in the waves. The forests that extend far behind Neah-Kah-nie Mountain and Nehalem Bay resorts, and for a hundred miles south through Tillamook and neighbouring counties, are but half explored. Few but despoilers of the pines ever tread them.

PORTLAND – SEATTLE. By O.-W. R. and N. Co. and Northern Pacific from Union Station, and Great Northern from North Bank Station; 183 miles in 6 to 7 hours, via Vancouver, Wash., Chehalis, Centralia and Tacoma. On Shasta Limited (Southern Pacific, San Francisco to Portland; O.-W. R. & N. Co., Portland to Seattle), no extra fare is charged between Portland and Puget Sound cities. Time, 6 hours. Daily at 2:10 P. M.

By Pacific Motor Highway, 190 miles.

For Seattle description, see Chapter VII.

PORTLAND – SPOKANE. By Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway from North Bank Station, 380 miles in 12 hours, via Vancouver, Wash., Fallbridge and Pasco.

By O.-W. R. and N. Co. from Union Station, 378 miles in 12 hours, via Umatilla, Wallula, Hooper Junction and Marengo.

PORTLAND – ASHLAND. By Southern Pacific Railway from Union Station, 342 miles. In 12 hours by Shasta Limited, leaving 3:50 P. M. daily; 15 hours by other express trains. Route: Portland – Salem (53 m.) – Albany (80 m.) – Eugene (124 m.) – Cottage Grove (144 m.) – Roseburg (198 m.) – Grant's Pass (297 m.) – Medford (329 m.) – Ashland (342 m.).

By Pacific Motor Highway, 370 miles.

PORTLAND – SAN FRANCISCO. By above route to California border, thence via Ager, Weed, Shasta Springs, and Red Bluff. By Shasta Limited, 771 miles in 27 hours. Extra fare, Portland to San Francisco. By ordinary express trains, 35 hours.

By Pacific Highway, 745 miles.

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH THE WILLAMETTE AND ROGUE RIVER VALLEYS TO CRATER LAKE, WITH EXCURSIONS INTO THE CASCADES, TO PACIFIC BEACHES, THE JOSEPHINE COUNTY CAVES, THE KLAMATH BASIN AND LAKE COUNTY

. . .

Salem.[1]

A PLACE of assembly for Oregon's first citizens, Salem is to-day the legislative seat of the State, the centre of various educational interests, and the rendezvous of agriculturists up and down the land.

Methodist missionaries who began their labours 10 miles north of Salem in 1834, under the leadership of the Reverend Jason Lee, re-established themselves at this point further down the Willamette in the beginning of the following decade. Education received attention as early as 1842, when the Oregon Institute was ambitiously founded on Wallace Prairie, three miles below Salem, "to promote science, morality and piety." There were then about a hundred colonists inhabiting the valley.

In 1851, Salem succeeded its rival, Oregon City, as territorial capital. Two years later the settle-

[1] For route by Southern Pacific Railway, see preceding page "Portland – Ashland."

The Oregon Electric Railway schedules several trains daily between Portland and points south. Time by morning "Limited" from North Bank Station to Salem, 1¾ hrs.; to Albany, 2¾ hrs.; to Eugene, 4 hrs.

There is also a daily steamboat service on the Willamette, between Portland and Salem.

ment became the seat of Willamette University, one of the first institutions for higher learning on the Pacific Coast. Another date that Salem likes to remember is September 18, 1857, when a state constitution was framed and adopted by county delegates as a preliminary to Oregon's admission to the Union.

The capital, having passed its threescore and tenth birthday, gives no impression of Western newness. However, though a veteran of North-western civilisation, its activities are numerous, its outer garb well-groomed, and its temper genial, if reserved.

Visitors are directed first to the high-domed State House,— a pleasing term which reflects the town's New England ancestry. With the Supreme Court and Library building, the Post Office and County Court House, it occupies a rectangular park at the civic centre. In the neighbourhood are some of the community's twenty-five churches [2] and many of its homes, rose-bordered and surrounded by rare old trees. Institutions for the criminal and the physically unfortunate are numerous, and all are housed in handsome buildings. A large Government school for Indians is situated a little way beyond the northern limits of the city.

It was from the State Penitentiary in Salem that Tracy the Outlaw escaped with another convict in 1902. Three guards were killed as a prelude to their flight, and farmers and posses were recklessly defied as they made their way north to the Washington border. In the latter state, Tracy continued his spectacular campaign for freedom, killing and wounding recklessly. Eight thousand

[2] The population of Salem is about 15,000.

dollars' reward was offered for his capture, but though all the time cognisant of attempts to seize him, he scorned to cover his identity, relying upon his desperate reputation to scare off any one who might recognise him. After hiding a while in the Cascades, he gradually worked east, and on several occasions stayed openly on farms, demanding shelter and sustenance before proceeding on his way. At the end of two months' dodging and threatening, always to good effect, the lone brigand found himself surrounded by a courageous band near a town in central Washington. And them he cheated of their prey by firing with his own hand the bullet that ended the chase.

Salem is not only capital of Oregon and of Marion County, but capital also of the Willamette Valley fruit and hop lands. Eight counties having an area of over 12,000 square miles find shelter in the Willamette's basin between the Cascades and the Coast Range. In this beatific domain, flowers and strawberries are picked nearly every month of the twelve, sweet peas live through the winter and blossom again in May, a hundred cherries, some of them an inch in diameter, grow on a single twig, and pippins often weigh a quarter more than a pound. Farmers exchange tales of nine-pound carrots and parsnips five feet long, and exhibit at the Grange onions that grow four tons to a fifth of an acre. A Cottage Grove newspaper reported the experience of Mr. DeLong with some blackcap bushes. After all the berries reachable from the ground were picked, it was necessary to climb on a barrel to obtain sufficient elevation to unburden the upper branches. A gentleman living in the city casually garnered two tons of blackberries from a patch occupying the rear end of his

house lot. Blackberries, says a wag, grow on the banks of the Willamette with hardly any provocation at all. The same is true of huge sweet cherries and of the Italian prune, which here out-Italys Italy; of loganberries which grow thousands of pounds to the acre, and of raspberries, and walnuts, and hops. And also of Angora goats, which give valuable mohair. The region of which Salem is the chief market-town grows so many hops that only ten per cent. of all that the United States yields is left for other states to grow. An acre of prime Willamette hop soil will produce up to 3000 pounds of the bitter greenish cones, whose price in the last twenty-five years has varied from 15 cents to a dollar a pound. Twenty-nine million pounds a year — an average income of five and a quarter million dollars — ninety thousand people employed in the industry — these are further statistical items in connection with this prolific enterprise.

At the Cherry Fair in July, strangers are free to gorge themselves with Royal Anns, if only they will in the after-years cite the Willamette product when offered the sour puny cherry of less favoured orchards.

The loganberry is a new performer in the horticultural ring. Its forefathers were the raspberry, the wild mountain blackberry and the dewberry. Thirty years ago, we are told, this delicious, tart, dark red hybrid was evolved by the skill of Judge Logan, a resident of Santa Cruz, California. Willamette Valley soil and climate were needed, however, to bring the berry into its own as a commercial crop. Within the last few years only has Judge Logan's berry been widely introduced as a preserve. Reduced to juice, it excels all other

WALLOWA LAKE, EASTERN OREGON

fruit juices. Salem alone bottles 400,000 gallons annually of the ruby beverage.

As the products of the Willamette Valley are expressed in terms of tons and millions, so must one employ superlatives in phrasing the abounding fairness of the river-banks, of the fat meadows and the bending orchards, and in attempting to translate the exalted beauty of the mountain phalanx, white-crested and forest-robed, that hems the valley on either side.

Says a famous trapper, recording in 1825 his passage through the Willamette Valley, "A finer stream is not to be found. All things grow in abundance here. One could enjoy every comfort here with little labour. . . . No doubt in years a colony will be formed on the stream and I am of opinion it will flourish with little care."

From Albany, sierra streams and woodlands are accessible by the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad which penetrates for more than 50 miles the famously beautiful valley of the Santiam, and has its terminus at Hoover, within 20 miles of the snow mount called Jefferson (10,520 ft.). Detroit, 2 miles west of Hoover, is a base for expeditions to lakes and waterfalls, and to hot springs and parks, where tents and camp grounds are provided.

A motor-road east from Albany ascends the south fork of the Santiam, known for its fighting trout, as are all these mountain rivers, and passes on the way, Sodaville, Waterloo and Cascadia (40 m.), resorts reputed for their curative springs. A much-photographed view of Three Sisters is obtained from Clear Lake, a short way off the road, 30 miles or more beyond Cascadia. This lake, the source of the McKenzie River, is also visited for the curious sight here presented of a submerged

forest whose tree-tops stand in islets above the water.

The Corvallis and Eastern Railroad also goes down to the sea, following the Willamette from Albany to Corvallis, seat of the Oregon Agricultural College, and crossing the Coast Range to Yaquina (84 m.) from which point connection with Newport is made by boat (3 m.) across the bay.

At Newport, where are moderate-priced accommodations of all sorts, varying from tent-house to typical beach hotel, one finds himself directly on the Pacific. Besides sundry amusements and numberless shore and water excursions, a trip much in favour with tourists is the walk or drive to Yaquina Head, a beak-like foreland three miles to the north from which, as at Point Loma, California, there is a superb land-view of the sea and an equally glorious sea-view of the land.

Fifty miles to the south, Heceta Head, jutting from the coast of Lincoln County, calls to mind the voyages of Captain Cook, and the half-hearted explorations of the Spaniard, Captain Bruno Heceta, near-discoverer of the Columbia. An hour's sail down-shore is Siuslaw Harbor, linked by a new railway with Eugene, 60 miles to the east in the Willamette Valley. This road smoothes the path to a region heretofore without rail transportation. By water, the journey from Portland to Florence consumes about 30 hours. A stage runs from the harbour 50 miles south to Coos Bay, crossing the mouth of the Umpqua River en route. Coos Bay, largest natural harbour between San Francisco and Astoria, has a dozen inlets which penetrate miles into the in-

terior. Two steamship lines sailing from Portland make regular calls at Marshfield; one continues to Eureka and San Francisco. When Coos Bay has rail as well as steamer connection with the world beyond this out-of-the-way nook, the inhabitants of Marshfield, North Bend, and towns on the short rail line which already serves the Coquille Valley, anticipate tourist patronage previously withheld. Besides square miles of cascaded forests, and calm valleys, and trout brooks, and streams navigable by launch, and river, bay, lake and ocean sports to invite the traveller, there is bear, deer, cougar, wild cat, duck, goose, grouse and pheasant hunting for the sportsman. Millions of stately fir and spruce trees people the mountain-sides, whose tranquillity is disturbed only by the operations of the crews who feed the great mills of Coos County with giant fodder.

From Marshfield a railway line is in operation southward into the Coquille Valley. At Coquille Station a road follows the river 25 miles to Bandon on the coast, where the beach is broad enough for half the State to play on, and seals set sportive example by gamboling among sunny rocks. If we pursue the road from Bandon to Port Orford, in Curry County, we shall pass within 5 miles of Cape Blanco, the furthermost point toward the west on the coast of the United States. Cape Mendocino, California, is by a fraction of a longitudinal degree less near to the sunset. Port Orford has an Agate Carnival in mid-summer on a near-by beach, which glitters with striped and clouded chalcedony.

Curry County is a wilderness without a railway, if we except a five-mile road whose only passengers are the kings of the forest, dethroned, and des-

tined to become shingles, matches or ruddy planks. "In the continuous woods," where, paraphrasing, the Rogue River rolls

> And hears no sound
> Save his own dashings,

the fox, the bear and the cougar roam and deer abound beyond all counting. There are heights and narrow valleys whose woodland jungles no man has ever parted, and rivers whose track has never been explored. Two-thirds of the area is in National Forest, and only one two hundred and fiftieth of the country's acreage is under cultivation.

The main highway continues for 150 miles from Port Orford, along the base of mountains whose crags press close to the shore, to Eureka, California.

Eugene.

Eugene, south of Salem, is at a valley crossway. Five rivers and forks of rivers mingle here for the enrichment of the little city at the head of Willamette navigation. It is also the centre of a labyrinth of rails which run hither and yon to bring it wealth and population. Trees grow so large in Lane County, of which Eugene is the seat, and fields yield so abundantly that a very well-to-do and pleasurable trade-centre is the result. Banks, clubs, commercial blocks, theatres, schools, churches, hotels and homes, all substantial and attractive, miles of paved streets and street railways, 150 acres' worth of parks, a climate that invites a ten months' blooming of roses, and an outlook upon mountains of excelling height and fairness, compose a town of 12,000 population

hard to surpass for its natural and acquired advantages.

The Willamette, perennial beautifier of gentle landscapes, laps the oak-shaded lawns and fragrant gardens of Oregon University. For the founding of the State School in 1872, the national Congress gave Oregon two townships comprising 46,000 acres, whose sale price, $100,000, created the first endowment fund. Besides lectures in classical and normal courses, in medicine, law, architecture, journalism, banking, library work and music, the University conducts classes in various subjects by correspondence, and commissions members of the faculty to lecture in towns throughout the State. A dozen buildings, spacious and dignified, make up the University group on the 80-acre campus. Eight hundred students are enrolled here, and twelve hundred at the schools of law and medicine in Portland.

The visitor will be interested in the Condon collection of fossils unearthed in Central Oregon and now in the keeping of the University.

Mr. George H. Himes, curator of the Museum of the Oregon Historical Society, is sponsor for the following facts concerning a hand-press now perserved by the University's Department of Journalism. The Society "after an exhaustive investigation of all the evidence" reports this to be "the first press ever used west of the Rocky Mountains. The press is of the model patented by Samuel Rust in 1829 and was built by R. Hoe & Company of New York City. It was first brought to Oregon in 1845, having been purchased early in that year by George Abernathy, the first provisional governor of Oregon and a business man of Oregon City. The first paper printed

on the press in Oregon was the *Spectator*, published at Oregon City for the first time on February 5, 1846.

"The press has a bed 25 x 38 inches. The *Spectator* consisted of four pages, each 11½ x 17½ inches. The press was used in Oregon City more or less irregularly until 1863, when it was sold to H. R. Kincaid, who brought it to Eugene. On its way up the Willamette River it was shipwrecked, and lay for some time under water. At Eugene it was used for forty-six years in the printing of the *State Journal*. After it became too much out of date for further use it was kept in storage by Mr. Kincaid until its presentation to the University. It is now used as an auxiliary proofing press in the print shop of the Department of Journalism. It is in about as good condition as when it first came around the Horn.

"The press that printed the first paper in California had a more stormy history. Its first issue, the *Californian*, was printed on paper used by the Spaniards to wrap their cigaritos, dated August 15, 1846, seven months later than the first issue of the *Spectator* at Oregon City. Later after many vicissitudes it was burned by the populace of Columbia, California, to save it from the ignominy of a sheriff's sale. The press was a 'Ramage,' so called after Adam Ramage, the chief press builder in the United States at that time.

"A third hand-press that saw much service was another Ramage, No. 913. It was brought to San Francisco in 1846 by Samuel Brannan. This press has the distinction of having printed the first paper in San Francisco, the *California Star*, January 7, 1847, one year later than the first

Spectator. It also printed the first in Portland, the *Oregonian,* December 14, 1850; the first north of the Columbia River, September 11, 1852; and the first in Seattle, early in December, 1863. It was used in Seattle until about 1886. It was then put into storage, where it remained until it was presented to the University of Washington, where it now stands in one of the upper rooms.

"The press at the University of Oregon has a clear claim to the honour of having been the first one operated in the newspaper business on the Pacific Coast."

The motorist who has come from the north or the south by Pacific Highway to Eugene, is advised to turn eastward via Springfield (free automobile camp-ground) for a run of 55 miles along the valley of the McKenzie,— a valley tuneful with leaping brooks and tumbling cataracts, and a-shine with glossy rocks and the not-far-away snow summits of Mt. Washington (8600 ft.) and Three Sisters (highest, 10,660 ft.). A steep mountain road continues 25 miles beyond McKenzie Bridge, where there is a frequented inn, to McKenzie Pass (5000 ft.) and to Bend (66 m.) in Central Oregon. A camper's resort in the summer, a hunter's mecca in the fall, anglers come to the McKenzie Valley many months in the year to fill their baskets with the game Dolly Varden. In the forests are Douglas firs 300 feet tall and 45 feet in girth, whose lowest limbs grow 200 feet from the ground. High above the river and the soaring trees tower the Virgin Graces of the Cascades — three spires of white poised in chaste and friendly grouping midway between the green and the brown plains of Oregon.

As if old Egypt planted there
And left proud pyramids to grow,
Ten million tall and multiplied
Until they pushed the stars aside.

Joaquin Miller lived in the Willamette Valley near Eugene, and as a child laboured in the fields within sight of the mountains he later loved to glorify. Born Cincinnatus Heine Miller, he took the Christian name, when about thirty years old, of a California bandit, Joaquin Murietta, whose romance he had put into verse. His first books of poetry were printed in Portland.

When the Southern Pacific completes the Eugene and Klamath Falls Cut-off (about 175 m.), travellers to Crater Lake and the Klamath Country will go by a more direct route than is now possible by the main line through Southern Oregon into California. The branch under construction will cross the Cascades north of Diamond Peak and pass below Crater Lake on the east. From the junction of the railroad with the motor-road, Klamath Falls – Fort Klamath, the distance to the Lake will be 40 miles, or half the distance now travelled by motors over the usual route, Medford – Crater Lake.

Eugene — Grant's Pass — Medford — Ashland.

Twenty miles below Eugene at Cottage Grove, a name which well describes the verdant homelikeness of the place, the railway begins to climb the north slope of the Calapooia Mountains. From the ridge, a new land blessed with fruits and grain comes into view — the domain of the Umpqua. Not a valley of heaths and braes, but a valley with an unusual topography, composed of sharp-pitched hills grooved by ravines and fertile lanes so narrow that they are practically never swept by winds. Roseburg, at the heart of the little walled kingdom, has according to official statistics the lowest wind velocity in the United States.

The products of the valley are grapes, flowers, turkeys, and other tender things which love the sun and thrive best in bland climates.

The southern barrier of this Valley of Hills is pierced by rail and motorway through Cow Creek Canyon, which forms a winding stone corridor to the golden meadows watered by the river the French called Rouge. A hundred miles south of Roseburg, wheels pause at Grant's Pass for those to alight who are to make the side trip from here to the Josephine County Caves.

This ambitious town of 5000 population, "the good roads hub of enthusiasm and motor centre of the country," has undertaken to build a railway southwestward to meet a line ascending from Crescent City, California (96 m.). The rails are already laid for several miles paralleling the auto-stage route between Grant's Pass and the California port. The new road will offer rail facilities for approaching near to the Caves, which lie in the southeastern corner of this southernmost county, among the Siskiyous. The present route is via highway to Wilderville, thence by road along the Applegate and Williams Valleys to a point which is 37 miles from Grant's Pass and 10 miles by Government trail from the Caves. On foot, the trail ascent is made in 3½ hours. Pack and saddle-horses are for hire at the comfortable camp maintained for visitors, the charge for them being $2.50 a day. Terms for lodging and meals at the camp, $3 a day. Return fare from Grant's Pass to Williams (end of wagon-road) by mail motor-stage, leaving the post office at 7 A. M. every week-day, $3. The charge for special trips, when two or more are in the party, is the same, and the time consumed on the trip is less. It is

advisable to spend at least one night at the camp, in order to do justice to the Caves.

A rather longer and hillier road to the "Marble Halls" is the one running west from Medford (32 m. by rail from Grant's Pass), via Jacksonville, Applegate and Provost.

Mother Nature so cunningly secreted these jewelled caverns within a casket of brusque high peaks that even the forest-roaming aboriginal knew nothing of their existence. Only the wild creatures had found them out. It was a bear pursued by a youthful hunter that betrayed the passage-way to alabaster lairs adorned like a Bakst Hall of Orgy, to amazing dens pendent with calcium gems, to haunts pillared in frost-work, plumed with filigree fronds, tapestried in crystal. This palace of the bears, this mosque, this gorgeous marble dagobah was discovered to man forty years ago. The road which leads to it mounts through the Illinois Valley; encompassing summits have an elevation above sea level of from 4500 to 7000 feet, and there are tall forests, canyons and raging rivers to add vigour to the scene. Beside the trail, too narrow for vehicles to go up, are groves and fishing-streams to tempt a longer stay, during which the Caves, now by act of Congress a national monument, can be visited and appreciated at leisure. A Government guide whose services are free, is on duty every week-day afternoon from June 15th to October 1st between two and five.

The lower caves are entered at an altitude of 4300 feet. A main passage and circuitous byways are followed through chambers of unique imagery, sculptured in limestone that nature has left in various complete and incomplete degrees

of crystallisation. These chambers are in tiers to the depth of many hundred feet and extend for an indeterminate distance into the mountain. The succession of bowers, cells, pits, kiosks, galleries, vaults, shrines, crypts, cloisters, viaducts, petrified gardens and cascades, ascending and descending aisles, chasms through which waters course, ladders, stairways and fantastic salons, the guide will name, for guides delight to fashion titles, obvious and grotesque, for all the wonders of the earth. Thus, we invade the privacy of the Heavenly Boudoir, we ascend the Devil's Backbone, marvel at the Beehive, peer into Adam's Tomb, lit with lime icicles that drip from the ceiling or have been deposited on the floor, saunter among the crystals of the Pillar Room, regard with awe an imaginary monarch on his throne, exclaim at marble presentments of monuments, famous falls and mountains, shudder at the shadows in the Ghost Chamber, and lose ourselves in Paradise Hall, hung with chiming glass-clear cones and concealed over a quarter of a mile below the surface of the mountain called Greyback. One domed room with spreading columns was named Joaquin Miller's Chapel by the poet himself, during a visit paid by him five years before his death.

The extent of the Oregon Caves is yet to be determined. Each season, new rooms are broken through, new thoroughfares discovered. It is believed that no similar phenomena of geological structure excel them in size. Certainly the caves of Yallingup and Jenolan present no forms more daring, more complicated and massive than the crankling, scabrous, glassy, toothed and twilled, graved, moulded, panelled, festooned and tasselled

phantasies which justify any inconvenience or exertion necessary to reach this recessed and channelled eyrie of the Siskiyous.

The Valley of the Rogue is mellow with harvests and sunlight, and undisturbed by blasts or any poverty. This halcyonic sentence describes the water-shed about Grant's Pass and Medford. East and west of the open basin in which the two towns are situated the river is the close friend of crags and shaggy hills that give southern Oregon some of its wildest scenery. The French called it red (Rouge) because of a pigment found in its bed; settlers and miners who were robbed and slaughtered by Indians called it the Rogue, because its waters ran red with blood, and treachery lurked on its banks. To the left of the railway going down to Medford is Table Rock, where in the year 1853 General Lane fought a disastrous battle with the natives. In 1856 the enemy tribes of the Valley were removed to reservations. Now orchards file across the plain where the Indians used to pitch their smoke-stained tepees, and crops of prize-winning Newtowns and Bartlett pears are garnered where once was a desolated field of carnage.

Medford is prosperous to the bursting-point. Her banks overflow with profits from fruit, lumber, alfalfa and mines, civic improvements are lavishly made, there is a golf and country club whose grounds extend over a hundred acres, the beautiful homes of gentlemen orchardists line her paved streets. Most important of all to the stranger, there is a modern hostelry which cost $125,000 to build. Medford's tourist traffic is yet embryonic, though increasing thousands alight every year at her gates. It is conceivable that within a

brief span of summers, travellers to the number of several times the town's rapidly growing population will pause here en route to the Marble Caves, Ashland and Crater Lake.

Those who go into Josephine County from Medford pass through one of the oldest settlements in the State. Jacksonville, 5½ miles west by branch line, was born with a gold spoon in its mouth the year that Oregon became a territory. It was the stage then of frenzied mining scenes, and since that time quartz and placer operations have never ceased to be carried on in the neighbourhood. The value of the total gold harvest of Southern Oregon since 1851 is estimated at $150,000,000. Place-names in this vicinity recall graphic communities in California — Jump-off-Joe Creek, Whisky, John Mule, Pistol River. . . .

Allied with Medford as a touring base for the Caves, Crater Lake and the Klamath Basin, Ashland, half an hour's run south by railroad or Pacific Highway, asks the traveller's attention to its claims as a mountain hydropathic resort. Spread on an upland, it surveys the spacious valley of the Rogue River and curving ranges of tree-covered heights which have their climax in imposing snowcaps. The dominating peak of the vista is Mt. Ashland (7662 ft.), a chieftain of the Siskiyou clan. An automobile road is invading the forests of this wide-viewing mountain; situated at the State border, it welcomes and speeds travellers to and from the Northwest.

Ashland was settled a long while ago. It has old-fashioned homes as well as concrete blocks and bungalows, and a solid, satisfied air. The cause of greatest satisfaction is the galaxy of mineral springs possessed by the municipality — springs

hot, springs cold, springs of soda, lithia and sulphur, springs carbonated and chloro-carbonated. Ashland foresees itself the American Carlsbad, and to the end that the ailing, the tourist and the pleasure-seeker shall come here in Carlsbadian proportions and go away healed and amused, as from the Austrian spa, Ashland has reserved many acres for parks, has instituted a summer Chautauqua and free automobile camp grounds (which Carlsbad distinctly has not), has built fountains, swimming-pools and gas, mud and vapour bath-houses, and tea, dance and music pavilions. Scientifically equipped sanitaria and a large hotel are promised for the future.

Of the twelve springs in America highest in lithia contents, Ashland has two whose analysis exceeds that of the Hathorn and Congress waters of Saratoga, and a third which ranks well up in the list. The lithia and soda springs are carbonated by nature and are therefore agreeable to the palate.

Though situated nearly 2000 feet above sea level, Ashland's summer days are unqualifiedly hot. June and October are the pleasantest months of the tourist season. A table of August, 1915, temperatures, naïvely circulated by the local Commercial Club, records six dates on which the maximum degree indicated by the thermometer was 96 and over, eight on which the mercury registered 90° to 95°, fourteen when the maximum attained was not less than 85°, and five whose highest point was 80° to 84°. Which accounts for the thirty-one days of the month. This day-time torridity is not peculiar to the little city on the knees of the Siskiyous. All the towns of these walled mountain valleys in Oregon have excessive summer temperatures and no rain to speak of in mid-

"THE CHAPEL," JOSEPHINE COUNTY CAVES, OREGON

Named by Joaquin Miller

summer. At night a cool wind stirs, so that restful sleep usually solaces the heat-weary.

South of Ashland, the Southern Pacific road to Sacramento and San Francisco follows a devious route over, around and through the Siskiyous, across gorges by perilous spans and along well-braced ledges. Streams gurgle and leap, the air comes sweet from the dark oratory of the forest, the climb exhilarates and appals. The summit of the road is 15 miles from Ashland. When we look down and back, the valley we have soared above lies like a rich garden aglow in the sun. Down the other side of the barrier which separates the two states the train glides like a creature unleashed into the Shasta-land of northern California.

Routes to Crater Lake National Park.

Superior road conditions induce many tourists to go to the Park via Medford. During the tourist season, July, August and September, auto stage leaves Monday, Wednesday and Friday in the morning, and arrives at the Crater Lake camp or hotel seven or eight hours later. Stage leaves Crater Lake Lodge Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday for Medford. Single fare, $9; return, $16.50. The outbound trip from the Lake can be made by stage (Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; fares, $3.50 single, $6 return) to Kirk (26 m.), from which station there is rail connection three times a week with Klamath Falls. Daily trains make the run of 86 miles from the Falls to Weed, California, on the Southern Pacific main line. Passengers coming north from California frequently elect to go in from Weed by rail to Klamath Falls, thence by rail to Kirk (or lake steamer, Klamath Falls – Agency Landing and from there road and rail to Kirk), thence by road to Crater Lake, and return to the mail railway line at Medford. Stage, Kirk – Crater Lake, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Fare, Kirk – Crater Lake – Medford, $11.50. Travellers by this southern route are reminded that trains operate on the Kirk – Klamath Falls branch Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons only. Therefore, arrivals at the Lake from Medford must arrange for a two-day (Monday – Wednesday; Wednesday – Friday) or three-day stay (Friday – Monday) in the Park. Either arriving at or departing from Weed a delay is entailed before connections can be made with trains of the main line, and going either way, a night must be spent at Klamath Falls.

The Southern Pacific gives stop-overs and makes inclusive rail and stage rates from specific points to Crater Lake.

Only hand baggage weighing 25 pounds or less is carried free on each whole-fare ticket Medford – Crater Lake – Klamath Falls, or inversely. Trunks must be checked to passenger's point of departure, or point at which journey by rail is to be resumed (Medford, Ashland, Weed or Klamath Falls).

From Ashland (13 m. south of Medford), motorists unafraid of rough and mountainous conditions take the Dead Indian Road east to Klamath Lake, and proceed via Pelican Bay and Fort Klamath to Crater Lake (85 m.). A circular tour of 225 miles from and back to Medford is completed by way of Crater Lake to Fort Klamath, along the west shore of Klamath Lake to Klamath Falls, and thence to Ashland. On this trip, the road, Pelican Bay – Klamath Falls – Ashland (125 m.) is substituted for the Dead Indian cut-off, Pelican Bay – Ashland (50 m.).

Finally: the shortest, smoothest, prettiest, least complex and dusty way to Crater Lake is by motor from Medford through the Valley of the Rogue. The only advantage offered by the route north from Weed is that the distance necessary to be travelled by motor is less (26 m. Kirk – Crater Lake).

With the completion of the Southern Pacific line from Klamath Falls to Willamette Valley points, and the O.-W. R. & N. and Oregon Trunk extensions from Bend (Medford – Butte Falls, 35 miles, already constructed by the Hill line), three through railways will approach within a short distance of the east gate of Crater Lake Park. A lateral of the Oregon Short Line (Union Pacific System, Salt Lake – Pendleton and Umatilla) will eventually build across the State to tap the Klamath Falls cut-off. This will some day afford another rail route to Crater Lake.

The motor-road from Medford is in itself a reason for turning aside from the rail highway to visit the lake in a crater's basin. Those inclined to leisurely travel and not confined to stage schedules may spend profitable days camping, fishing and tramping among pines and wilderness streams. Mill Creek Falls hurtle down a boulder terrace a quarter-mile off the road to Prospect (47 m.). The California – Oregon Power Plant, which profits by a river-fall of several thousand feet, may be visited. A little way beyond the inn at Prospect, where stage passengers stop for luncheon, and also

off the main road, is the lava arch beneath which the Rogue rushes for a hundred yards. About 60 miles toward the Lake, the river canyon, confined and rocky, lures us again from the highway. A steady ascent of 7 miles from Silver Camp (62 m.), and we are at the west entrance of the park. At Mile 75.7 is the office of the Park Superintendent, who dispenses licenses for automobiles and motor cycles to enter the Reserve.[3] Camp Arant is close by the Superintendent's quarters, the post office, store and stables.[4] A road which twists sharply up the mountain brings us in 5 miles to the Lodge on the brink of the crater.

Crater Lake and the National Park.

Few make the pilgrimage thither with a defined notion of what they are to see. And looking for the first time on this amazing sapphire tarn sunk within a mountain-top, few are impressed as they have been told they ought to be. If Crater Lake does not instantly smite us with its transcendent strangeness and sublimity, astound us by its display of primal agencies, it is because we adjust our minds slowly to grasp supreme demonstra-

[3] Fee for permit to go once around the Park, $1; annual fee, $5. Roads leading to and from the Lake may be used from 6:30 to 10:30 A. M., and from 3:30 to 6:30 P. M. Motor vehicles must stop at the approach of horse teams, and take position on the outer edge of the road.

[4] The Government controls the rates for lodging, meals, horse and boat hire within the Park. Lodging and board at Camp and Hotel, $3.25 day. Lodging, $1 day per person. Lodging and board per week, $17.50. Unfurnished tents, $1 a day; tents furnished except for cooking utensils, $1 day per each occupant. Saddle and pack horses, 50c an hour each, or $5 per day. Launches and rowboats are for hire by the hour, trip or day.

Camping permits are issued by the Superintendent, and provisions, gasoline and horse feed are sold at the store.

tions of the Infinite. Many forces combine to make this spectacle unique among all the concepts of the Great Scene-painter. A visit to the demolished dome, on whose broken rim we stand 8000 feet in the air, explains elemental geology, makes clear phases of the earth's manufacture, and acquaints us with glacial and volcanic operations — the grinding of crags, the hollowing of water-beds, the filling-up of valleys, the obliteration of rivers, the beheading of mountains. In this primitive laboratory are exhibited glacial drifts and notches, fields of pumice and basalt, fired cliffs and pinnacles, flinty streams, layers of cooled rock, conglomerate débris, ice-grooved ridges, an island peak having an exposed crater, and a crater whose collapse made an undated lava floor for a vast blue pool of water, accumulated for cycles of years from earth and sky.

Once, this oval chalice which now holds a lake five and a half miles in diameter and two thousand feet deep, had a conical cap as high again as are the loftiest cliffs of the rim above sea level. At some long-ago period of the earth's moulding, perhaps even before Shasta and its sisters of the Cascades were evolved by flood and flame, the cauldron of a mountain that topped them all in height and energy was bedded with creative fires.

The elements furiously fed upon the flames and mounted till walls could not contain them, they boiled through fissures down the outer side of the cone, and volcanic glass and steam were exploded from the crest. The crucible of the mountain seethed hot with fluid rock. The country all about smoked in ruin. . . . At last the fiery tumult subsided, the interior contracted as it slowly cooled, and the unsupported summit, whose

bulk geologists estimate as seventeen cubic miles, collapsed into the furnace and sank down through the caverns of the earth.

This is the explanation accepted by most investigators. The theory that the head blew off in a single devastating cataclysm is given less credence.

The maximum depth of the crater from brim to bottom is 4000 feet. The pool — it is more like a deep and glassy pool than one's ordinary conception of a lake — is girdled by banks that rise from 500 to 2000 feet out of the water in sheer steeps of talus and striated rock. Glacier Peak, on the west side, has an altitude above sea level of 8156 feet, and seven other ridges approximate this height. Kerr Notch, on the south wall, is 6700 feet above the sea.[5] Between these dismantled spurs of the once mighty summit is Victor Rock. Here an attractive stone lodge has been erected for the housing of visitors.

The Rock is the platform from which people of many races and countries have gained their first view of the placid sheet below, its singular islands, its circular wall and the distant mountains which peer down upon it. The Indians believed these shores inhabited by the Great Spirit. None but the conjurer of a tribe ever approached the Lake, and only he after rites had been performed to secure the good will of the Llaos children of the Spirit, who were always near. Like a sleepless eye, blue, unfaltering and omniscient, the lake lay watching through the centuries. Superstitious

[5] The Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., will mail a topographic map of the Park upon receipt of 10 cents. Excellent sketch maps are contained in a pamphlet, *Geological History of Crater Lake,* by J. S. Diller, which may also be had for 10 cents by addressing the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington.

pioneers who fell under its glance named it "Bottomless Spook Lake." Men to this day shudder, weep, turn from their fellows discomfited by the baffling look of the "Sea of Silence," the "Deep Blue Lake," the "Lake of Mystery."

The two last names were bestowed by a party of prospectors who in 1853 passed this way in search of a lost claim. Because they were the first white men to stand on this ragged brink, they are called the discoverers of the crater. W. G. Steel, whose knowledge of all this region is encyclopœdic, began in 1885 a campaign for the preservation of the Lake country at a National Park. The efforts of nearly twenty years were rewarded in 1902 when the necessary laws were enacted to give Crater Lake to the people of the United States. The Mazama Club of Oregon mountaineers camped here in 1896, and presumptuously affixed the nimble title of their organisation to the seared and world-old Cyclops whose decapitation brought about the creation of the Lake. Their christening has been officially approved. The Headless Giant of the Cascades is therefore designated on all present-day maps as the Mount of the Jumping Goat.

The sides of the crater are broken with precipitous gullies marked by slanting trees. The trail on the cliff below the Lodge is the only one possible to be descended without danger; to climb up it leaves one breathless at the end of a strenuous fifty minutes. Though the altitude of the lake repels familiarity it draws you like a magnet and when you have looked on it awhile, you wish to touch it and move upon it. Like a sea of azurite it flows limpid from the shore. Its great depth of colour and sounding seems to give it weight, and you are surprised that the prow of your row-

boat or launch cleaves it lightly as other water is cleft. If the boat is directed toward the north from Victor Rock, Wizard Island will soon obstruct the course. This wooded, flat-topped cinder cone thrust 763 feet above the surface from the submerged mass below is an example of a crater within a crater. Mr. Diller, of the United States Geological Survey, says it is "a perfect little volcano . . . surmounted by a crater 80 feet deep . . . an entirely new volcano built up by volcanic action upon the bottom of the caldera since the subsidence. Were it not for the lake the whole bottom of the caldera could be examined, and it is possible that other small volcanic cones might be found. This suggestion is borne out by the soundings of the lake, which appear to reveal two other cases, but they do not rise to within 400 feet of the surface of the water. It is evident that the volcanic eruptions upon the bottom of the caldera have partially filled it up. Originally it may have been much more than 4000 feet deep."

From the channel west of the island's beach you look up nearly 2000 feet to the sloped ridge of the Watchman and Glacier Peak. The water is called shallow at a hundred feet. Bright objects lying that far down on the bottom are clearly seen, and the fish introduced here for the angler can be descried to the very colour of their spots. The inner walls of the west and north side of the crater are of especially interesting construction. On the face of Llao Rock "the outline of the valley in cross section is evident. It rests upon pumice and many layers of older lavas, forming the rim down to the water's edge." Each cliff of the notched inclosure has its individual origin and conformation, and is an illuminating text-book

to students of geology. The reflection of the varied contours is so distinct on and apparently beneath the water that you have the sensation of imminent collision, as oars or engine drive forward the boat.

Beyond the Palisades is the shelving slope of the Wineglass, above Grotto Cove. Eastward from Cloudcap Bay are Mt. Cloudcap (8070 ft.) and Scott Peak (8938 ft.) which are included within the 160,000-acre tract of the Government Park. The small springs which occur along the southeast wall indicate that larger streams entering below the water may be a source of the lake's supply. Though never brackish or cloudy, and excellent to drink, the water has no visible ingress or exit. The boat-ride in a mountain is concluded when the needle spars of the Phantom Ship are passed and the landing made in Eagle Cove. The pinnacled isle moored in the curve of Dutton Cliff wears its ghostly name because in the morning shadows its shape is lost against the background of the bluff. The Lake's adornments, its eerie tints of turquoise and zaffer, its vari-coloured embankment, its origin, its surroundings seem all preternatural, and though you stay for days on its borders, driving or walking by the 20-mile road around the margin of the crater, riding to distant canyons and falls, camping in near-by glades, climbing to other summits in the Park, its spiritual influence is always with you.

Accessible from various parts of the Reserve by road and horse trail, Scott Peak is ascended for the prospect from its slopes of valleys and mountains, from the Willamette to Shasta. Visible immediately below, deep in its pit, is the wondrous Orb of Colour in the rigid brow of Vulcan.

Crater Lake — Klamath Falls.

One motor-route to the south turns away from the Medford road at Camp Arant, near the western entrance of the Park, and follows all the way to Fort Klamath the canyon of Anna Creek, one of the chief-works to be seen in the Government enclosure. The walls, balustraded in regular palings, are most lucid examples of the power of water to chisel stone.

At Fort Klamath (21 m.), in the Wood River Valley, several roads converge. One which makes a V with the highway from Crater Lake goes due north toward Bend (100 m.; Klamath Lake–Bend, 150 m.; daily stage, $11.50). A new road leading from the east gate of the Park along Sandy Creek crosses the highroad to Bend and descends to Kirk, present terminus of the Klamath Falls rail extension. Stage connections to Kirk have already been given under "Routes to Crater Lake."

From Fort Klamath, two roads go to the town of Klamath Falls: one (38 m.) runs south via the Indian Agency along the east side of Klamath Lake; the other (58 m.) follows the west side, via Pelican Bay. The latter is the best for scenery and hotels. The former is interesting for its reminiscence of hostile conflicts with the Modocs, whose chiefs were executed by the avenging hand of justice at Fort Klamath in 1873, following two years of depredation and massacre. Part of the battle-ground of the Modocs and the Whites is incorporated in the Reservation east of the lake, which has an area equal to that of the State of Delaware. Two famous trout streams, the Sprague and the Williamson Rivers, traverse the

Reservation. The Klamaths who till the desert- and marsh-reclaimed acres are peaceful and common-place, like all Pacific Coast tribes of our generation.

Pelican Bay, 23 miles south from Fort Klamath by road, is also reached by steamer across Klamath Lake from the east side motor-road, and from the Harriman Lodge Station on the railway, Kirk – Klamath Falls. The narrowest arm of this plateau lake of large area and wonderfully clear water, is the traditional habitation of legions of the white, web-footed birds whose distinguishing mark is a distensible pouch beneath an enormous horned beak, into which fish are drawn whole and gulped greedily. Also, there are black cormorants in great number, which, though smaller, are even more gluttonous than the pelican. In the summer, herons stand on the lake-bank, one-legged and pensive. On the edge of the bay, Mr. E. H. Harriman chose a site for a summer home, for which outlook and wilderness background were the chief considerations. Since 1912, the property has been at the disposal of travellers, through the enterprise of the Klamath Development Company. Guests are diverted by big game and water-fowl hunting, by extremely good fishing in dozens of trout-habited streams, by pleasures pertaining to the lake, 10 miles wide at this point, and by joys of forest and mountain. Rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, weighing from 2 to 25 pounds, are baited by fly and spoon. Pyramidal Mt. Pitt (9750 ft.) stands guard above the Lodge and its cabins, before whose doors its angled shadow is cast upon the surface of the lake.

Klamath County is composed of several extinct lake beds; some are densely forested and belted

by mountains, others are open sun-beaten mesas of volcanic soil, 4000 to 4700 feet in altitude, and capable of exceedingly profitable farming when irrigated. Marshes, one-time lakes incompletely drained, and several broad bodies of fresh water, cover other areas. Twenty billion feet of white and yellow pine are standing in this rich and oddly configured portion of southern Oregon.

Inspiring views of the Cascades, and glimpses of lakes and rivers frequented by hunters, beguile the 30-mile journey from Harriman Lodge to Klamath Falls, on the Link River, at the foot of Klamath Lake. The town's growing prosperity is ascribed to its position at the heart of immense timber tracts and vast acres of irrigated lands in the Klamath Basin. Aside from road, railway and steamer routes north toward Crater Lake, several rail lines are built or are building into Klamath Falls from Oregon and California. By the Weed – Klamath Falls – Eugene cut-off, the running time of trains between San Francisco and northern coast cities will be reduced several hours, owing to the avoidance of the grades through the Siskiyous, via Ashland. Another rail route to the Klamath Basin and Crater Lake which will benefit the tourist is the Modoc Northern, building from the Ogden Route of the Southern Pacific. The continental line is tapped at a point east of Reno, Nevada. Klamath Falls and Bend are to be joined by the Oregon, California and Eastern Railway.

The visitor who stays over-night at Klamath Falls or makes it the centre for sundry instructive excursions among alfalfa fields and logging camps, will find himself luxuriously served at the White Pelican Hotel. The proprietors, who are also re-

sponsible for the delights of Harriman Lodge, expended $340,000 in 1911 on the building, its furnishings and the mineral baths provided for guests.

If the days are hot, a cool goal may be reached, but over a blazing road, by going 20 miles southeast to Merrill, and thence through the lava country to vaults in the earth that are walled and floored with pure ice, which never melts. West of Merrill is Lower Klamath Lake, east is Tule Lake. The land hereabouts is springing with prosperous crops as a result of elaborate irrigation affecting many thousands of acres.

The motor-road through Merrill continues into northeastern California. From Klamath Falls motor-road and railroad go southwest 40 miles to Klamath Hot Springs, a popular vacation resort below the Oregon border, reached from the main Southern Pacific line, via Ager, California.

The highway from Ashland to Klamath Falls continues 100 miles east to Lakeview, seat of Lake County, and from here into northeastern California. Lakeview at the head of Goose Lake is the Oregon terminus of the Nevada, California and Oregon which joins the Southern Pacific Ogden Route in Nevada and the Western Pacific in California. North from Lakeview to Bend, the new Oregon, California and Eastern Railroad is promised for the future.

Stage-roads branch northwest from Lakeview, via Summer Lake, Silver Lake (93 m.), Fort Rock and Fremont, to La Pine, Bend (180 miles; auto stage daily; fare $25) on the Deschutes River, and to Prineville,[6] on the Crook River. A road goes

[6] Bend – Redmond – Prineville – Madras – Shaniko – The

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DUTTON CLIFF, CRATER LAKE, CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK

northeast via the Warner Lakes and "P" Ranch (dangerous 35 per cent. grade) to Harney Lake (O.-W. R. line under construction, from Arden to Ontario, on main line north from Idaho), Malheur Lake, Burns and Vale (on main O.-W. R. line and motor-road to Pendleton). The so-called Oregon Central Military Road (Ashland – Klamath Falls – Bly – Lakeview – Idaho border) crosses the Steins Mountains and the Owyhee River on the way to Boisé City, Idaho.

Says a State publication, "Lake County is a region of scenic curiosities; gigantic rims rise thousands of feet above the level plains and are impressive, but doubly so is the view from the tops of the rims, looking straight down on the blue lakes, the hay fields and the vast soda deposits. From above, the latter look like a veritable inferno, the yellow incrustations being in sharp contrast with the gleaming white of exposed soda deposits and the intense blue of the lakes. Lieutenant John C. Frémont, in December, 1843, entered what is now Lake County from the west, gradually ascending a high timbered plateau amid deep snows and howling winter winds. At an altitude of 7000 feet the prospect suddenly opened, and he and his small party reached the rim from which a scene of marvellous beauty was unfolded; the rim he named Winter Ridge and the blue lake directly below him he called Summer Lake, because of the green verture along its western bank close to the rim. Descending 3000 feet to the lake he found warm springs, green grasses and trees and a mild temperature in December. Near where he

Dalles, via the Central Oregon Highway, 172 miles. Bend – The Dalles by rail, 156 miles. See "Excursion into Central Oregon," Chapter V.

descended and flowing from under the great rim are the Anna River springs — a cluster of springs — the largest of which flows from an aperture nearly 200 feet across, being the largest spring in the State of Oregon and one of the largest in the world. This spring water feels warm to the touch and forms the Anna River which winds through the plains at the north end of Summer Lake and enters the lake. Fossilised remains of the three-toed horse, the mammoth mastodon and other numerous remains of the early geological periods are found in the vast plains that once were lake beds. Also remains of the ancient Indian civilisation. In the heavy forests of the mountain ranges are found bear, deer, cougar and wildcat; also excellent fishing streams. Hundreds of hunters go from California and Nevada every year to Lake County for big game and fine fishing. In Warner Lake, Goose Lake and a few other lakes are found pelican, swan and other rare fowl. Goose and duck hunting is splendid in the marshes. Steamboats and launches ply Goose Lake, altitude 4700 feet, said to be the highest navigated lake in the United States. Before the advent of the railroad considerable freight was carried in the steamboats on Goose Lake. There are many resorts along its banks. The buttes in the open country in the north of the county are, many of them, exceedingly rough and picturesque, their rock formations being fantastic and massive. One of the best known landmarks is an ancient crater, several hundred feet above the level plains, called Fort Rock; the steep walls of the crater are so nearly perfect as to give this giant eminence the aspect and character of a great fortification. The homesteaders who settled near this

crater named their town after Fort Rock. Two buttes in the northeastern part of the county are called Glass Buttes, as the molten volcanic rock of which they are composed has the brittle and semi-transparent character of jet black glass."

CHAPTER VII

SEATTLE AND ITS ENVIRONS
THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA
ROUTES ACROSS THE CASCADES TO THE COLUMBIA BASIN

Seattle—Snoqualmie Falls and Index. Seattle—Bremerton—Hood Canal—Port Townsend—Port Angeles—Lake Crescent—Sol Duc—Neah Bay.

Seattle—Ellensburg—Wenatchee and North Yakima en route to Spokane.

* * *

Seattle.[1]

Poseidon, Greek god of the sea, took to wife Amphitrite from among other fair nymphs, endowed with fishes' tails. Chosen bride of the North Pacific, Seattle has domain over the lesser Nereids of the inland Puget Sea.

A thousand waterways contribute to her kingdom. Gulfs, bays, streams, friths and fjords all serve as courses for the doughty craft, big and small, that attend her varying needs. Her perch is the ridge between the Sound and Lake Washington whose prospect to the west is the jagged Olympics, to the east, the Cascade Range, to the north, the Sound crowned by Mt. Baker, to the south, Mt. Rainier. A river and three lakes, besides a newly dredged canal, are enclosed within

[1] For rail connection from Portland, see end of Chapter V. For steamers and other trunk lines, see under "Transportation," Chapter I. Also fine print, Seattle – Tacoma, Seattle – Everett, Seattle – Spokane, at end of this chapter.

her civic bounds. The site, too steep in places, has been hydraulicked to lower levels, and the surplus earth applied where it serves to give foothold for docks and mills along the water-front. The main body of the town is roughly shaped like a crescent and is flanked by two wings. From the north wing it is separated by Salmon Bay, the Canal, Lake Union and Union Bay; the latter, a fresh-water bight, opens into Lake Washington, which for several miles rims the inland shore of the city. The wing to the south is divided from the central part by the devious Duwamish, whose wanderings are terminated in Elliott Bay, the salt-water vestibule of Seattle and its two peninsulas.

The outer pillars of the harbour are 5 miles apart and are called West Point and Alki Point. West Point is the appropriate site of Fort Lawton, which extends back from the edge of the bluff. At Alki, a dozen adult settlers arrived in the year 1851 after an overland journey of 108 days from Illinois to Portland, and a coast voyage north from Astoria. The trading-post on this sharp-angled cape projecting into Puget Sound was first called New York. Alki means in the Chinook tongue, "after a while," and this phrase signifying postponed expectations was facetiously added to the original name. The city which was subsequently platted along the edge of Elliott Bay, some miles east of Alki, might to-day consistently add the Chinook words to her scutcheon. For Seattle hopes, after a while, to be the New York of the Pacific.

Chief Se-alth came in 1852 with some of his tribe to camp at Alki and fish. His father, according to Arthur Denny, the Illinois pioneer, was a

Suqumpsh, his mother a Duwampsh. Blessed with a good disposition, a firm character and uncommon intelligence, he had influence with his tribesmen and was respected by the Whites. In compliment to him, Denny, Bell and Boren gave his name, slightly altered, to the infant community which came into being on the bay shore and on the bluff above the water. The village was scarcely out of its swaddling clothes when Indians from the banks of the Snoqualmie attacked and massacred some of the settlers. Block-houses and a stockade were built in 1855-6 for the defence of the settlement. A series of hostile engagements with Leschi, "one of the Nisqually chiefs . . . a busy intriguer and great traveller," occupied a lengthy period during which it was unsafe to live outside the palings of the village enclosure.

Gone are warrior Indians, gone are the cabins on the bluff, and the Yesler mill which sawed the timber for the building of Seattle, and the rough stores that sold pork and butter from the other side the Horn, flour from Chili and sugar from the Orient. A massive city with high contour of buildings and towers, hemmed at its base with masts, tracked by railways, boulevards and thronged streets, is the present-day bearer of the old chief's name.

Great piers occupy the centre shore line. To the right of an incoming vessel rears the L. C. Smith Building, a 42-story landmark as chill and ungainly as any lighthouse on a lonely cliff. Structural billows of ten or twenty stories' crest surge toward it from the north. On the topmost of the city's mounting terraces stands a stately cathedral, as so often a cathedral stands high above the cities of the world.

Seattle's progress has not bated since the first treasure-ship came down from Alaska with its cargo of lucky miners' pokes. Between July, 1898, and January, 1907, nearly $140,000,000 was received at the Seattle Assay Office. Since then, another hundred million has been added to the store. A proportion of the gold washed on the banks of the Klondyke and transported in frail ships to the city on the Sound was employed in the purchase of real estate "additions," in erecting in Seattle new commercial buildings, new hotels, houses and factories, and in establishing new farm, fish and lumber enterprises. Since 1900, Seattle, the cash-box of Alaska and the Yukon and entrepôt of Oriental produce, has gained 300 per cent. in population. Millionaires are as plentiful as briers in a bramble. Not a few laid their fortune on the oozy flats at the mouth of the Duwamish, where a payment of $10 a month originally secured a sizeable plot, at times invisible above water. When bay frontage grew scarce, and two new railways sought ocean level terminals in 1904, the value of the tide-lands rose, higher than any waves that had washed them, and presently the clerk, promoter, marketman or dock-hand who had sunk his savings in the mud, found himself worth many hundred times his investment.

A prophet, not a Northwesterner, who believes in Seattle, expounds the reasons for his confidence on the following convincing basis:

"The causes that produce urban centres of population are fairly defined, easy of classification and ever present. They are nine in all, five natural and four man-made. Those cities that measure nearest 100 per cent. standard in all these causes develop faster and more permanently. The

causes, in order, are: Natural: — water, topography, climate, location, fertility; man-made: — energy, character, civic development, good roads.

"Some of these terms, in reference to Seattle, need no explanation — for instance, water supply and climate.

"With regards to topography, I take into consideration the hills with their unsurpassed views of Sound and lakes, forest and snow-capped peaks, for residences; a business centre easy of access; plenty of level land alongside deep water and rail transportation for manufacturing and commercial purposes.

"As to location, this city is the gateway to Alaska and the Orient, and a primary shipping-point coastwise. . . .

"The word fertility is not used in the restricted sense of how fertile the farming area may be, but rather of all things in which the tributary territory may be fertile. For instance, the sea hereabout is fertile in fish, the ground in coal and other mineral, the land is grain and cattle, the forest in lumber.

"The energy of your people is shown in the wonderful city you have built in a quarter of a century. . . .

"These things also illustrate the character of the people: obstacles no matter how great, overcome; splendid institutions, and business creations that dominate this important section of the United States, civic development that is ideal, such as is typified in a system of boulevards and parks that has no equal anywhere.

"The term good roads, like fertility, must be used in a generic way, including waterways for commerce; the Sound and its splendid harbour,

119°
G
118°
H
117°
Slocan Jc.
Lower Arrow L.
Summit
Kootenai Lake
Robson
Kootenai Ldg.
Christiana Lake
Kettle R.
Kootenai R.
CANADA
COLUMBIA
Grand Forks
Rossland
49°
Molson
Chesaw
Danville
Vulcan Mt.
Laurier
Frontier
Boundary
Baldy Mt.
Northport
Big Falls
Curlew
Orient
Rockcut
Metaline
Bonaparte
Bodie
Malo
Marble
Ryan
Mt. Bonaparte
Bossburg
Wauconda
Curlew L.
Boyds
Cement
Meyers Falls
Ward
Head of Nav.
Mt. Annie
Republic
Marcus
Beulah
Colville Mt.
Kettle Falls
Colville
Pend Oreille R.
Priest L.
Priest R.
FERRY
Orin
Arden
Calispell Pk.
Ruby
Harvey
STEVENS
Rice
Arzina
Addy
Locke
Daisy
Waterloo
Bluecreek
Cusick
Bead L.
Meteor
Maud
Chewelah Fk.
Usk
Lenora
COLVILLE
Gifford
Dunn
Chewelah
Calispell
Nespelem
Gold Mt.
Bissell
Newport
Lanes Mt.
Valley
Penrith
INDIAN RESERVATION
Alyea
Gray
Deer L.
Scotia
Mt. Telleman
Hunters
Loon Lake
Camden
Keller
Fruitland
Springdale
Loon L.
Elk
Barry
Geroine
Deertrail
Clayton
Milan
FT. SPOKANE MIL. RES.
SPOKANE INDIAN RES.
Deerpark
Mt. Carlton
Plum
Miles
Wellpinit
Tumtum
Buckeye
Chattaroy
Hellgate
Colbert
1
2
48°

WASHINGTON
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
SCALE OF KILOMETERS
County Towns
Railroads
L. L. POATES, ENGR'G CO., N.Y.
Longitude West from Greenwich
DOMINION OF CANADA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
VANCOUVER ISLAND
STRAIT OF GEORGIA
STRAIT OF JUAN DE FUCA
PACIFIC OCEAN
WHATCOM
SAN JUAN
SKAGIT
OKANOGAN
FERRY
STEVENS
SNOHOMISH
CHELAN
DOUGLAS
LINCOLN
SPOKANE
CLALLAM
JEFFERSON
KITSAP
KING
MASON
CHEHALIS
THURSTON
PIERCE
KITTITAS
GRANT
ADAMS
WHITMAN
LEWIS
PACIFIC
WAHKIAKUM
COWLITZ
SKAMANIA
CLARKE
KLICKITAT
YAKIMA
BENTON
FRANKLIN
WALLA WALLA
COLUMBIA
GARFIELD
ASOTIN
COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION
YAKIMA INDIAN RESERVATION
SPOKANE INDIAN RES.
MT. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK
Mt. Rainier
Mt. Baker
Mt. Adams
Mt. St. Helens
Mt. Hood
Mt. Olympus
Olympia
Seattle
Tacoma
Spokane
Everett
Bellingham
Port Townsend
Walla Walla
North Yakima
Ellensburg
Wenatchee
Vancouver
Portland
Aberdeen
Hoquiam
Centralia
Chehalis
Pullman
Colfax
Ritzville
Davenport
Waterville
Republic
Colville
Pasco
Kennewick
Prosser
Goldendale
Kelso
The Dalles
Oregon City
Columbia R.
Snake R.
OREGON
IDAHO

for instance; steam railways, many transcontinental lines having termini here; street cars, interurban trolley lines; automobile roads, such as the Pacific and other Highways in which the State and county are so widely investing for the future; well-paved streets, arterial lines of travel.

"Seattle . . . will in time become the largest city on the Coast; and, eventually, one of the half-dozen largest cities in the United States. Why? Because Seattle has within itself all the essentials for the making of a really great city."

No one questions statements so logical and so true in analysis. Materially, Seattle is all that is sprightly and ambitious, shrewd, capable and knowing. Moreover, great institutions for learning have been built, the music of local organisations is liberally patronised, homes are beautified beyond the homes of most other cities, away from the Pacific Coast. Yet to the stranger, the sojourner for a week or a month, the city has the cold gloss of a new house in which no fire has yet been lighted; too busy in its rearing, it has had no time, so far, to mature a soul. The dollar mark is obtrusively the city's crest. The visitor is greeted with a noisy geniality if his pockets jingle loud enough. If his touring-car be large and shiny, or if as a "home-seeker" he express interest in a sightly lot, the eagerness of Seattle is as Californian as — Los Angeles.

Given a longer period for the seasoning of its roof-tree, for the mellowing of the wine of courtesy, for the refining of its money-lust, and perhaps we shall have in Seattle a civic personality less brusque, less conscious of its bank clearings, less glib as to the size and cost of "improvements," a city cultured, not boastful of its literacy only,

and one more in tune with that best of all things, common kindness unalloyed with self-interest.

The cradle of the town is Pioneer Place, an irregular plot enclosed by four streets which were the first built upon by the fathers of Seattle. Originally it was the centre of industry. Various interests still revolve around it, though business has extended north and south of this old-time region at First Avenue and oblique Yesler Way. Loungers seek the sun here, as in San Francisco's Portsmouth Square. The tourist comes to see the ancient pole of Thlinget heraldry installed on a central grass plot. This symbol of totemism, 60 feet tall and allegorically carved, once belonged to a prominent family of the Raven Clan, who resided on the Alaskan island of Tongas. It is related that loyal sons of Seattle made off with the armourial souvenir in the absence of the chief, and thereby called down upon their heads dark Thlinget maledictions. Any one happening upon the spot unawares might think the curse had come true in the coloured and distorted sculpturings that clamber up and down the column. At the top, according to Alaskan interpreters, is the Raven carrying off the moon, in compliance with a north coast legend. His feet rest upon a symbolical women and frog, who in turn crouch upon the Mink, the Whale and the Chief of All, the Thunder-bird, each of which has its own significance in the lore of the Alaska Indians.

Down Yesler Way are the docks where one takes ship for Shanghai or Tacoma, Skagway or the San Juan Islands; where half a hundred steamship lines unload silks, gold and halibut, and where cargoes of salmon, lumber, wheat and merchan-

dise, in incredible volume, are taken aboard for world ports. The shops on the harbour-front sell things that whisper of the sea. Odours are salt and tarry. Boots are hip-high, coats plaid or shiny yellow. Head-gear is broad brimmed behind. Windows bulge with tackle and cordage, anchors and seines, and the bow-legged men you jostle may be cod-fishers outfitting for a Bering bank, a whaling captain shopping for the latest thing in harpoons, a Siwash with a 20-pound salmon caught from his canoe in the bay, or a knot of navvies just off an up-from-the-depths submarine.

The fish markets are as appetising, if not so curious, as those of Marseilles. All the markets of Seattle show tasty produce the year through, and the proper thing, if you are a householder, is to turn your feet or your motor to the several centres of buying any week-day, with a basket on your arm.

Up Yesler Way, above First Avenue, are the stations of the interurban and continental railways, and the City Hall, in an attractive park. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific Companies, with allied railroads, use the high-towered building at King Street. The new passenger station of the Oregon – Washington Railroad, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, with its Puget Sound subsidiaries, is a block or so beyond. The chief business blocks are between University and Stewart Streets, on the avenues numbered First to Sixth, each one of which is a block higher up the hill than the number next below it. Shops and many theatres, banks, steamship agencies, some hotels, and, in general, establishments which cater to tourists' needs, centre on Second and Third Avenues, be-

tween Cherry and University streets, with Madison as the vertebra. Third and Fourth Avenues were lowered to make business and residential streets with a comfortable grade. A well-paved and comparatively level thoroughfare now traverses the Denny Hill section where the old Washington Hotel formerly stood on a dusty bluff.

Things-to-do in the downtown district include a visit in favourable weather to the tower of the Smith Building at Second and Yesler Way, for a survey of the city and its extraordinarily beautiful surroundings. Even in summer-time, mountain mists, often obscure the Olympics, which oppose a serrated wall across the Sound, and the signal peaks of Rainier and Baker. Travellers come and go who never behold them, except as their beckoning summits lift ethereally above a screen of vapour. But a crystal day such as the Puget Sound weather-god not infrequently grants, discloses ranges of unimaginable beauty, and individual pyramids of glinting snow to whose apex we look up from sea level more than two miles toward the blue. The long, many-fingered inlet thrusts far to the south and west, and reaches among romantic isles to the Pacific. A world resort must surely have arisen here, if not a place of commerical activity.

The doors of the Chamber of Commerce Alaska Bureau, 1206 Fourth Avenue, are open to every one interested in the exhibit and noon lecture concerning the land of mines, fish, glaciers and big vegetables. Near-by are the Travellers' Free Information Bureau, and the seven-story building of the Seattle Athletic Club. The dignified and costly structure of the Public Library occupies, with its marble approaches, the full

block between Fourth and Third Avenues and Madison and Spring Streets. The branch system of the Carnegie-aided institution includes ten or more buildings specifically erected for the installation of reference and circulating libraries, and several others where, in rented quarters, books are permanently installed or are in temporary deposit in stores. Strangers properly identified have no difficulty in securing the privileges of the circulating libraries, and are at all times made welcome in the congenial reading-rooms. Opposite the main edifice is the new home of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The million-dollar Federal Building, which houses the Post Office, is situated at Third Avenue and Union Street. In this vicinity are the offices of the *Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer,* chief among the city's seventy journals. University Street is a focal district for fine clubs, churches and residences. The Automobile Club, at Number 405, supplies informing literature concerning drives over local boulevards and to outlying regions of varied interest. At Fifth Street, the Washington Art Association admits visitors to view its small but well-chosen collection. Three paintings that especially appeal, " Davidson Glacier," " Autumn Cottonwoods," and " Charm of the Yukon," are by Leonard M. Davis, an Eastern artist who is recognised as at once the most spiritual and the most accurate interpreter of Alaskan moods. His work is the result of sixteen years' artistic research, during which he lived on the Arctic Circle and travelled in every part of Alaska and the Yukon. Mechanically, his canvases have interest in that the pigments are laid on, not in the ordinary manner, but with spatulas of two

sizes, by which, in the eyes of an eminent critic, Davis obtains "a purity, luminosity and uniformity of colour values having a higher vibratory action than with the brushes." The clearest, finest effects are secured in this simplest of manners. Visitors to the Government Building at the San Francisco Fair saw an exhibition of 127 sketches and finished paintings done by this ardent craftsman during his protracted journeyings in the Northland.

A block up the hill from the rooms of the Art Association one's curiosity is excited by a large rectangular edifice with colonial façade and steeple, which suggests architecturally any thing from a school to a State House. It is in fact an institutional church, whose membership expended upon the building several hundred thousand dollars and an amount of originality usually lacking in ecclesiastical organisations. The Plymouth Congregational Church contains four main floors and seventy rooms, including an auditorium having 1600 seats, a school, a gymnasium and a banquet hall. Seattle is prolific in church buildings of uncommon size and design. The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church is said to be the largest of that denomination in the country. St. James Roman Catholic Cathedral, situated on the crest of the ridge, has twin square towers 175 feet high, and a seating capacity of 1400.

Many civic and private structures signifying zeal and prosperity, numerous engaging hillside residential quarters, some untidy stretches and ugly blocks mark the route of the electric railways, and of motor omnibuses and observation cars which leave from convenient centres at stipulated hours of the day and evening. All the city's forty

parks are accessible by car. Seattle has a park adapted to every condition, humour and taste, and a score of neighbourhood fields for children and youths to grow well and happy on. To Alki Park one goes for the surf bathing, and to Schmidt's Park, near-by in West Seattle, to see big trees; to Jefferson Park, on Beacon Hill, to play golf, with Mt. Rainier for score-keeper; to Seward, Mt. Baker, Colman, Leschi, Madrona and Madison Parks for sundry diversions inspired by the proximity of Lake Washington, a twenty-mile playground for water sports; to Washington, Interlaken and Louise Boren Parks for lake vistas, as to Kinnear for views of Puget Sound; and to Volunteer for the gardening, for the tower view of twenty peaks which have more than 6000 feet altitude, and to pay tribute, before his statue, to William Henry Seward, instigator of the Alaska purchase and unknowing patron of Seattle. An æsthetically devised boulevard system, 50 miles in extent, unites the city's green acres and facilitates the enjoyment of all its scenes of mountain, grove and water. Motor-cars and trams cross Lake Union to North Seattle and speed through Woodland Park, arrayed in satin lawns and copses, then circle Green Lake and go by a diagonal boulevard east to Ravenna Park, where nature's reign is undisturbed except by cautious paths and slender bridges laid at the base of ancestral firs.

Swinging back toward the canal that links Lake Washington with Lake Union and makes possible a passage by boat to the Sound, we approach the pleasant site of the Alaska – Yukon Exposition, held here in 1909. The State University, formerly established in the centre of the city, fell heir not only to the location but to buildings occupied

by the Fair exhibits. The 350-acre campus is planted with conifers and deciduous trees, and decorated with hedges, flower-beds and peristyles. Most of the buildings are light in colour and conform to a severe style of architecture agreeably set-off by the park-like surroundings. An open-air theatre seats thousands of spectators at pageants and festivals, and athletic fields are the scene, winter and summer, of events important in the Northwestern Sports Calendar. The State Museum and the Forestry Building are open to visitors. The statue of George Washington, by Lorado Taft, invites attention, and varied comment.

The early biography of the University, which has now on its roll about 4000 students, is given in the following paragraph by Professor Edmond S. Meany, long associated with the Chair of History and author of historical works:

"In 1851, the Legislature created two equal universities — one at Seattle and one at Boisfort, in Lewis County. These were united in 1858 and located on Cowlitz Farm Prairie in Lewis County. The third and successful location was made in Seattle in 1861, the Legislature requiring the gift of ten acres as a site, which was made by Arthur A. Denny, Charles C. Terry, and Edward Lander."

This grant, of comparatively small commercial value fifty years ago, now comprises one of the most profitable parcels of real estate in Seattle.

Excursions East from Seattle.

Interposed between two mountain ranges only 100 miles apart, and situated on both salt and fresh-water bodies, with hundreds of miles of boat and

motor routes branching in all directions to islands, to sea-arms, to highland lakes and rivers, and to dominant peaks and fruitful valleys, Seattle offers an infinitude of excursions, many of which will yield in a day rare experiences not to be forgotten in a lifetime.

Close at home there are the little steamers which ply the length of Lake Washington and throughout their course acquaint one with innumerable coves where house-boats idle, and canoes and launches substitute wheeled vehicles. Automobiles cross the lake by one of two ferries, or travel around its shores to reach the hilly country beyond Renton and Enumclaw. The interurban car to Renton passes near the lake, among trim gardens and orchards.

The same alternative of an all-road or a ferry-and-road route is presented in planning the trip (25-28 m.) to Snoqualmie Falls, among the foothills of the Cascades. (De Lape motor tour from 114 James St., Seattle, daily at 9 A. M. Return fare, $3.) Near North Bend (also reached by rail, 52 m.), three forks of the Snoqualmie River unite and are precipitously cast over a flange of broken rock, whose drop is 268 feet. Niagara's maximum fall is a hundred feet less. The roar and the eternal spray which in spring and early summer flings half way up the cliff, token the great power of the torrent. Its flow, fretted by the wind and torn by jutting prongs, descends like a billowy train of some fabric filmier than lace to the dark floor of the on-going river.

A short way off is the plant where electricity for the lighting of Seattle is generated by the cataract.

The Snoqualmie road is a lateral of the Sunset Highway, from which a detour beyond North Bend is made to Cedar Falls. Continued up the slope of the Cascades, the Highway attains an altitude of 3000 feet at Snoqualmie Pass,[2] 65 miles distant from Seattle. A few miles east of the divide is charming Lake Keechelus, where an inn offers good accommodation for excursionists, or for travellers by the through rail and motor route between Seattle and Spokane (rail, 314 m.), via Ellensburg. The views on the way up the flank of the range and over the summit are thrillingly beautiful.

Another motor excursion whose reward is gushing waters and still high pinnacles patched with summer snows is the popular day run to Gold Bar and Index, the latter distant to the northeast 56-75 miles, according to the road taken.

An excellent way to view Seattle harbour, its beaches, piers and great mills, is to hire a launch on the water-front, or take passage on the sight-seeing yacht which leaves foot of Columbia Street twice every afternoon; fare 75 cents.

The Olympic Peninsula.

An hour's trip by steamer (Colman Dock, 6 times every week-day), out of Elliott Bay and across the Sound, is concluded at Bremerton Navy Yard. The route lies past Bainbridge Island, where Chief Se-alth was buried on the Indian Reservation following his death in 1886. The old civilisation, represented by this ancient landlord of Puget

[2] Early in 1915, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad completed a tunnel over 2 miles long through the summit, 450 ft. beneath the former elevation of the tracks.

Sound, and the new, exampled in the clangour about the Government's 870-foot dry-dock and the modern gear for the renovation of dreadnaught and torpedo boat destroyer, is in illuminating contrast. Naval vessels cruising Pacific waters come to Bremerton to be riveted, or scraped, or fitted with new engines, and these processes of restoration outsiders are permitted to witness. Thirteen hundred workmen are here in the employ of the Government. In May, Bremerton folk invite the Puget Sound country to their Rhododendron Festival.

A salt-water voyage at the foot of virgin peaks is the one which may be begun from Seattle any morning, and pursued 78 miles into the ocean-bordered Olympic Peninsula by way of Hood Canal, longest inlet of this "longest and most intricate sound in the world." As we cross to Admiralty Inlet and round Foulweather Bluff, we recall that the first one to navigate this fjord into the depths of a mountain wilderness was a lieutenant of Vancouver's crew of argonauts. A point directly opposite Seattle, off Bainbridge Island, was the anchorage of the *Discovery* and the *Chatham* in the spring of 1792. From this base, small boats were commissioned to reconnoitre the bays and arms of the newly-discovered interior sea. Mt. Baker and Mt. Rainier had already unveiled their faces to the navigators and received white men's names to substitute the Indian Kulshan and Tacoma. Capes, caves and deep harbours along Juan de Fuca Strait had been christened and anon recorded in the log of the explorers. With a degree of envy we read of these first forays of the English captain and his associates. To be the first of one's race to look on the overwhelming

heights of Rainier – Tacoma, to know that the prow of no other white man had cut the deep and placid waters of these tree-shadowed fairways — these were dispensations to recompense all hazard!

The Canal, named on May 13, 1792, for the Right Honourable Lord Hood, enters from the west side of the Sound and makes a wide track, over 80 miles long, at the base of mountain palisades whose culminating ridge to the northwest is 5000 feet above the deck of the trim *Potlatch*. The Olympic Highway is laid along the cliffs of the west bank. Beyond Dabop Bay and Quilcene, the Rivers Dosewallips, Duckabush, Hama Hama and Liliwaup, more musical in their passage than are their names upon the lips, pour down dim canyons in crashing water-falls. Their sources are among the topmost flights of the range called by the Spaniards the "Angels' Stairway." The Olympics have their apex in the lofty triumvirate, Olympus (8183), Fitzhenry (8098) and Constance (7717), which rise in the north central part of the broad peninsula. Each of these summits is at the head of descending ranges which branch like the radial arms of a star-fish, and carry on their backs forests so dense and remote as to be solely habited by bear, elk, cougar and other denizens whose haunts are rarely disturbed, except by hunters and fire rangers. The central and southern area of the Peninsula is set apart as a Federal Reserve.

Camps and inns cluster about the streams that disgorge in the canal, and may also be found back from the water among groves of firs and cedars whose branches often soar more than 200 feet above the earth, and are planted about their

LOOKING NORTH ON SECOND AVENUE, SEATTLE

wide-spreading bases with maples, fern thickets, and jungles of the *fatsia horrida*, known also to wary pedestrians as the Devil's Club. At Lake Cushman, reached via Hoodsport by auto-stage or saddle-horse over a 9-mile road, there are attractive log hotels, cottages and tents for those to whom the call of the wild is insistent.

Where the Canal bends acutely to the east, it is significant of the country's ruling sport in its fish-hook curve. The Skokomish Valley opens into the inlet near the terminal of the steamer line and suggests another route toward the foot-stool of high Olympus. Union City, with a population of 100, is " devoted to fishing, farming and logging . . . has a broom handle factory and a saw mill." From this statement an idea is gained of Hood Canal commerce. A stage conveys passengers from the tiny rural port to Shelton on a narrow fork of the Sound, a few miles distant. Here one takes boat or stage for Olympia (21 m.). From the State capital, at the southern extremity of Puget Sound, the journey may progress by boat or train to Tacoma, and so back to Seattle.

Shelton is the eastern terminus of a rail line which crosses the lower Peninsula to within 10 miles of Moclips, a favourite beach.

A 150-mile excursion along the upper coast of the sea-girt, snow-tipped domain of the Olympics retraces the path of the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, when they followed whither the Strait of Juan de Fuca led, twelve decades ago.[3] They came seek-

[3] Steamers of the Puget Sound Company leave the Colman Dock, Seattle, on frequent schedule for Port Townsend (42 m.), Port Angeles, and landings between these harbours and Neah Bay (147 m.), near the mouth of the Strait. Most of the sailings are at night. Three boats leave daily

ing among the island chain which stretches between the Peninsula and the mainland, north of Seattle. Near the entrance to Hood Canal, Whidbey Island, commemorating one of Vancouver's subordinates, contracts the channel through which sloop-of-war and armed tender passed, as we pass on the steaming *Bellingham* or *Sol Duc*.[4] Port Townshend was the name originally given to the harbour on the eastward headland of the Peninsula. Behind the headland, the adventurers had a temporary rendezvous in a deep haven named for Vancouver's flag-ship. The forests have been cleared on a high green bluff to make room for the sightly town which in a year records the movements of many hundreds of vessels bound for home and foreign ports. Puget Sound Coast Artillery, the Revenue Cutter service, the Quarantine and Hydrographic Service of the United States have their headquarters at Port Townsend. Two regular army garrisons are stationed on the west side, and a third on the east side of Admiralty Inlet.

Port Townsend is connected by regular steamer service with the San Juan Islands.

for Port Angeles, where there is connection for Lake Crescent and Sol Duc Springs, the resorts principally visited. Steamers on the route, Seattle – Bellingham and Seattle – Victoria also call at Port Townsend, at the northeastern corner of the peninsula. From Port Townsend, the coast may be followed westward by the railroad recently built by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, as far as Earles, beyond Crescent.

The Olympic Highway also crosses the upper end of the peninsula from Port Townsend to Mora (about 100 m.), via Lake Crescent. By motor, Seattle – Tacoma – Olympia – Shelton – Hoodsport – Quilcene – Port Townsend – Port Angeles – Lake Crescent – Mora, 275 miles.

[4] The first steamboat in the Sound trade, the *Fairy*, a side-wheeler, was brought on the deck of the bark, *Sarah Warren*, and thereafter substituted the canoe as mail carrier to Olympia. The *Beaver* also called in here in 1836.

Port Williams, the next call to the west, is the outlet for the Sequim country where 65,000 sandy acres have been redeemed for agriculture by irrigation. As a gauge of the prairie's productiveness, the size of potatoes is quoted,— potatoes so generously girthed that the Northern Pacific Railroad thinks them worthy to be served, with other Big Potatoes, as an advertised feature of its dining-car service. Crops of hay and vegetables share interest on this northern shore with catches of crabs and clams — of crabs so huge that a single one makes an ample and most excellent family dinner. Little thought Captain Vancouver when he bestowed the name Dungeness upon a sand spit reminiscent of the one he knew off the coast of England, that the appellation as applied to an immense crustacean, with tender sweet meat, would in generations to come enliven the ménu of eager gourmets up and down this coast.

As the steamer swings wide of the sand bar we get a good view of Mt. Baldy, back of Sequim, and of Mt. Angeles (6000 ft.), with Constance, Fitzhenry and Olympus climbing 2000 feet behind the spurs in the foreground. The profile of these mountains shows a series of angled pikes capped with white, entirely different in effect from the detached formations of the Cascade Range. Mt. Olympus, first climbed in 1907, is accessible to alpinists from Port Angeles.[5] A horse trail follows the Elwha River to the crest of a high ridge below Fitzhenry, then drops to Queets Basin, at the base of Olympus. An ascent difficult enough

[5] The Mountaineers, Seattle, welcome new members (the fees are nominal), and give dependable information as to climbing routes, camping-places and outfits.

to unaccustomed climbers is crowned by an indescribable view of a forest sea, of river valleys leading to Sound, Strait and Ocean, and of a titanic upheaval of barbs and volcanic cusps resplendent in an armour of ice and snow.

Port Angeles, distant 25 miles across the Strait from Victoria on Vancouver Island,[6] is the landing-place for steamer passengers whose destination is Lake Crescent and the Hot Springs. The Port of the Angels has a history shared by no other town in the United States except the national capital. Allured by the rare climatic charms of this harbour and by its environment, a Government Customs Collector, by name Victor Smith, moved his office in 1862 to Port Angeles from Port Townsend. At his instigation and through the influence of President Lincoln and Salmon P. Chase, of Lincoln's cabinet, a law was passed in 1863 permitting the Government to trade in new townsites, and thereby gain a revenue which should be applied to the Civil War debt. Uncle Sam inaugurated and terminated an unsuccessful career as a real estate promoter at Port Angeles. The last of the "national town" lots were sold under the hammer twenty years ago, following a series of delays and disturbing events during which Mr. Smith, the *agent provocateur* of the whole scheme, was deposed and the customs headquarters re-established at Port Townsend.

The clamorous Elwha and recurring views of the mountains companion the way to Lake Crescent. Sixteen miles from Port Angeles, the motor-road is interrupted by the long blue arc which flows about the feet of Mt. Storm King (4300

[6] Daily ferry service between these two points. See "Georgian Circuit," under "Motorways," Chapter I.

ft.). Cars are ferried from East Beach to Fairholm, 12 miles distant. The lure of Lake Crescent is the placidity of its water in contrast with abrupt and rugged slopes which rise from its banks. Vistas real and reflected are framed between trees that are devoid of branches for 50 feet or more above the ground, and have the smooth straightness of brown columns. The scenery of its kind is flawless. But most people who stay at the Tavern, at Ovington's, or at smaller hotels and private camps, come not for scenery only, but to fish. One authority gives the number of Crescent's trout species as ten. Of these, the fighting Beardslee is known nowhere else. This is a place where anglers' tales come true, as creel-burdened processions corroborate.

From Fairholm, the motor turns due south and by a climb of a dozen miles through magnificent timber arrives at the Hot Springs of Sol Duc — locally pronounced Sole Duck. The implied scarcity of game does the region injustice. Rather, we like to think that here, nearly 2000 feet above and 30 miles distant from the ocean, the sun is arch-duke, in a kingdom of mountains.

As at most Western places of this sort, the Indians were the pioneer guests. They were cured by their own methods of hydro-therapy. They believed, as do many white men, in the effect of the thermal waters of Sol Duc upon a great number of varied ills. The spring "whose total of mineral solids is four times greater than the amount yielded by any other mineral waters in analysis," has a natural temperature of 140°, which is 15° hotter than the hottest of the famous Paso de Robles waters, in California. The setting of the Sol Duc establishment is boldly impressive. A

clearing in the midst of evergreen trees provides space for a fine new hotel, a sanitarium, several bath-houses, and an electrice-lighted tent and cottage community. The clearing is on the face of a sharp slope that is separated from still higher and steeper ridges by a trough-like valley, which is clothed, like the mountain-flanks, in an unbroken sweep of dark forests. Trout fishing, tramping glacier trails, recreating in primal woods where only the footfall of antlered creatures and the murmur of snow streams sound — these are robust pleasures enjoyed among the environs of Sol Duc.

The motor-road from Fairholm continues west for 40 miles, almost to the shore of the Pacific. If the steamer trip is resumed at Port Angeles, or at Port Crescent (the latter is nearer the lake but the road is not so attractive), a 50- or 60-mile run through the Strait, between the Peninsula and the Island of Vancouver, will have its end at Neah Bay. This village is inhabited by Macah Indians who live by fishing, by canning fish, by conducting sportsmen in expertly handled canoes to Pacific halibut grounds, and by the occasional capture of a whale.

A road 5 miles long crosses from Neah Bay to a cove just under the reach of Cape Flattery — sinister monument of shipwrecks, and the furthest corner to the northwest of any point in the United States.

Seattle – Tacoma. By Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, from the station of the first-named line. By Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways, from the Union Station. Both stations are near Third Avenue and Washington Street, south of Seattle's retail centre. Distance to Tacoma, 40 miles in about 1¼ hours, via Auburn and Puyal-

lup. The rail journey may be continued from Tacoma to Rainier National Park by the Tacoma Eastern to Ashford (55 m.), and thence to the park entrance by auto-bus (6 m.).

By Interurban electric car every hour from station on Yesler Way near Second Avenue; time, 1 hour and 20 minutes.

By steamer from Colman Dock, nine times daily. Single fare, 35 cents; return 50 cents. Distance and time, 30 miles in less than 2 hours. Vashon and Maury Islands, fertile gardens occupying a large area in the middle of the channel, are frequented in summer, and have direct boat connection with Seattle and Tacoma.

In clear weather, the mountain views are especially fine on this sound route between the two cities.

By motor-car, via Hill Road from Auburn, 37 miles; via Pacific Highway through Sumner, 41 miles.

The *Pacific Coast Automobile Blue Book* notes that tourists headed for Rainier National Park can shorten the route from Seattle by turning off the Pacific Highway 2 miles beyond Sumner, and proceeding via Puyallup to Orting, thence by one of two roads to La Grande on the Tacoma–Rainier Highway.

The De Lape Tours Company, besides operating sight-seeing cars in Seattle, despatches a 12-seated car at 7 A. M. every day from 114 James Street, Seattle, for a trip of 2 hours to Tacoma. From Number 1017 A Street, Tacoma, the excursion is continued by motor to Longmire Springs (63 m.) and Paradise Valley (78 m.), in Rainier National Park. Round trip fare between Seattle and Longmire's, $9.50; between Seattle and Paradise Valley, $12.50; between Tacoma, Longmire and Paradise Valley, $2.50 less. The car arrives in Tacoma on the return trip at 6:45 P. M., and in Seattle at 9 P. M.

The same company sells an optional route excursion ticket for $1.95, which permits the purchaser to travel between Seattle and Tacoma one way by steamer and one way by Interurban, and to book while in Tacoma for one of the daily 2-hour sight-seeing trips about the city. Fare for the latter trip alone, $1.

For Tacoma and Mt. Rainier description, see Chapter IX.

SEATTLE – EVERETT (34 m.) – BELLINGHAM (97 m.) – BLAINE (119 m.) by Great Northern Railway. The upper Sound country is also served by the Northern Pacific line, Seattle–Sumas (127 m.), with branches to Everett and Bellingham. For route to Wenatchee and Lake Chelan, via Great Northern, see under "Everett," Chapter VIII.

By Interurban electric car from Fifth Avenue near Pine Street, Seattle–Everett in 1 hour and 10 minutes.

By steamer, Seattle – Everett, daily except Saturday at 10 P. M., from Colman Dock. S.S. *Kulshan* continues to Anacortes, Bellingham and Port Townsend, calling at these ports every day. Steamers to Everett are also scheduled in the daytime. Seattle – Port Townsend – Anacortes – Bellingham, by steamer every week-day at 9 A. M. Seattle – San Juan Islands direct, three times a week at midnight from Colman Dock, touching at Port Townsend en route.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company (office 608 Second Avenue, Seattle) offers a 3-day tour around the Sound, as detailed under "Transportation — Local Steamers — Washington," Chapter I. See same chapter for Canadian steamers which traverse Puget Sound on the way to and from British Columbia ports.

By motor-car, via Pacific Highway, Seattle – Everett (32 m.) – Mt. Vernon (75 m.) – Bellingham (105 m.) – Blaine (130 m.). A tour to Camano and Whidbey Islands may be begun at Stanwood, 12 miles south of Mt. Vernon, and ended at Mt. Vernon via the road from Anacortes, or the route reversed.

For description of the upper Sound country, see Chapter VIII.

SEATTLE – SPOKANE. By the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, 314 miles in 12 hours. Seattle or Tacoma to Spokane by Northern Pacific, 400 miles in 13½ hours, via Auburn. By Great Northern, via Everett, 339 miles in 12¼ hours.

By motor, over Sunset Highway, Seattle – North Bend – Snoqualmie Pass – Ellensburg - Wenatchee – Coulee City – Spokane, 361 miles. The road via North Yakima and Walla Walla is considerably longer.

Routes Across the Cascades to the Columbia Basin.

The route of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul line, via Renton, Snoqualmie Pass (see Note 2, this chapter), Ellensburg and Marengo, and so to Spokane, is diverted for the first 100 miles by splendid scenery, embracing mountain heights and depths, lakes and bountiful valleys. Lake Keechelus, bordered by the track, is the chief resort advertised by the railway. A short distance off the highway are the Kachess Lakes and Clea-

lum Lake, renowned, like Keechelus, for their lofty environment and their "trouting." Ellensburg (120 m. east of Seattle) is the seat of Kittitas County and the manufacturing and agricultural centre of a prosperous irrigated section.

At Beverly, 36 miles further on, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road crosses the Columbia River, which here flows due south between the lower slopes of the Cascades and the high plains of Eastern Washington, which stretch to Spokane.

"The longest rapid and the most serious impediment to navigation in the whole course of the river from Kettle Falls to Tumwater Falls" is Priest Rapids, whose 10-mile descent, during which the bed drops 70 feet, begins a little way below Beverly. From the foot of the rapid, the river is navigable to Pasco, near the borders of southern Washington. The section of the Columbia between Beverly and Wenatchee, 60 miles to the north, is closed to regular navigation by the Cabinet Rapids, whose channel is narrow and shallow, and the Island Rapids, at which the river is "split in sunder by ragged pinnacles of basaltic rock." A traveller whose book about the Columbia River has been recommended on an earlier page, says, "The river has cut this part of its course through the great plateau, and its banks on either side are rocky walls a thousand feet high, with occasional sandy stretches, sad, barren, and monotonous. . . . As we proceed upon our way the banks fall away, wider expanses of land appear, and we discover an occasional band of cattle or a settler's hut on the bare, brown prairie."

The soil about Beverly, though sandy, is highly productive under irrigation. Apparent aridity is so readily converted to fertility in this amazing

country, that one may remember a certain territory as drearily unproductive, only to return in a few years to find great orchards and wheat-fields spreading across the one-time desert.

The western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway is Tacoma, but a branch connects Seattle with this line which first linked Puget Sound to the eastern world. The Northern Pacific ascends the Cascades by a zigzag track from Weston, and at a point between Keechelus and Kachess Lakes approaches within a short distance the trunk line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. The two roads run parallel as far as Ellensburg, down the eastern slope of the range. From Ellensburg the route of the Northern Pacific is to the southeast, by way of North Yakima.

In this northwestern kingdom of incredible contrasts there is no more marked divergence of scenery and soil characteristics than that which is presented about North Yakima. A flat plain of magnificent breadth, traced by rivers and the precise rows of many kinds of fruit trees, specked by countless barns and dwellings and squared off here and there by yellow grain patches, spreads from the lower benches of the Cascades to the far dome of Mt. Adams, whose crest is outlined against the southwestern horizon. On the rim of fortune-making "dry" farms and artificially watered orchards are wide tracts where only the sage-hen and the coyote thrive in the midst of hoary shrubs and sand. Two million apple trees, 600,000 peach trees, besides trees of the plum, the prune, the apricot and the cherry, yield 7,000,000 boxes of rosy-cheeked fruit for the growers in the Valley of the Yakima.

North Yakima, the chief town and county seat, had the phenomenal increase in population of 346 per cent. between the years 1900 and 1910. The authoritative estimate of over 20,000 at this writing indicates that the ratio is not slackening. North Yakima has all the hall marks of western progress — paved streets by the mile, a paid fire department with modern motor trucks, a central heating plant for the whole municipality, a park, a library, splendid school and church buildings and well-designed homes — all this from out a land that was born a desert.

Wrote Captain George B. McClellan, in September, 1853, "The valley of the Columbia, near the mouth of the Yakima, is a vast sage desert . . . barren sage plains mostly without grass, always without timber, and very stony." This melancholy report of the future General followed a survey of the great new realm to determine the feasibility of colonising it and building railroads. A few years later the sun-burned valley between the Yakima and the Cascades was the battle-ground of native forces and a little army of American soldiers commanded by officers of the regular service, among whom was Lieutenant Sheridan. The territory marked by the most serious engagements is now included in the Yakima Indian Reservation, south of North Yakima.

A motor highway is projected beyond North Yakima and Fort Simcoe through the Reservation, to meet one already constructed from Glenwood to White Salmon on the Columbia River, opposite the town of Hood River, Oregon, with which there is connection by ferry. North Yakima, a highway centre, is distant by road 140 miles from The Dalles, Oregon, via Sunnyside and Goldendale.

Southeast from North Yakima, the Northern Pacific and a lateral of the Oregon – Washington Railroad are paralleled by the Inland Empire motor highway. Pasco, 90 miles beyond, is the focal point of railroads to Spokane and Walla Walla, Washington, and to Pendleton and Portland, Oregon. Here, the Columbia with its recently merged tributary, the Yakima, is joined by the Snake River.

The eastern section of the State is described in Chapter X.

CHAPTER VIII

THE UPPER PUGET SOUND COUNTRY. ACROSS THE CASCADES TO LAKE CHELAN

Everett and near-by Excursions. Everett – Snohomish – Index – Scenic – Wenatchee – Lake Chelan. From Lake Chelan into British Columbia. The San Juan Islands – Bellingham – Mt. Baker. Bellingham to British Columbia.

. . .

Everett.[1]

THE beach and upland of Puget Sound belonged to Great Britain half a century before the 49th parallel fixed the northwestern boundary of American territory. Vancouver, standing on the shore of the mainland east of the long indented hook of Whidbey Island, upon a spot now within the bounds of Everett, expressed his loyalty to George III of England by claiming and naming all this land for him on the royal birthday, June 4, 1792. The monarch probably cared little that his new namesake comprised all the territory adjacent to the world's largest estuary — all its mountains and forests, its minerals, its furry creatures and the fish that swam its bays and rivers. As regards the hilly peninsula which is now the site of Everett, it invited no one's interest until little more than 25 years ago. Yet to-day there are 30,000 people here, supported by the earnings of a hundred mills and factories, whose products range from shingles and paper to tools, shoes and

[1] For routes to the upper Puget Sound country, see page 183. Also, Everett – Bellingham, page 199.

arsenic. According to a local statistician, "The largest body of merchantable timber now standing in the world is located on the North Pacific Coast; the densest portion of this marvellous growth is found in the Puget Sound country, and no portion of the Puget Sound country is more fortunate in this respect than Snohomish County, of which Everett is the commercial centre and county seat. The forests here are immeasurably rich in fir, cedar, spruce and hemlock (about 14,000,000 feet in sum) and the enormous value of these resources is greatly enchanced by their exceptional accessibility." The rivers Snoqualmie, Skykomish, Snohomish and Stillaguamish, the Sauk and the Sultan furnish transport for the huge timbers. In Snohomish County there are 40 saw mills, 100 shingle mills and half a dozen box and sash factories. The characteristic perfume of Everett is that of newly sawed lumber, spiced with the tang of the sea.

Tourists who stop off at the thriving mart can gain admission to wood-working plants by applying to the secretary of the Commercial Club. One industry has an output of more than a million red cedar shingles in a day. The mills of the Weyerhauser Company also have an enormous capacity.

Not content with views of Baker, the Olympics and Rainier, Everett has a double-crowned peak of its own — the singularly graceful Mt. Pilchuk, which watches above its smoke-wreathed ward from a height of 5300 feet. At the city's door is the southern half of Whidbey Island, a strangely sea-fashioned strip of fertility whose total length is 50 miles, or approximately the distance between Everett and Anacortes. Vacationists seek its

SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WESTERN WASHINGTON

deep coves and shady meadows when the cool breezes of Puget Sound blow in summer-time. The several little ports at which steamers call from Everett and Seattle are particularly favoured in climate. Snow descends lightly if at all, fogs are rare, though the passage to the sea named for the Greek navigator, de Fuca, is directly opposite, and according to record, the rainfall at Coupeville, the seat of Island County, averages less than 17 inches a year. The steamer lane north of Everett passes between Whidbey Island and Camano Island, which is the width of a narrow channel to the east.

Back of Everett is Lake Stevens, off the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, Seattle – Snohomish – Sumas. A road which forks from this line at Hartford (15 miles northeast of Everett by rail) carries one for 42 miles through a region rich in gold and granite. Monte Cristo is the optimistic name of the terminal station, under the lee of the northern cordillera. The point on this road principally visited by rail and motor tourists is Granite Falls, a little way beyond Hartford.

The extreme northeast corner of Snohomish County is made illustrious by the presence of the little known but truly sublime Glacier Peak, whose elevation is but a few hundred feet less than that of Baker, its neighbour 60 miles to the north. Difficult trails lead to it from Index and from the head of Lake Chelan, east of the Cascades.

Everett — Scenic — Wenatchee — Lake Chelan.[2]

Everett is the headquarters of the Great Northern's Cascade Division. The tracks are laid

[2] For route, Everett – Bellingham, see page 199. Everett – Wenatchee by Great Northern Railway, 132 miles in 6 hours

through the Snohomish Valley, which has its debouchement at Everett. En route to the mountains is the town of Snohomish, 9 miles east of the Sound. Here the Great Northern trunk line meets the Northern Pacific Road, Seattle – Sumas, and meets also a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Cedar Falls – Snoqualmie Falls – Everett. Interurban and river-boat lines from Everett, and the motor highway, Everett – Snohomish – Index – Stevens Pass – Wenatchee, increase the importance of this valley town as a transportation centre.

The stations Monroe, Sultan, Startup and Gold Bar intervene between Snohomish and Index. Near Monroe, the Rivers Skykomish and Snoqualmie join the Snohomish River. The little village of Index is at the junction of the impetuous South and North Forks of the Skykomish and is confined by a pinnacled wall so steep, so white, in every way so beguiling to the mountain-lover that this region has become the resort of camping parties and of enthusiasts who outfit in Index and seek long trails up the breast of the Cascades, and among their passes as far north and as high as Glacier Peak.

Above the swirling Skykomish, the mountain called Index (6125 ft.) marks the way. The tracks assume an additional incline of 100 feet every 10 miles or so, until at Skykomish station an electric engine lends its aid in the climb to Scenic Hot Springs (2086 ft.), where a chalet hotel offers entertainment to guests who come to take the waters and to revel in canyon views along the River Tye. Beyond Scenic, there follows for half an hour an ingenious ascent of nearly 1300 feet

by morning train. Everett – Wenatchee – Spokane, 306 miles in 11 hours.

through tunnels winding and straight, short and long, and through concrete snowsheds to the highest bore on the Great Northern route, Cascade Tunnel. During a run of 3¼ miles the engines climb 300 feet into the heart of a mountain, whose summit is over a third of a mile above the inclined track.

The automobile road through Stevens Pass (4000 ft.) follows the abandoned grade of the railway, which formerly spiraled over the summit a short distance to the south of Cascade Tunnel.

The exhilaration of the down-ride begins at Berne,— Swiss in name and prospect. Wild views engross the traveller during the quickening passage past resonant gorge and ravine, through still forests to Leavenworth and down to the apple-set plain of the Wenatchee River, which at the town of Wenatchee empties into the Columbia. A panorama of prosperity similar to the one about North Yakima stretches here for many miles, where lay a mesa of unproductive ash until irrigation was practised. Thirty-five thousand acres are given to the cultivation of apples alone, but all sorts of temperate zone fruits thrive in this benign climate. The part of the valley which is in Chelan County, protected by the mountains and arched by a rarely clouded sky, yields nearly 4,000,000 boxes of high-coloured fruit in a year. The peaches, the pears and the apples are luscious to look at and bring top prices. Prejudiced Easterners protest that the flavour of these fruits grown under irrigation is inferior to the juicy product of New York or Ohio.

In 1900, the town of Wenatchee, financial repository of North Central Washington, had 450

inhabitants. Now it has ten times as many. Of late years the name has meant more than apples to travellers, for Wenatchee is the departing-point of the new Great Northern branch to Oroville (137 m.), and by this route, Chelan, limpid jewel of the American alps, is conveniently approached. A few who knew this lake fifty miles long, one mile narrow, a thousand feet above the sea,—knew what supreme exposition of mountain beauty rewarded the journey, used sometimes to ascend the swift channel of the Columbia before the railroad came, pack their outfits by road from the river to the lower end of the lake, and voyage in small boats over the jade and azure highway which is Chelan —"beautiful water"— into the high recesses of the northern sierra. All fatigue and exposure they thought compensated by the visions revealed to them. One of these pioneer pilgrims to the shrines of Chelan has chronicled the joy of "rocking on the glassy swell" in a little boat driven by his own oars, the delirious trepidation of crouching all night in a cleft of the shore while thunder beat its wings "from peak to peak, the rattling crags among," the ecstasy of a tranquil dawn when again "lake and sky smiled . . . serenely at each other."

We journey to Chelan, not by the arduous Columbia, but by an accommodating train which awaits the arrival at Wenatchee [3] of morning expresses from both Seattle and Spokane. For an hour and a half the curve of the Columbia is followed to a point near which the out-poured waters of the lake tumble from the orifice of a marvel-

[3] Fare, Wenatchee to head of Lake Chelan and return, June 1st to September 15th, $5.35. Before and after the dates specified, return fare, $6.80.

lously contorted gorge into the river. Descending from the train, we find seats in motor omnibuses which convey us 4 miles up the Chelan River canyon to Lakeside. The night is spent here at the foot of the lake in comfortable hotels. By half past seven of a summer week-day morning (Monday, Wednesday and Friday only, in May, June and October), the *Lady of the Lake* and *Comanche* are away on their cruise to Stehekin, at the head of the fresh-water fjord. The agreeable leisure of the slower craft is supplemented by the fast service of the high-powered *May Bell*, which makes the run of 50 miles in 3½ hours, following the arrival of the noon train from the north.

Embarked upon the lake which opens like a rift of blue through ranks of snowy peaks, we ride in a glacial abyss whose depth below the water is a third of the mountains' height above it. "Not such another furrow," says our pioneer chronicler, "has Time wrought on the face of the Western Hemisphere. . . . Over a mile and a half of verticality! This surpasses in depth Yosemite, Yellowstone, Columbia, or even Colorado Canyon. As compared with those more familiar wonders," continues Professor Lyman, "Chelan lacks the incomparable symmetry and completeness of Yosemite; it has not such a multitude of waterfalls and groups of 'castled crags' as are seen within the basaltic gates of the Columbia; it does not display that variety of colouring, especially of the lighter and warmer hues, which astonishes the beholder of the Colorado or the Yellowstone, and it has no especially curious feature like the geysers of the last; but for immensity, for a certain chaotic sublimity, for the rich and sombre gran-

deur of the purple and garnet, dusky and indigo-tinted shore views, Chelan surpasses any of the others, while in its water views,—'sea of glass mingled with fire,' where every cloud in the changing sky and all the untold majesty of the hills find their perfect mirror . . . a kaleidoscope of earth and heaven beyond imagination to conceive . . . in all this Chelan is without a rival."

As our boat progresses, the height and glamour of the spectacle grows upon us. Foothills give way to spurs, and spurs to the main structure of the Cascades built up in crested masses to the north and west. Tree-covered spines which come down to the water and dip their shadows in the crystal flow, inter-fold like green and rocky surplices to bar the path. But an unforeseen turn of the channel, and the way is revealed to new wonders, to combinations of wonders, to motley moulds, postures and encinctures creating an entirely different investment of mountain splendour. The sky is dulled by spreading clouds — the close-drawn cordon holds a menace of storm and dominant power which alarms, but thrills. The placid rippling of the lake is stirred to wavelets flecked with grey; the wind rises in the narrow lane and sweeps the water into winged fury. The skipper sets his course to the nearest landing as a drift of white masks the highest peaks. The gusts are cold from off the glaciers bosomed among the storm king's haunts. We shiver, but an elemental love of conflict keeps us on the deck of the quivering craft to witness the surge and lash of things in this upper nook of the world, where tempests are brought forth and torrents fabricated. . . . In an hour the wind-gods are appeased. The flur-

ried water resumes its calm above the deep chasm of its bed. We are on our way once more, the boat trembling like a dumb creature released from the scourge. Pinnacles throw off their veil of white, the clouds part, clear — the sun looks through! Slopes and jutting ramparts glitter beneath the new-strewn web of brilliants. The colour of the sky is out-matched in the cerulean glints of ice walls; pallid hues and shadows give way to tinge of damask and green, and radiant palisades grow warm again in the grateful shine of the sun.

Above the Hotel Field at Stehekin, granite chiefs in their bucklers of snow challenge to assault. To go near them, or to try to go near to them, there are long canyons to be travelled on the backs of plodding ponies, whose feet feel out the way along ledges on the rim of shuddery cliffs, and forge upward to ridges where shoreless vistas unfold. From the hotel grounds, the Stehekin River may be followed to its source among the high passes. Detours on either side are made alongside water-paths which fill steep gullies, and emerge from crevasses. The brooks and creeks which feed the Stehekin are born of the ice; from Twisp Pass, Washington Pass, Cascade Pass, Bonanza Mountain, we can watch the melting and out-flowing of legions of streams which steal down from their "cloud-curtained cradles" to meet the Stehekin and go with it to the lake — and through the lake to the Columbia. Mountaineers who go up Stehekin Canyon to its head turn aside to see Rainbow Falls, 4 miles from the hotel, and especially remark at the thirtieth mile the ragged buttress of Horseshoe Basin which is the cirque of an immense glacier, fringed with waterfalls.

Cascade Pass (5400 ft.) is reached in three days or a little less, and side-trips to lakes and glaciers consume another day before the descent is begun. A still longer and more spectacular excursion is made west of the Stehekin to Bonanza Mountain, Cloudy Pass and Glacier Peak (10,436 ft.), via the very gorgeous Railroad Creek. The goal of this climb is a nimbus of the Cascades, a fountain-head from which the range flows in radiating spurs. Here the summits form an ocean of glaciated billows, and are not segregated into single towering beacons, or groups of beacons, as is the case in other mountain localities. In this area are many peaks without a name which vie in attaining an elevation of 9000 or 10,000 feet, and satellites of 5000 to 8000 feet altitude attend them.

A four-day trip to the glacier-infested region of Bridge Creek may be continued northeast from Stehekin Canyon to Twisp Pass and Washington Pass.

The hotel management equips and provisions trail parties and supplies guides, at a minimum charge of $5 a day per person, in groups of not less than four. Game hunters come to Chelan for bear and mountain goat. The latter may sometimes be spied through a glass from the veranda of the hotel. But to hunt them with a gun or camera, and not with field-glass only, entails precipitous excursions into the wilds. That the mazama, which leaps and climbs as nothing else can do, is a traditional denizen of this region is witnessed by the petrographs incised on a cliff below Castle Mountain, at the edge of the lake. These crude representations of an immemorial sport depict huntsmen giving chase to forty or more goats in one herd.

The schedule of outbound boats from Stehekin is so arranged that passengers can make connection the same day at Wenatchee for Spokane and Seattle. The road to Spokane crosses the wheat-fields of the Big Bend country, which lies beneath the wide northward curve of the Columbia. Points of interest on the way are the novel descent down the sloping walls of the coulee near Crater and Soap Lake. Wenatchee – Spokane, 174 miles.

Tourists who go from Chelan station through the Okanogan Valley, east of the far-famed Methow Valley, to Oroville, 4 delightful hours by rail to the north, pass near the site of the first Canadian fur post in what was later the Territory of Washington, and can continue 40 miles across the British Columbia border to Keremeos, and there take stage Monday, Wednesday and Friday for a drive of a few hours to Penticton, B. C., at the foot of Okanagan Lake. (This is the Canadian spelling.) Steamers on the lake connect six times a week for Sicamous, on the main Canadian Pacific line, west of Glacier. By this route, one may go quite directly from Lake Chelan to the heart of the Canadian Rockies, with less than 24 hours' actual travel. At both Penticton and Sicamous there are good hotels under Canadian Pacific supervision.

When the Great Northern links its branch Oroville – Keremeos – Coalmont with the line already built east from Vancouver, B. C., to Sumas Landing, a tour around a rough square can be made from Everett to Lake Chelan, and back to Everett, via Oroville, Vancouver and Bellingham.

East of Oroville, branches of the Great Northern give transportation facilities to the lovely highland counties in which lie the Kettle and Colville River Valleys. By way of Marcus, Spokane is reached from the north.

Everett — Bellingham. The San Juan Islands.

By water, rail or motor-road, the route north from Everett to Bellingham (63 m.) is more than ordinarily attractive in its related views of mountains, heaths and sinuous islands. The conformation of our northwest coast is responsible for a succession of such views, majestic and pastoral, cloud-swept and sea-laved. The irregular shore which unites the two largest towns of the upper Sound is prolific in every kind of scenery. About Mt. Vernon are floor-like pastures where dairy

herds graze on the perennially green grass of the lower Skagit Valley. Some miles inland, the course of the Skagit River is through canyons where the trout leap; still further toward the interior it follows a mountain trail from beyond the British Columbia frontier, under the cornice of Mt. Baker. Steamboats, an interurban line from Bellingham and an automobile road from Mount Vernon to Burlington, Sedro Woolley, Concrete and Marblemount furnish access to the diversified charms of this farm and mountain valley, which has its end in the sea.

Burlington (two-thirds of the way to Bellingham) is at the junction of rail and motor-roads to Anacortes, a port on Fidalgo Island called the Gloucester of the Pacific. Salmon, cod and halibut, fresh, cured and canned, form the bulk of its trade in fish. Its inhabitants also occupy themselves with the making of ships and shingles.

The channel plied by steamers from Everett to Bellingham divides Camano and Whidbey Islands, flows between the north end of the latter and Fidalgo Island, via Deception Pass, and skirts two other islands, Guemes and Cypress, which lie off the outer entrance to Bellingham Bay.

Steamers from Seattle and Port Townsend pursue a course further to the west which threads the San Juan Archipelago, an aggregation of three main and many lesser islands occupying the centre of the passage between Vancouver Island and the coast of Washington. A tour of this channelled domain is usually made as an excursion from Bellingham, with which there is daily steamer connection.

Cartographically, the galaxy of islands, islets, reefs and cyots, which takes its name from the

largest unit, resembles nothing so much as a picture puzzle about to be solved. By a slight rearrangement the component parts could be made to fit very neatly into the angles and curves of their fellows. Or, looking at the map, one thinks of the San Juans as having formed a rocky table which Neptune pried open with his trident and let canals of sea water seep through. But stern geologists declare these "fertile uplifts of the sea" to be the summits of submerged mountains. When we regard the islands themselves, we see justification of this theory in the rounded eminence which thrusts upward for 2400 feet the centre of Orcas Island, and in the tree-clad hillocks which comprise other broken bits. The outlook from Mt. Constitution is one of uninterrupted enchantment. Good roads lace its sides and glimpse on the way the various features of the summit view — Mt. Baker and the long wall of the Cascades with its timbered glacis; the Olympics and Mt. Rainier on the south, silhouetted in high relief against the shield of the sky; the mountainous shores of British Columbia and Vancouver's Isle, and spreading all between the blue mosaic of the sea gemmed and garlanded with islands. Altogether, it is a view to make one forget vistas more stupendous, which by their very grandeur are more difficult to comprehend.

There are two landing-places on Orcas Island from which Constitution is climbed. A maze of water aisles wanders to other wee ports, among mounds steepled with firs and girdled with bright-pebbled beaches. Perhaps a sad-eyed cow looks down from an islet farm upon our passing boat; beyond is a fantastic whim of granite which suggests fairy tales, or a Japanese print, or the linea-

ments of familiar portraits. Some formations elicit boatman's narratives of midnight raids upon bands of opium smugglers who for years, with the aid of clandestine crannies and crafty inlets defied the revenue service of the United States. In the balmy summer-time, mermaids bask on island strands and nymphs haunt the greenwoods; the plash of the paddle is heard on creek and lake, and gay groups who find in this archipelago a symposium of vacation delights occupy farm-house and inn, mansion and bungalow.

Below Orcas Island are Lopez Island to the east, and San Juan Island to the west. These three principal islands are separated by a Y-shaped passage. Directly opposite Lopez village is Friday Harbor, seat of San Juan County and in appearance much like a Maine sea port town, primly built, and smelling of fish and brine. Once the Harbor knew the bristle of arms and the menace of war. To understand why, we must recall the year of the boundary settlement, 1846, when representatives of the United States and Great Britain signed a treaty stipulating that the dividing-line should coincide with the 49th parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island; and thence southerly through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's Straits, to the Pacific Ocean." Whether this phraseology alluded to the channel to the west or to the east of the San Juan Islands was not defined. The Americans contended during the 26 years which followed that the treaty-makers intended Vancouver Island as the limit of British possessions in the Sound, and held out for the Canal de Haro as the division line; the British declared the ambiguous wording was in their fa-

vour and claimed the San Juan Islands because they lay west of Rosario Strait. Settlers of both nationalities took up land and lived under equal rights pending a termination of the arguments and parleys which had an end, after innumerable fruitless negotiations and hints of war, when in 1872 the first emperor of the German Federation, in his difficult position as arbitrator, declared for the United States.

The history of the controversy involves the shooting of a British pig in an American potato patch, with subsequent hostilities; discloses the tyrannical exactions of the Hudson's Bay Company regarding the rights of settlers in the island community; relates the alternate furling and unfurling of the Jack and the Stars and Stripes; the arrival of blue-uniformed regulars at Friday Harbor, commanded by Captain Pickett, afterwards famed at Gettysburg, and the posting of red-coats at Roche Harbor, at the northern end of San Juan Island. General Harney and Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott personally investigated conditions at San Juan; Seward and Stanton and Grant deliberated upon the complicated circumstances, and in the end, a sovereign of high degree decided the status of the islands.

Modest shafts of marble mark the location of the two garrisons, who though serving under antagonistic flags are said to have agreed most amicably during their twelve years' joint occupancy of the disputed territory.

Bellingham and Mt. Baker.

Due east of Orcas Island is the gate to Bellingham Bay where smaller islands sit thick as beggars

about some frequented door. Launch and steamer avoid the out-thrust arms of spits and peninsulas. Bellingham town pre-empts a likely group of hills, and stretches for several miles along a steaming water-front. Above the highest point of background Kulshan's summit spreads out like a crown. It is said that every great city is possessed of a river. In the Northwest there is no town of importance that does not share the glory of a brooding mountain. Bellingham is the point of departure for the park projected as a national enterprise with Mt. Baker as the lode-star. In her capacity as guide to future multitudes who are expected to include in their itinerary a journey to this furthest-north peak of the American Cascades, Bellingham has much pride and satisfaction. Her industrious club of mountaineers is chiefly responsible for the publicising of this section of the Northwest, and has been the active force in the movement for a Government Park to surround the Shining Steep of the Noocksacks and the Skagits.

Bellingham has another cause for satisfaction in her temperate climate and in being secluded from heavy storms because of her position between a barrier of hills and a great number of close-drawn islands. Summer days are cool, winter days rarely very cold, both seasons being affected by winds and currents of the sea. On two-thirds of the year's days there is no rain. Yet enough moisture is precipitated to refresh the air, quench dust, and mature to perfection bulbs, berries, apples and all sorts of garden produce. The establishment, near Bellingham, of the 160-acre Government Experimental Farm for the cultivation of tulips, hyacinths and daffodils testifies to the

favourable climatic conditions in this northwestern corner of the United States.

Materially, Bellingham is rich in saw-mills and canneries. As a commercial outlet for the great Puget Sound fisheries and as the nearest American port to Alaska, the city's yearly salmon pack represents several million dollars in value. The bay is the homing-ground of a fleet of fishing-boats, whose operations tourists are often interested to watch from launches moored near the traps. A fish trap as customarily made in these northern waters consists of a lead of piling and nets which the salmon follow into a heart-shaped, webbed enclosure whose outlet is in a "pot," from which a tunnel empties into a "spiller." Both the latter chambers are so confined that the fish cannot escape until lifted in brails, when they are flooded in a silvery mass onto waiting scows. The sockeye salmon is the species most prized by canners because of its rare flavour and tint, but, controlled by one of the mystic laws that affect the salmon species, it is present on the Pacific Coast in great numbers but one year in every four. The run will occur next in 1917. An enormous catch was taken in the summer of 1913.

For a day and a half at every week-end, all devices for the catching of salmon must remain inactive, according to a State regulation which provides in this way for the periodical passing of the fish to spawning-grounds in near-by rivers.

When the yield of traps, nets and seines is delivered at the canneries, the "iron chink," a mechanical substitute for the discarded Chinaman, receives the fish, beheads and betails them, disembowels and scrubs them more expeditiously and thoroughly than the deftest yellow hand could do.

A white-gloved crew examines and cleans each fish anew and feeds them into the troughs of cutting machines, where revolving blades make six or seven can-size portions of one salmon. The cans are automatically filled, the air is exhausted by steam, tops are adjusted by mechanical fingers, and the completed package lacquered to prevent rust. The Pacific American Fisheries, besides packing salmon in quantities larger than any other establishment in America, makes its own cans, boxes and labels.

We like Bellingham because it flaunts no florid slogan on its banners. It claims to be neither a City of Destiny, a Pearl of Puget Sound, nor a Garden Town, but modestly asks to be considered the metropolis of this part of Washington, and to be remembered for its sunsets. Bellingham's prize views are the ones of the bay, the Sound and their islands from the Chuckanut Road and from Sehome Hill, on which the State Normal School is situated. Poems have been written and pictures painted of this scene at the cherished hour when the sun glides down its arc and dips below the crescent line that marks the joining of sky and sea.

Just outside the city limits is Lake Whatcom which, with the beaches on the bay, affords varied amusements for this fortunately placed and pleasant-mannered little city.

The pilgrim to Mt. Baker will find it advantageous to consult, before leaving Bellingham, the historical and descriptive matter which has been compiled for the public library by members of the Mt. Baker Club. Together with photographs and written accounts of ascents by various trails, there are trustworthy maps prepared at great

pains by Mr. Easton, Historian of the Club, and diagrams demonstrating the extent and position of glaciers, craters, peaks, forests, streams and camps.

The mountain marathon, noticed at length under "Sports — Mountaineering," Chapter II, which was thrice run in the years 1911–13, utilised both the railroad approaches to Mt. Baker. One set of entrants left from Deming, the other from Glacier. Deming is on the Northern Pacific, 25 miles distant from Bellingham by a roundabout route. A motor-road arrives at Deming by way of Everson and Lawrence. A direct trail leads from the rail station to the snow line. The best tenting-ground on the southwest side of the mountain is at Camp Gorman, below Sherman Peak and Summit Crater. Through a funnel of ice 200 feet deep, the dying breath of the volcano that lies within the cone is expelled in a sulphurous vapour from the basin whose outline is fixed by Sherman Peak on the south and by Grant Peak on the north. Near Camp Gorman is a high vantage-point from which to survey the mightily crevassed stream of Deming Glacier, flanked throughout its five-mile descent by fire-wrought cliffs and banks of slender trees.

It was by the seaward face of this inspirational pile that the Coleman party, first explorers of the mountain, made their halting way in 1869. "Mr. Baker," of Vancouver's crew had traced its snowy bulk from the Strait near Dungeness, in the year of the Sound's discovery. Before that the Spaniards are said to have reported it, and generations in advance of the white men's coming native tribes had christened it Koma Kulshan, a name signifying its precipitous whiteness.

The way from Glacier to the northwest side of Mt. Baker —"Kulshan" has a more sentimental appeal — is preceded by a three-hour journey over the rails of the Bellingham and Northern Road, via Sumas on the frontier of the United States and Canada. Glacier is nearer to the mountain than Deming, but from Bellingham to Glacier the distance is longer than from Bellingham to Deming.

Beautiful views of forests and wild gardens enhance the path up the slopes to Camp Heliotrope and to snow-fields and glaciers that gleam like tinted epaulettes on the angular shoulders of the mountain. Spires of lava show dark against the wide expanse over which the sure-footed travel to Grant Peak, the highest boss on the topmost ledge. Its altitude is variously given as 10,730 feet, 10,827 feet and 11,250 feet. The area of the level summit totals 35 acres. Seven glaciers are conceived here, and in turn give birth to rivers and waterfalls whose tumult whitens canyons and forests in regions far below. The Mazama Falls flow out of the great ice-field of the same name, which is visible from the town of Glacier.

Another trail from which the aspect of glaciers is particularly imposing leaves from Concrete in Skagit County, and terminates at Camp Morovits. Still another route is the one from Baker Lake, above which are visible three glaciers — Easton's, Park and Boulder. Beyond Mt. Baker to the southeast are the pinnacles of Mt. Shuksan, also a goal of mountaineers.

From Bellingham, the Great Northern Railway and the Pacific Highway conduct to Blaine (22 m.), "most northwesterly municipality in continen-

tal United States," and proceed by way of this customs port into British Columbia. Forty miles from Blaine is the Canadian city of Vancouver, reached via the same routes, across the Fraser River and through New Westminster.

Customs regulations are given under "Customs," Chapters I and XII, and under "Motorways," in the same chapters.

CHAPTER IX

LOWER PUGET SOUND. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK. "THE HARBOR COUNTRY" AND PACIFIC BEACHES. THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Tacoma – Rainier National Park – Olympia – Grays Harbor – Willapa Harbor – North Beach Resorts, Moclips to Ilwaco. The Columbia from Ilwaco to Pasco.

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Tacoma.[1]

TACOMA has a dozen sobriquets bestowed by prophets and admirers. Let another be added: the City of the Mountain. No one who has sailed Puget Sound will ask what mountain. The Mountain. The unification of mountain attributes, the be all and end all of mountainism — the Indians' "Mighty Snow," standing tall above the sea in placid grandeur apart from others of its kind, mothering within its specious confines greater bulk and spread of ice than all the alps of Switzerland massed together. To such a transcendent mountain is Tacoma the port.

John Williams' book, a compendium of everything that pertains to the colossus, quotes from the *Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1876, the statement of General Stevens, who first climbed it: "Tak-ho-ma or Tahoma among the Yakimas, Klickitats, Puyallups, Nisquallys and allied tribes

[1] For routes by rail, motor-road and steamer, see "Transportation," Chapter I, and "Seattle – Tacoma," page 182. See also "Routes across the Cascades to the Columbia Basin," Chapter VII.

is the generic term for mountain, used precisely as we use the word 'Mount,' as Takhoma Wynatchie, or Mount Wynatchie. But they all designate Rainier simply as Takhoma, The Mountain." The Indian name was first transcribed to the written page by Theodore Winthrop, author of *The Canoe and the Saddle*, who visited Puget Sound in 1853 and heard from the Siwashes [2] their term for the mountain divinity. Winthrop's record was published in 1863. Five years later the name was given to the new townsite on Commencement Bay.

In Book Two of *Vancouver's Voyages*, the British navigator, who seems to have left nothing visible un-christened, wrote of "the round snowy mountain . . . which after my friend, Rear Admiral Rainier, I distinguished by the name of Mount Rainier."

The Federal Geographical Board has officially determined that Rainier shall be the map name of the peak the Indians called Tacoma — a decision unsupported by precedence of time, or patriotism, or descriptive fitness. Vancouver's friend was an active antagonist against the colonials in the Revolutionary War. Less than a decade after peace was made, the explorer possessed this land for his British sovereign, and in large-handed manner complimented his superiors and companions by labelling with their names all the wonders that he saw. The name he gave the country adjacent to Puget Sound — New Georgia — was changed at its occupation by Americans to Washington. Just as reasonably might the aboriginal appellation of Washington's grandest summit have been officially restored.

The goodly site of Tacoma City provides, like a

[2] A corruption of the French *sauvages*.

well-designed theatre, for an unhampered view of the stage on which peaks, ranges, islands and a resplendent gulf of the sea are the chief *figurantes*. Not only is the elevation considerable, as any one will testify who has climbed Eleventh Street from A Street to the Court House or Library, or rambled over Prospect Hill, but a peninsula shaped like a boar's snout carries far into the Sound a solid rank of wharves, high buildings, shops, parks and bowered homes which command uncommon vistas on every side.

Steamship lines and railways converge below the centre of the town. From the passenger docks, a long slope leads upward through a gate formed by the City Hall and the Northern Pacific Office Building to Pacific Avenue, the main thoroughfare. The round-topped Union Station and the depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road are south of Eleventh Street, which is the principal commercial highway running at right angles to Pacific Avenue. The Tacoma Hotel, on a bluff at the edge of the harbour, looks down upon the activities of Commencement Bay, beyond which the Mountain rises, apparently from the shore. In this deep-water haven, protected from all the winds that blow by a fortunate disposal of islands and high peninsulas, vessels sail to widely scattered ports with wheat, flour, ore, lumber and fish in their cavernous holds. Tacoma claims for many of her plants the largest area or production "in the world," "in the United States," or west of a given point. Wheat elevators and the gaseous shaft of a smelter chimney are the most striking features of her water-front silhouette.

The city's growth dates from the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad's transcontinental

CHELAN CANYON, NORTHERN WASHINGTON

system early in the '80's. Its population which was then 1098 has increased a hundred-fold. Outdistanced now beyond dispute by Seattle and Spokane, Tacoma has relaxed her agitated race to be top city of Washington, has convalesced from fevered "booms," and settled into an even pace much more conducive to stable prosperity than the jerky going of the past.

Tacoma has long had pride in its great High School, gabled like a French chateau and picturesquely situated on a rise overlooking the bay. In recent years, the concrete benches of an open-air auditorium have been constructed about a horse-shoe field, where games, festivals and mass meetings attract on special occasions a concourse of spectators and performers equal to half the population of the city. As the cost of the amphitheatre was borne by the citizens, through popular subscription, it is in every sense a municipal institution.

In the vicinity of the stadium, and among the undulated heights back from the water are types of houses and gardens which the visitor comes to regard as characteristic of this ever-blooming and architecturally tradition-free Northwest. Effects winsome and stately, cosy and large are gained by the use of native materials, natural terraces and depressions, and individual tastes in home-building on Tacoma's hilly, flower-hedged streets. Roadways of perpetually smooth surface link the various residential districts with public pleasure-grounds whose woods and lawns and horticultural displays are under the supervision of a particularly efficient and imaginative board of commissioners.

Within walking distance of the commercial centre is Wright Park, an arboretum of 28 acres contain-

ing trees of 300 distinct varieties, both native and alien. Other parks depend for their charm upon hilly glades and rustic canyons interspersed with artificial pools. Half the city's park area of 1100 acres is included between the banks of a strip of land called Point Defiance Park, which thrusts a sylvan arm two miles into the Sound and provides cliffs, baths, beaches, sport fields, floral and zoölogical exhibits and acres of primitive forests for the enjoyment of Tacoma and its guests. Park automobiles are for hire at low rates, but those who have leisure to do so prefer to thread the woods and to wander from rose arbour to buffalo paddock and lively shore by winding footways.

Gasoline omnibuses and a comprehensive electric car system expedite an acquaintance with the city and its purlieus. Puyallup (9 m. east) is visited for its berry fields, which produce several hundred carloads of berries a year, for its view of Rainier – Tacoma across a wide savannah, and for its interesting Indian Reservation, where a shell-heap laid open by the Jesup North Pacific Expedition some years ago revealed typical deposits of charcoal, burned stones, clam, mussel and scallop shells intermixed with crude implements fashioned by pre-historic artisans from the bones and horns of animals and from bits of smelted iron.

The town of Puyallup is founded on the Ezra Meeker homestead, where as a youth of twenty-two this early believer in the future of the fertile Sound country unyoked his continental ox-train and built himself a cabin. A little over a half century later, in 1906, he set forth again in bullock-drawn prairie-wagon to mark the path of the Pacific pioneers with appropriate stones. This

"Monument Expedition," which consumed eleven months and traversed 2600 miles of prairie, desert and mountain, was undertaken by Ezra Meeker in his seventy-sixth year "to perpetuate the identity of the trail . . . to honour the memories of true heroes, and to kindle in the breast of the rising generation a flame of patriotic sentiment." We can imagine with what ecstatic furor such a pilgrimage by so old and ardent a patriot would have been heralded in some other countries, in appreciative France, for instance. Yet scattered communities treated coldly and refused the loyal wish for a simple shaft to blaze this epic road, others tolerated the request and indifferently subscribed the dollars necessary, while a few towns and villages conceived the expedition in its heroic light and despatched envoys to meet the patriarch, to welcome him, and to conduct him with the honour due his age and mission to some spot where ground had been broken for a memorial, or where one had already been raised in advance of his coming. A strangely unsympathetic country, this, to all such enterprises, and one generally unresponsive to true patriotic appeal touching the lives and deeds of its Great Adventurers, in respect to settlement and exploration. High lights of chivalry we recognise and acclaim. But our Anglo-Saxon imagination fails when we are asked to picture the suffering of arid trails and tedious ascents, the loss of goods and cattle, and the despoiling of families by exhaustion and disease, whose goal was a new land to be wrested from the wilderness and peopled for the empire.

The river valleys adjacent to Tacoma, "the Puyallup, Stuck, White, Ohop, Muck and Clover," grow famous fruits, cabbages, and celery in soil en-

riched in ages past by the expulsion of ash from the Rainier volcano. In its final demonstration a pointed cap was blown off, which in all probability reached nearly 2000 feet above the present summit. As seen from the Puyallup River, the pyramid shows plainly this truncation, the cupola at its centre being a "dune of snow" drifted about two volcanic basins not so old nor so large as the main crater. Topographers have made half a dozen conflicting pronouncements as to the elevation of the wind-driven apex of the mountain. A geological survey made by the Government some years ago gave Rainier precedence over Mt. Whitney, California, by 20 feet. Rainier was then acclaimed the highest mountain in North America, excluding Alaska, with an elevation of 14,526 feet. A few years later another computation lopped 163 feet from this estimate, and Rainier dropped to second place as regards technical altitude. The last survey, that of 1913, fixes the elevation at 14,408 feet. To the unstable quality of the flattened crest is undoubtedly due the contradictory reckonings. Rainier's foundation rests on a plain approximately at sea level. Even ridges extend north and south from which the furrowed dome is raised as an apse above its transepts, or as a fane from among low-roofed cloisters.

The Rainier National Forest and the Park it encloses may be approached over a Northern Pacific branch by way of Puyallup and Orting. Fairfax, 41 miles from Tacoma and 65 miles from Seattle, is the terminus of the line. Situated on the Carbon River, it is 9 miles distant from the northwest corner of the Park. Saddle-horses are used into

the Reserve, as there is no wagon-road from this point up the Mountain. Neither is there any hotel on this north side, but tents and equipment are packed over a trail to Spray Park, a grassy expanse watered by streams that issue from Carbon and Mowich Glaciers in rushing creeks and waterfalls.

South of Tacoma is American Lake with a military camp-ground on its shores. Near-by is the Tacoma motor-track and a golf club whose links usurp part of an elysian field which comprises square miles of level sward planted by Nature with oaks, shrubs and cone-bearing trees in perfect similitude of a park artfully planned and immaculately cared for. Perhaps as famous a view of the "Great Snow" as may be seen in the environs of Tacoma is the one from across Spanaway Lake, which beautifies this lovely prairie-land and holds upon its mirroring surface a perfect image of the city's guardian, an image which never fades except when mists or darkness shut it out, or rain rimples the reflection. Other aspects of the Mountain smite us with its might and its significance among all the mountains of the universe. This two-fold presentment from the banks of Lake Spanaway is the lyric view — shows the virginal slopes in their most lenient posture, ringed at the base by poetic trees and strands.

Rainier National Park.

This way, over the prairie park and past the lake goes the automobile road to the National Reserve. The rails of the Tacoma Eastern are laid in the same direction. Near Eatonville, they meet and inter-twine, until at Ashford, the iron road halts

and the other pursues the Nisqually through the southwest gate of the Park to the Inn at Longmire Springs, and still further to the river's icy source and to Paradise Valley.

A train leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul station morning and afternoon over the Tacoma Eastern, arriving at Ashford (55 m.) in 2¼ hours and 3 hours, respectively. An auto stage conveys passengers to the Inn, 13 miles beyond, 7 of the miles being within the Park gates. The inclusive round trip fare from Tacoma to Longmire Springs is $5, to Narada Falls, $7, to Paradise Valley, $8. Vehicles and saddle-horses are available for other tours within the Park by road and trail. A train returns from Ashford about three in the afternoon and nine in the morning. A hurried excursion by the rail route can be made from Tacoma and back in a day, which will give a cursory view of the attractions most advertised.

Besides the De Lape motor service from Seattle and Tacoma to the Park, several garages in Tacoma send cars regularly during the months June to October over the splendid forest highway, the trip consuming three and a half hours to the National Park Inn at Longmire Springs (63 m.), and costing from $7.50 to $10.50 per seat, according to the mileage covered in the Park. The county boulevard runs south from Tacoma through the wooded levels of Ferndale, Parkland, Brookdale and Spanaway, passes rustic inns and gradually assumes gentle grades and inclines until the Nisqually River is reached near La Grande, where power is generated for the municipal utilities of Tacoma. The river roars in its bed far below a curving and unfended cliff road that is exciting but not dangerous. One's interest in the Moun-

tain, which appears to heighten as we draw near, is divided with massive trunks of towering fir and cedar which shadow the highway and bound endless pictures of vales narrow and broad, and of the monarch who is about to give us audience.

Through the rural valley fantastically yclept Succotash, the road proceeds 6 miles beyond Ashford to the log-pillared portal of the 200,000-acre domain set aside by Congress in 1899 " for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." At the lodge by the entrance, all who visit the Park are required to register.[3] Seven miles beyond, one comes by an

[3] Automobile permits are issued in Ashford at the superintendent's office, and validated at the Park gate on payment of $5, which fee is demanded alike for one round trip in the Park, or for any period ending in December of a current year. Cars and motor-cycles may use the Government road from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. between the western entrance and Longmire Springs and from 6 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. between the Springs and Nisqually Glacier. Paragraphs 4, 5 and 8 of the Park road regulations stipulate that horses shall at all times be given the right of way and the inner side of the road, automobilists and cyclists being moreover required to stop and to cut out their motors if so requested by drivers of horse vehicles, pack trains, etc.

Round trip rates for transportation by automobile or horse stage in the Park are as follows: From the Inn at Longmire Springs to Nisqually Glacier (5 m. each way), $1; to Narada Falls, $2; to Camp of the Clouds at Paradise Valley (15 m. each way), $3. Saddle-horses can be had at $2.50 per day, or $2 for single trips to Paradise Valley, Indian Henry's Hunting-grounds, or Van Trump Park. Packers and horses may be hired by campers who bring their own equipment. Where a charge is made for parking automobiles it does not exceed $1 per day of 24 hours.

Terms for room and meals at the National Park Inn, managed by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad under concession from the Government, are as follows: American plan, $4.50 per day for one person in a room; one person in a tent per day, $4. For room alone, the charge is $2, and a tent $1.50 per day. Breakfast and luncheon, 75 cents each, dinner $1.

Rates at Longmire's Hotel, at Reese's Camp in Paradise Valley, and the camp of Indian Henry's Hunting-ground

artful and beautiful road to the hamlet of huts, tents and home-like hotels which surround the mineral springs developed by James Longmire, who between the years 1861 and 1864 hewed the first paths up these timbered flanks through a claim owned by his family before the National Forest Reserve of 2,000,000 acres was set apart. The boundaries of this original grant contain the more recently created Park, a third of whose 300 square miles is occupied by the Mountain.

No longer is Takhoma "distant from human inquisitiveness as a marble goddess from human loves." The author of *Canoe and Saddle*, looking on the peak sixty years ago, pronounced it "royalest" of all the mountains from California to Fraser's River, and declared no foot of man had ever sullied its pure snows. The Indians, he knew, dared not encroach beyond the rough timbers of the snow line the hallowed precincts of this fire god, this ermined tyrant, this octopus of ice and Midas of hiaqua which they worshipped as an all-mastering spirit. In 1833, Dr. Fraser Tolmie, a young Hudson's Bay surgeon, lately arrived from England at Fort Nisqually, made a trip to the lower slopes of Rainier by way of the "Poyallipa River" for the purpose of gathering herbs, but did not ascend beyond the flowered valleys, though it is said he related having glimpsed the ice-beds above him. The first authentic record that glaciers existed within the territory of the United

vary from $2.50 to $3, American plan. Single meals and bed in camp cost 75 cents.

A guide to the summit of Rainier may be employed by a party of eight at a fixed price of $60. A person claiming the exclusive services of a guide pays $25, a charge of $5 being made for each additional member of the party up to the limit of eight.

States is credited to Lieutenant Kautz, who in 1857 was stationed at Fort Steilacoon and made an excursion to the region now known as Van Trump Park. P. B. Van Trump and General Hazard Stevens, climbing by the south side, reached the snow hill on the summit in August, 1870, and spent the night in the middle crater, alternately frozen by the walls of their lofty bed-chamber and steamed by the hot spurts of a volcanic radiator. Two months later, two Government surveyors achieved Columbia Crest (14,408 feet). One of them, S. F. Emmons, recorded the view therefrom as he looked down "an unbroken slope of nearly 10,000 feet to the head of the White River. . . . The system of glaciers and the streams which flowed from them lay spread out as on a map. . . . Looking to the more distant country, the whole stretch of Puget Sound, seeming like a pretty little lake embowered in green, could be seen in the northwest, beyond which the Olympic Mountains extended out into the Pacific Ocean. The Cascade Mountains, lying dwarfed at our feet, could be traced northward into British Columbia, and southward into Oregon, while above them rose the ghost-like forms of our companion volcanoes. To the eastward the eye ranged for hundreds of miles over chain on chain of mountain ridges which gradually disappeared in the dim blue distance."

This is the prospect which in clear weather compensates the rugged ascent from the east over White Glacier, or from the south by way of Paradise Valley (5500 feet) to the crags above Nisqually Glacier, across Cowlitz Cleaver, up the shelving ledges of treacherous Gibraltar, and over the snow to Crater Peak and the Crest. But only those may make these expeditions who have exer-

cised lung and limb in inferior ordeals and who, well practised, accoutred and guided, are equal to a ten-hour trek over moraine, sharp-angled rock, cleft ice and glaring névé to the platform at the top, which is three miles broad and is raised two and three-quarter miles toward the vault of heaven. This "majestical roof fretted with golden fire" is not for the ease-loving tourist who imbibes his scenery from train, pony-back or rubber-shod car. For him the Park holds other wonders,— crooked trails through templed woods, iridescent grottoes and rivers of ice, looking-glass pools that visualise the face of the Mountain, waterfalls that shower their foaming tulle down terrace and cliff-side, and pied meadows where humming-birds light and phlox and lily nod to ponderous glaciers.

The gabled windows of the Inn and its hospitable verandas offer vistas enough for some,— tranquil souls content to view a three-mile mountain from a rocking-chair and breathe at leisure the fir-scented ozone. But the novelty of motoring to the front door of a glacier over a smooth mountain road lures the majority of the 35,000 visitors who annually enter the Park to the melting wall of the great Nisqually ice pack.

East of the wondrous highway built by Ricksecker and his aides is Eagle Peak, from which, at an altitude of 6000 feet, one may sight all the turbaned sheiks of the Cascades from Canada to the Columbia, if he be minded to climb a three-mile path from the Inn.

A bevy of waterfalls is visited on the way to Nisqually, either from the road or from the pony trail. Arrived at the nozzle of the glacier, we mark the receding wall of a vast grinding body which heads below Gibraltar, "up-standing rem-

nant of Rainier's cone," and here we see the river born that for so many miles kept beside us on our way up the mountain. A diagram of the peak's glacial system, which has an area nearly 50 square miles in extent, shows the crater as the hub of a dozen curving spokes of snow-covered ice, each of which sends off rivers and water-falls from its extremity. Between the slow-moving glaciated deeps are wedge-shaped valleys and hollowed cirques eroded by receded or entirely extinct glaciers. The Nisqually Glacier, visible from several coigns of vantage, is a concrete lesson to the amateur in varied ice forms — glacial tables, crevasses, moraines, domes, each of which has vivid exemplification on its acres-wide and miles-long expanse. Glaciers, according to a Government treatise, are found "where mountains rise in the paths of warm humid winds." The year's snows pack into dense stratified ice which at a depth of a thousand feet is weighty enough to acquire movement. The avalanche of ice bearing down the granite slopes, carrying with it boulders and earth and piling up débris, undermines the very structure of the mountain. In its glacial carvings, as in its volcanic forms, the mount called Rainier is of the highest geologic import. Every conceivable phase of glacier life is displayed in the ice-paved circuit below its crown. Nisqually's nearest associate on the east is Paradise Glacier, especially visited for caverns that are walled and arched with ice tinted like the rainbow. Next follows the great Cowlitz Glacier at 8000 feet elevation, the most characteristic example of the Alpine type of glacier on Rainier's slopes, according to an eminent geologist. The largest of the ice bodies is the White, which feeds the White River, flowing northeast

toward the Cascades. In turn, continuing around the circle, follows Winthrop, notable for its interglacial tables and terraces. Carbon Glacier, reached by rail from the north, is included in the trip to the forests and cascades of Spray Park, and rules a region of valleys and snow-fields, talus heaps and tumbling rocks. To the west is the two-armed Mowich Glacier, also called the Willis, and one of the most interesting of all for its combination of primary features. North and South Tahoma are divided from each other and from their neighbours, Puyallup and Kautz, by ground-out barriers of rock, which indicate the approximate height of the mountain's sides in its pre-glacial period. Between Kautz and Nisqually is a plateau which extends high up toward Crater Peak and forms the pleasaunce named for P. B. Van Trump, already mentioned as having climbed to the summit by this southern route nearly fifty years ago. Some of the glaciers named are connected by trails, and new paths are projected. A road encircling the mountain is a future possibility.

The Mountaineers on their 1915 Outing made the circuit of the Mountain at or near snow line. Volume VIII of *The Mountaineer*, published at Seattle, is dedicated to the forests, the geology, the surveys and accents of Rainier.

An amazing road is the one which doubles back from Nisqually to the immaculate stream of Narada Falls, formed by the Paradise River leaping a 187-foot ledge, and soars by dizzy, serpentine grades above the Nisqually's gorge to Paradise Valley, which is as high again toward the summit as the Inn at the Springs. Here on the very torso of the Mountain is spread a flowery heath several thousand acres wide, whose rolling turf is broken

here and there by peaceful groves which tinkle with brooks and falls and offer a pastoral retreat from the domination of the Mountain. "Above the forests," says John Muir, who was among the first to know these snow-bordered parks, "there is a zone of the loveliest flowers, fifty miles in circuit, and nearly two miles wide, so closely planted and luxurious that it seems as if nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economising the precious ground and trying to see how many of her darlings she can get together in one mountain wreath — daisies, anemones, columbine, erythroniums, larkspurs,— among which we wade knee-deep and waist-deep, the bright corollas in myriads touching petal to petal. Altogether this is the richest subalpine garden I have ever found, a perfect flower elysium."

If one stays in camp at Paradise Valley, he will have time to study the patterns of this floral carpet wrought in butter-cups and heather, valerian, fire-weed, snow lilies and asters, and folded among glades and rounded furrows beneath the white image of Takhoma.

From Paradise it is not a far climb to Alta Vista which looks into the basin of Nisqually's slow melting mass where it flanges from the nucleus of its snows and swerves down the mountain-side. It is only when one stays a while with the Mountain that awe in its presence fades and one begins to understand its moods and lineaments, expressive of kingly wrath in storm, fair as Aurora at the dawn, rose-flushed or steel-blue, repelling or gracious in the changing lights and temper of the day. Sometimes it permits the familiarity of tobogganers who by the simple expedient of sitting upon its crusty surface are whirled down a snow chute with no

steering-gear but an alpenstock, amid shouts and shrill screams of delight.

Excursions are made from Paradise Valley to Sluiskin Falls and to the "javelin peaks" of the Tatoosh Range, southeast of Reese's Camp. From Longmire Springs, favourite trails lead to Van Trump Park, and across the Cowlitz River to the Ramparts. Below this rocky wall whose summit commands a spacious view of indescribable beauty, nestles the valley known as the hunting range of Indian Henry, an ancient Nimrod whose demesne comprised fir-tufted meadows and lakes of melted snow on whose bosom lay the cameo of the Mountain. Here one may enjoy tent life under congenial auspices, discovering each day a new beauty in the steep fields of the twin Tahoma glaciers which meet the green line of the Hunting-ground, surprising the curious peak of St. Helens as it peers down from the clouds to the floor of the upland, and making pilgrimages by pony trail to a dozen points from which to gain more intimate knowledge of our Mountain of Mountains.

Retracing the way to Longmire's and over the Government and county roads to Ashford, the traveller may continue by rail from Ashford to Mineral Lake, via Park Junction, and from Mineral Lake, an agreeable resort with unpretending accommodation, to Morton, at the end of the Tacoma eastern track. From this point auto stages run to towns in the Cowlitz and Chehalis River Valleys. Motorists pursue the same route from Elbe, near Park Junction, over the last lap of the National Parks Transcontinental Highway, which begins at Chicago and touches the Pacific at Willapa Harbor. The automobile road lies through Mineral, Morton, Alpha, Chehalis and Centralia, where junction is made with the Pacific Highway, and with the main rail line, Seattle – Tacoma – Portland. Lateral rail and motor-roads branch at Chehalis Junction from these trunk lines to South Bend on Willapa Harbor; and from Centralia to Aberdeen and Hoquiam on Grays Harbor, a few miles north of Willapa Harbor.

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DEMING GLACIER, MT. BAKER, NEAR BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

From Centralia, there is also connection by rail and motor-road with Olympia, at the foot of Puget Sound.

Tacoma – Olympia, by Northern Pacific Railway, 43 miles. Puget Sound steamers leave Tacoma thrice daily for Olympia. Single trip 75 cents, return $1.25. A morning steamer comes through from Seattle and returns there the same day, via Tacoma.

A section of the Pacific Highway 31 miles in length gives motor communication between Tacoma and Olympia. The road skirts Steilacoom and American Lakes on the way.

Olympia.

When General Isaac Stevens, first Governor of Washington Territory, arrived at Olympia in 1853 he found it "a rain-drenched mud-hole." The cities which neighbour the capital to-day were not then in existence. A mile south of the harbour, a small company of pioneers had cleared land for a village first called New Market and later Tumwater, in the year 1845. The settlement which grew up about rude mills for grinding grain and sawing lumber was the first one founded by Americans on the shores of Puget Sound. There had been an American mission station on the Nisqually River a few years before. Still earlier, in 1833, Nisqually House, half-way post between the Columbia and the Fraser, had been erected on the shore of the Sound by the Hudson's Bay Company. Representatives of the latter organised in 1838 the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, with a capital stock of £200,000 and headquarters in London.

Soon after Simmons and his co-settlers began their home-making at Tumwater, other families occupied land on and near Budd Inlet, which forms the harbour of Olympia. As these were the parent communities of western Washington it was logical that the territorial capital should be established in

their midst. Washington became a separate territory in March, 1853. It was first proposed that "the portion of Oregon Territory lying north of the Columbia River and west of the great northern branch thereof, should be organized . . . under the name and style of the Territory of Columbia." As sentiment in the senate was against the latter name, it was suggested that the new sub-division bear the surname of the country's first President. An amendment, later withdrawn, suggested Washingtonia instead of Washington, to avoid confusion with the nation's capital. In February, 1854, the inaugural assembly met at Olympia to formulate laws affecting the new territory's population of 4000 people. A generation later the little town situated on the lower reaches of the Sound became the seat of State government.

The original house of the Governor is especially remarked by visitors because Grant and Sheridan were entertained there during tours to the Coast. The New England Inn also has its memories of illustrious guests at ball and banquet in the days when Olympia was not only the capital, but the sole town north of the Columbia having any pretensions to social distinction. Capital Place, facing the inlet, is graced by a dignified State House, with auxiliary buildings of new design. The town has a contented, retrospective air furthered by rows of pleasant homes withdrawn from the highway to the shelter of wide shade-trees. When on pleasure bent the townsfolk seek the park at Priest Point, on the outskirts.

Olympia's name is everywhere associated with the oyster native to Pacific waters, a small strong-flavoured bivalve held in high esteem by dwellers on the Coast, though assuredly not to be compared

with the product of the Gulf of Mexico or Eastern beds. As a shipping point for the Harbor Country to the west, Olympia annually despatches many hundred thousand pounds of oysters, clams and shrimps.

Neighbouring excursions may be made by road to Tumwater and the falls of the Des Chutes River of Washington, and to the historic site of the Hudson's Bay post, at the junction of the Nisqually with the Sound. Half a dozen lakes are within a radius of 13 miles. Steamers run out Puget Inlet to suburban islands, and to Shelton, connected by auto stage with Union City on Hood Canal. By the water route or over the Olympic Highway, Lake Cushman (46 m.) is accessible. The motor-road continues north along the Canal and past Quilcene to Port Townsend, Port Angeles, Lake Crescent and Mora, as described under the heading "Olympic Peninsula," Chapter Seven.

The Harbor Country and Pacific Beaches.

The automobile road through Tumwater reaches to Grays Harbor towns and to beaches on the Pacific. A westward cut-off of the Northern Pacific Railway joins Olympia to Gate (19 m.). Gate to Aberdeen through the Chehalis Valley, 41 miles. On the south, Olympia has connection by rail and Pacific Highway with Centralia (30 m.). From Centralia, midway between Seattle and Portland,[4] the Northern Pacific proceeds along the north bank of the Chehalis River, and the Oregon – Wash-

[4] Centralia – Portland, 91 m., by way of Kelso at the mouth of the Cowlitz River, Kalama on the Columbia, and Vancouver, Wash. See under "Megler — Kalama — Kelso — Castle Rock — St. Helens," this chapter.

ington Railroad along the south bank to Grays Harbor.

The valley of the Chehalis is a refreshing highway to the sea, fertile in farms and prolific in mighty forests. Eighty inches of rainfall in an average year, and bottom lands and logged-off acres respond richly to the cultivation of agriculturists and fruit-growers. Grays Harbor County is one of the most densely timbered regions of all the State, fir, spruce, cedar, hemlock and pine trees comprising the major part of its wealth. The ocean contributes salmon, oysters, crabs and clams to swell the list of the county's resources. Aberdeen, at the head of Grays Harbor, a wide bay discovered in 1792 by the skipper of the *Columbia Rediviva,* is a manufacturing, trade and shipping port of increasing importance in the world of lumber and fish. Hoquiam, 4 miles to the west, shares the advantages of its big sister in opportunities for lumber manufacture, shipbuilding and fish export.

In January, 1916, the death was reported at Hoquiam of Schickulash Pete, last of the Grays Harbor Indian "slaves." Born in 1806, and veteran of tribal wars which took place seventy-five years ago, the grizzled aboriginal was said to be the oldest man in the Northwest. In 1840 he made one of an invading canoe party which came up the coast from the Columbia River to attack the Harbor Indians. During the battle which followed, he with many others was taken captive and held in slavery until set free some fifteen years later by the treaty of Governor Stevens with the tribes about the mouth of the Chehalis River. A companion in captivity, John Kettle, died not long ago at the age of 105.

A wonderful mountain playground has been opened to the north of Hoquiam by the completion of a western leg of the Olympic Highway, 45 miles in length, which has its end at Lake Quiniault, a beautiful body of water hemmed on three sides by the Olympics and situated between the Humptulips Valley and the sea-bordered Reserve of the Quiniault Indians. The last half of the motor-ride is through a sunless concourse of superb trees. Several camps and log hotels serve as bases for excursions into the Olympics, which may be extended to Mt. Baldy and to the crest of the range watershed. The lake is fed by the Upper Quiniault River which flows through a sheltered valley of surprising productivity. The lower Quiniault, outlet of the lake, is a riotous stream which below the Indian village of Taholah, puts to test the skill of native canoeists. For a price venturous tourists are conveyed in dug-outs over a six-hour race-course of riffles and "white water" to the rocky beach above Point Grenville, on the verge of the Pacific.

A less exciting route to the same shore is by way of the railroad north from Aberdeen and Hoquiam to Pacific Beach and Moclips, the latter resorts being favourite summer rendezvous for vacationists from the lower Sound and Grays Harbor cities.

Across the river from Aberdeen, a spur of the Northern Pacific extends to the southern bay of the wedge-shaped harbour. Bay City, the terminal station, is a part of the American Pacific Whaling Company, where leviathans of the sea are towed in and dissected by various interesting operations. The whales of the North Pacific include humpbacks, finbacks, sulphur bottoms and sperms, the sperms being the most valuable and

the rarest caught. One of average size is worth about $3000. A modern fashion of killing whales is by means of harpoons shot from guns in the bow of small steel steamers. The bolt ejects a bomb containing prussic acid, which in less than a minute paralyses the monster attacked. When the bone and oil are removed at the shore factory, the carcasses are processed to produce fertilizer and animal meal.

A tour of the Harbor by boat includes Bay City and the summer beaches on the ocean front. South of Cohasset the beach forms a broad firm boulevard to Tokeland on Willapa Harbor, a name which signifies oysters to the Northwesterner. The distance between these two great salt-water bays is not more than 20 miles over the connecting sands, and during the resort season is covered daily by auto stage. A branch of the Northern Pacific unites South Bend, at the head of Willapa Harbor, with Chehalis and Centralia (62 m.), on the main line.

This southern deep-water haven, whose area is about 150 square miles, is especially known for its shell-fish industry. A million dollars' worth of oysters and crabs are taken each year, there being 15,000 acres of oyster grounds alone on the bay and its rivers. The beds about Toke Point are renowned for the quality of their yield. A long peninsula, 2 miles wide, protects the bay from the incoming billows of the Pacific.

Nahcotta, the most northerly of the twenty watering-places on this narrow sheltering arm, has steamer communication every week-day with Tokeland and South Bend. With the hotel and cottage communities below it, Nahcotta is served by the

Ilwaco Division of the Oregon – Washington Railroad from Megler, opposite Astoria. North Beach is the inclusive name of the long lancet of land borne down by the Columbia, which is to the Washington Coast what Clatsop Beach is to Oregon, except that the elongated gulf of Willapa Harbor substitutes the cool trout streams that entice anglers to Gearhart and Seaside. Straight away for 25 miles flows an unbroken line of surf which spends its force on the gently declining floor of a neck of land thronged from June to October with bathers, motorists, clam-diggers and fishermen, and with pedestrians whose goal is a fantastic cliff or sea-side grove, a cranberry bog, or a knoll from which amphibians are visible at play about an isolated rock. Long Beach is the most populous centre of holiday pleasures. At the mouth of the Columbia, beyond Ilwaco and Baker's Bay, is Fort Canby. Further west is North Head whose splendid pharos shares with the light on Cape Disappointment the guardianship of this southwestern sea-board of Washington.

Megler — Kalama — Kelso — Castle Rock — Mt. St. Helens.

Because of its proximity and convenient transportation, North Beach is as much patronised by Oregonians as by those who seek the sea from western and eastern Washington. Ferries leave Megler, the station on the north shore of the Columbia which is the point of rail departure for North Beach, twice each week-day for Astoria, distant 4 miles across the river. Oregon coast resorts accessible from Astoria, and rail and steamer

routes to Portland are given in detail toward the end of the chapter entitled, "The Columbia River."

The steamers of the Oregon – Washington Railroad and Navigation Company call at small ports on the Washington shore en route between Astoria and Portland.

Landing at Kalama, below the mouth of the Cowlitz River, one can go north 10 miles by rail or Pacific Highway to Kelso, a village half-way between Chehalis and Portland which is of interest for its smelt fisheries. Three "runs" occur at the estuary of the Cowlitz each December, except in the December of every seventh year, when no smelt enter the river. In good seasons, 30 tons a day are taken by the Kelso fishermen. The name of the town has been given to a sea-worthy, torpedo-shaped log raft whose design was originated here and whose appearance is familiar to voyagers on the Columbia.

Proceeding another 10 miles north toward Chehalis and Centralia, from which junction points we disgressed to the Harbor Country, we arrive at Castle Rock, outfitting base for Spirit Lake and Mt. St. Helens. A road which bears 50 miles directly east from the main railway line ends on the upper shore of the lake. From the camp-site the symmetrical cone of the white-shrouded volcano is seen at nearly its full height of 9700 feet. Baker, Rainier and Adams exceed it in altitude, but no peak in the State has a fairer outline. Its rounded vertex is still intact, no cataclysm having yet demolished it, though proof that its fires still smouldered was manifested by eruptions which were recorded somewhat less than a century ago.

Vancouver — White Salmon — Mt. Adams — Wallula — Pasco.

The rail and motor road, Seattle – Tacoma – Centralia – Chehalis – Castle Rock – Kelso – Kalama, has its Washington terminus at Vanconver, 175 miles south of the metropolis of the Sound. From Kalama, the east bank of the Columbia is followed to the gracious site opposite the confluence of the Willamette and the River of the West which was chosen in 1825 for the location of an important Hudson's Bay post by Chief Factor Dr. John McLoughlin.

The point of land created at the angle of the Columbia, which here turns east again after following a southerly direction for 40 miles, was named for Captain Vancouver by his aide, Lieutenant Broughton, who in the year the river was discovered explored its beaches 100 miles inland from the bar. As a centre for fur barter, a mart for grain, a refuge for travellers from beyond the mountains and from beyond the seas, and as the administrative headquarters of the Hudson's Bay governor west of the Rockies and north "through Okanogan and Kamloops and Cariboo to the limits of the Yukon," Fort Vancouver had first rank among the early settlements of the Oregon Country. Of all the towns within the present limits of Washington, Vancouver is the civic ancestor. Its first dwellings and warehouses were picketed by spruce planks as high as the eaves to ward off Indian assailants. In the meeting-hall scenes were enacted whose description reminds one of the frontier councils and festivities which took place a century before at the first Annapolis fort, on the other side of the continent.

Dr. McLoughlin, the strong-willed Canadian who controlled with wisdom and forethought eminently difficult situations arising from the joint tenancy of surrounding valleys by Indians, Britishers, Frenchmen and Americans, received at his hospitable hearth autocratic official, trader, priest and travel-worn immigrant; here he bargained with trappers and bade farewell to motley fur brigades,[5] dispensed medicine to fever-stricken natives and outfits to the plundered, despatched soldiers to quell uprisings, listened to the tales of the shipwrecked and way-laid, wrote valiant replies to protests of his superiors against his giving assistance and supplies to Americans who had taken up lands in the Valley of the Willamette — assistance which cost him his office after years of service at Fort Vancouver.[6]

The first school in the Oregon Country was established at Vancouver. The first sermon was preached by Jason Lee within its stockade. The first vessel built on the Columbia was launched from its banks. The first shipments of wheat and flour across the Pacific were made from its granaries. The Hudson's Bay coaster, the *Beaver*, first steamer in Pacific waters, called at this chief port of the Northwest on her maiden trip from Gravesend, where in 1835 King William of England had witnessed her christening.

[5] Volume II of Agnes Laut's fascinating *Conquest of the Northwest* contains extracts from the Journals of Peter Skene Ogden, a Montreal barrister turned explorer and fur-trapper, who in his reports to the Hudson's Bay Company portrayed in detail typical experiences of the bands that went out from Vancouver and other posts of the Northwest in search of peltries.

[6] See under Oregon City, Chapter IV, an account of Dr. McLoughlin's residence on the Willamette following his resignation as governor in 1846.

Vancouver and all the territory north of it as far as the present Canadian boundary were lost to the British at the signing of the final agreement between American and English commissioners, seventy years ago.

The rise on the river-bank was created a United States military post in 1860, and Sheridan, Kearney and Grant were stationed here during the first years of American possession. Vancouver Barracks is the present headquarters for the Department of the Columbia, and a garrison of 1400 regulars is maintained.

The town of Vancouver is more occupied with its future than with its stirring past. It deals no longer in beaver-skins, but makes very good tiles and bricks, packs prunes, saws big trees and markets the produce of Clarke County farms. Its streets reflect energy and good taste. Even from train or passing boat, one gets an impression that Vancouver would be a pleasant place to live in. Not a few of its residents come back by trolley or steam road every night after a business day in Portland, half an hour away. (For Portland description, see Chapter Four.)

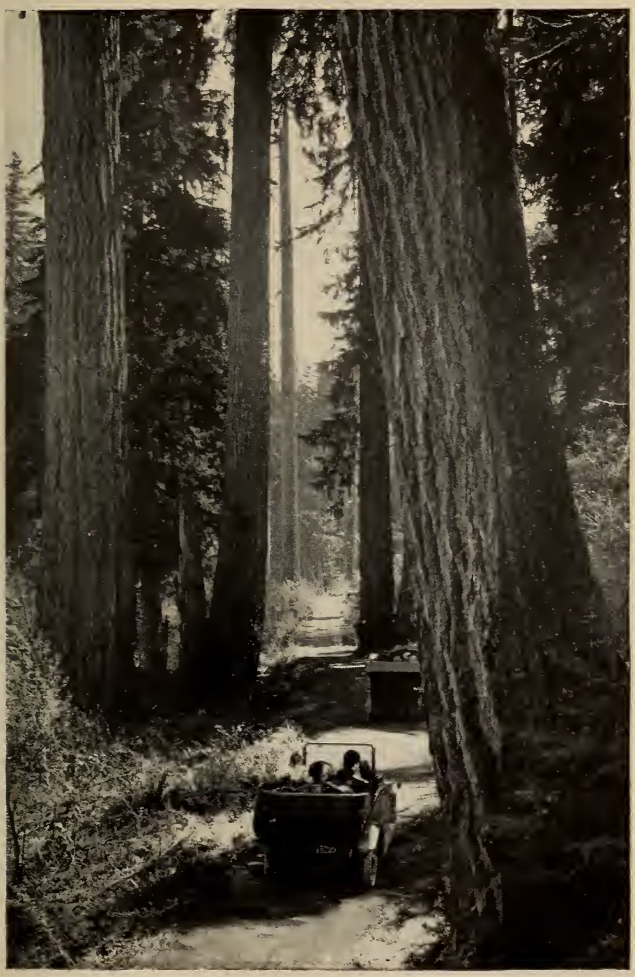
The north and the south banks of the Columbia are united by " the largest double-track railway bridge in the world," and by the new inter-state bridge for foot passengers and vehicles. The story of how the latter span came to be built has been told in Chapter Five under " Portland – Dalles, via Steamer." As the river is the joint possession of Washington and Oregon, so all that is related in that chapter concerning the voyage over its surface between the palisades on the south and the rocks and hills of the north shore applies to the excursion which may be begun at Vancouver, where

the Portland boat calls on both the up and the down trips. From Vancouver one can also go by the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railroad along the southern border of the State, keeping the Columbia in sight all the way to Pasco, 220 miles to the east. Vancouver – Spokane, 367 miles in 10 hours. A secondary state highway links Vancouver to Sunnyside in the lower Yakima Valley.

Beyond Cape Horn and Castle Rock the railway makes its way at the foot of capricious declivities which define the north wall of the Columbia's gorge. The hamlets Stevenson and Carson, on the river-bank above Cascade Locks, are visited for their mineral springs. Campers and mountain climbers turn off the highroad here for Government Hot Springs, situated in the foothills of the Cascades. Tourist interest on the Washington side of the river centres about the rapids over-looked by the riven abutment of the Bridge of the Gods, and historically notable for the existence here of Sheridan's block house on the scene of his first battle.

White Salmon is a station opposite Hood River, portal to Mt. Hood. A ferry serves the two towns, each of which is a distributing-point for the bountiful fruit products of valleys leading down to the main river highway. Vistas of the Columbia's channel and its guardian peaks are especially fine from the "Hood View" road on the bluffs above the outlet of the White Salmon River. Two admirable inns offer hospitality amid these delightful surroundings.

The chief scenic tour in southern Washington is the 100-mile circuit which begins at White Salmon



THE ROAD FROM TACOMA TO RAINIER NATIONAL PARK

in sight of the Columbia, passes up the verdant White Salmon Valley, and touches Trout Lake, Glenwood and the timber limit on Mt. Adams before looping back toward the great river that flows below Mt. Hood. Trout Lake (25 m.) is the centre of a hilly Eden much in favour with Waltonians, and numbers among other near-by attractions a group of strange caverns formed of ice and lava, which are situated near the base of Mt. Adams. Glenwood, a dozen miles from the lake, is but an hour's ride by motor from the snow line of the great volcano, which stands back 50 miles from the Columbia on an even range east from St. Helens. Adams approximates within 2000 feet the elevation of Rainier, but is of later date geologically. Its cauldron has not yet cooled, as steam issuing from the depressed cone gives evidence. Camping-places are found in pine forests cropped by sheep and watered by hurried brooks, and in rolling parks such as beautify the borderlands of all these super-mountains of the northern Cascades. Though a thousand feet higher than its companion peak across the Columbia, Adams is less difficult to climb than Hood, and presents no serious obstacles to parties properly equipped and guided.

When the road now projected between Glenwood and North Yakima is completed through the Yakima Indian Reservation, automobile tourists will be enabled to drive direct from the Mt. Adams region into the Yakima Valley.

The return trip from Glenwood to the Columbia may be made by stage or private motor-car via the canyon and valley of the White Salmon River to its mouth. From White Salmon village, the

state road leaves the Columbia shore and turns northeast by way of Goldendale and the Klickitat River to Sunnyside, a fruit-growing centre midway between North Yakima and Pasco. The Klickitat Valley presents typical contrasts of mountain scenery, wheat-laden plateaux and heavy-bearing orchards. A short spur of the railway follows the river from Lyle to Goldendale, the county seat. The daily stage between Goldendale and Maryhill may be employed for the return to the trunk line of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway. Maryhill is the station at which guests alight who come to visit the agricultural estate of Samuel Hill, prime mover in the Washington Good Roads Association. A demonstration highway built at an expense of $100,000 traverses a domain comprising several thousand acres.

The passenger who travels by rail from Lyle to Maryhill will gain from the car window a good impression of the curiously narrowed and impeded passage-way of the Columbia, the cause of which is related in Chapter Five, under the subject head, "The Dalles." At Grand Dalles station a ferry crosses the river to Dalles City, on the Oregon shore.

Beyond Maryhill the channel broadens, several islands are noted in the centre of the stream, and the river cleaves the barrier of the Umatilla highlands. The undulated bunch grass plains encompassed by the Columbia and the Yakima, and descriptively named Horse Heaven, border the rails on the north. The bed of the Columbia, which throughout its entire length of 1400 miles, extending from a lake in eastern British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, is distinguished by numbers of embracing curves, bends abruptly to the west at

Wallua.[7] A few miles beyond, the international stream receives the tribute of the Snake River, which wends its way north in a similar series of twists and turns from the hills of Eastern Idaho, just outside the bounds of Yellowstone National Park.

Pasco, which surveys the wedding of the rivers, is seat of a county which had in 1900 a population of 486. By the next census the number of its inhabitants had increased 960 per cent. New railroads and irrigation plants have been the influential factors in the progress of this southern section of the vast Columbia Basin, and the recent completion of the Celilo locks, permitting river navigation from Pasco to the Pacific, is bound to further affect the resources of this and adjoining counties. River-boats also ply up the Columbia 70 miles to Priest Rapids, and on the Snake as far east as Lewiston, Idaho.

The great circular plateau that usurps the heart of Washington is surrounded for nearly three-quarters of its circumference by the Snake and the Columbia, and enclosed by foothills of the Cascades, by the Okanogan Highlands, by spurs north and east of Spokane, and by the Blue Mountains. In its uncultivated state it comprised sagebrush prairies, coulees, or dry river-beds, sandy plains, guiltless of any trees, and bare bench-lands. By the artificial introduction of water, acres by the hundred thousand have been redeemed for the growing of wheat, alfalfa, hops, fruits and vegetables on this warm, sunny table-land, which those versed in

[7] Wallula — Walla Walla, 31 miles by O.-W. R. & N. branch. For railway from Seattle via Wenatchee, North Yakima and Pasco, see "Routes across the Cascades to the Columbia Basin," Chapter VII.

the structures of the earth believe to have been the bed of a long-since evaporated sea.

The Palouse wheat plains in the southeast are matched in the north by the Big Bend prairie in the production of grains. The total wheat acreage of the Columbia Basin yields an average crop of 55,000,000 bushels a year. Barley and oats add another 20,000,000 bushels to the annual output of the Inland Empire.

By Northern Pacific or Oregon-Washington Railroad, Pasco is 90 miles distant from North Yakima. The route from Seattle to the Columbia Basin is detailed at the end of Chapter VII.

Kennewick (across the Columbia from Pasco) – Wallula (16 m.) – Walla Walla (47 m.), by Oregon – Washington line. The distance is 20 miles longer by a branch of the Northern Pacific from Pasco to Walla Walla.

Pasco – Walla Walla by motor highway, 50 m.

Pasco – Spokane, 146 miles by Northern Pacific transcontinentral line and by Spokane, Portland and Seattle Road, in 4 to 4½ hours. By Oregon – Washington line via Attalia, Ayer Junction and Marengo, 167 miles.

By Inland Empire Highway via Walla Walla, 200 miles.

CHAPTER X

EASTERN WASHINGTON. THE IDAHO LAKES.

Wallula — Walla Walla.— Through the Palouse Country to Spokane.— Spokane and its Environs.— Lake Cœur d'Alene, Hayden Lake and Lake Pend d'Oreille.— En Route to Glacier National Park.

* * *

Wallula — Walla Walla.

It is recorded that an English surveyor, by name David Thompson, a recruit from the Hudson's Bay Company to the service of their keen-headed rivals, the Nor'westers, explored the Columbia "from source to sea" in the years 1810 and 1811. Below the Columbia's junction with the Snake, he erected, according to his own report said to be preserved in the archives of Ontario, "a small pole with a half sheet of paper tied about it, with these words: 'Know hereby this country is claimed by Great Britain and the N W Company from Canada do hereby intend to erect a factory on this place for the commerce of the country—D. Thompson.'"

Where the Walla Walla River merges with the sovereign stream, a fortified centre for trapping expeditions was established seven years later, on the present site of Wallula village, by a voyageur of the Northwest Company. The interlopers, as they were deemed by the Hudson's Bay Company, were already intrenched on the Rivers Spokane and Okanogan. The huts at the mouth of the Walla

Walla became the southern outpost of their domain in 1818. Before the creation of the fort above Point Vancouver, the successors of the "Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading on Hudson's Bay" consolidated with the "Nor'westers," a defiant band of fur traffickers who had organised at Montreal late in the eighteenth century, about a hundred years after the older company was chartered. Fort Walla Walla, overlooking the outlet of the "River of Many Waters," and half-way house between Vancouver and the posts in the north, flew the Hudson's Bay flag between the years 1821 and 1846. In 1841 the frontier fortalice was destroyed by fire. It was later rebuilt and was a familiar assembly point for immigrants starting down the Columbia Valley by boats, or by wagons over the Barlow trail.

In 1835, Marcus Whitman, a physician from New York State, was appointed by the American Board of Foreign Missions to undertake a journey to the Far West River with a ministerial companion, for the purpose of determining the best locality in which to organise a mission to the Indians. The political status of the Oregon Country was not decided until a decade later. To the Easterner this was still a foreign land. A preliminary reconnaissance in the west was followed by a longer journey in 1836. In September of that year, Dr. Whitman, accompanied by his bride of a few months and a party of missionaries, arrived at Fort Walla Walla. Their decision to labour first among the tribes of the Walla Walla Valley was influenced by Dr. McLoughlin, with whom the new arrivals conferred at Vancouver. The place definitely chosen was Waiilatpu, 25 miles east of the Hudson's Bay fort and 6 miles west from the site of

the flourishing city which stands to-day on the banks of the Walla Walla River.

The first American baby born in the Oregon Country lifted its infant voice in the cabin of Dr. Whitman and his saintly wife, Narcissa. The new mother and the wife of a companion missionary were the first white women to come west over the Rocky Mountains.

The mission at Waiilatpu had not long been established when difficulties arose which threatened its dissolution. Dr. Whitman, a stalwart, upstanding man of magnetic personality, and earnestly desirous for the Americanisation of Oregon, determined in the fall of 1842 to return east to urge upon his Board the continuation of the mission, to apprise the Government of Oregon's advantages in regard to colonisation, and to organise a company of emigrants to make the journey back with him to the Columbia Valley. Though the month was October, the missionary-physician, stricken with a responsibility which no one else shared, dauntless, resourceful and careless of all danger, undertook to cross the mountains already choked with snow, with only such equipment as could be carried strapped on the back of his horse. A friend accompanied him as far as Colorado. The rest of the journey to Boston and Washington he made alone, most of it in the saddle, and during the stormiest months of the winter.

What to do about Oregon was already a serious consideration at the Capitol. For thirty years intermittent reports of pioneers had advised the people and the Government concerning its resources. Previous to Whitman's advent, families had been urged to migrate thither, with the hope that increased American population would outweigh

British commercial influence in the Far West, where at that time two flags waved over a common ground. The courage of the Oregon missionary in crossing the continent on horse-back at an unfavourable season, and for a high purpose, drew further attention to Oregon. Horace Greeley wrote a "sympathetic editorial" about the modest hero, and the Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Tyler accorded him an interview. The American Board of Foreign Missions agreed to continue the Waiilatpu station, which Dr. Whitman urged was not only of moment in the civilisation of the Cayuses and Walla Wallas, but a post at which incoming caravans from the east might be succoured.

Abandoning his intention of assembling by his own efforts a company of emigrants, he offered the experience he had gained during three transcontinental journeys for the benefit of the would-be settlers who were already preparing to cross the mountains under the convoy of Lieutenant Frémont, whom Congress had designated their pathfinder. This migration of a thousand pioneers in the memorable year of 1843 had a lasting effect upon the ultimate occupation of Oregon. Because it coincided with the heroic pilgrimage of the devoted Whitman, his Mission Board, in re-telling the story of the Ride a quarter-century later, construed this movement to colonise Oregon as directly attributable to his energy and influence, and exaggerated the interest with which he was received by those in high places. What Whitman did might very reasonably have stirred officials at Washington and the people at large to definite action regarding the populating of the disputed territory. But chronological facts plainly indicate that senti-

ment favourable to emigration to the Northwest had already taken material form before he reached the East, and that he subsequently played a minor part, though a helpful one, in the winning of Oregon for the United States.

Volumes have been written eulogising the sturdy apostle of Waiilatpu as the saviour of Oregon. Other volumes dispute his right to even a humble place among Oregon's heroes, and denote his ride, the "Whitman myth." The truth, as a Canadian writer puts it, "probably exists half way between the critics' scepticism and the old legend."

During Dr. Whitman's absence the natives had threatened his wife, who had been compelled to seek the protection of the British posts, and had burned the mill attached to the mission. The decision had just been taken to remove further down the Columbia, following other hostile demonstrations during the years 1843 to 1847, when the Indians of the Walla Walla Valley were attacked by a virulent plague of measles. Primitive methods of treatment were not easily combated by white men whom the Cayuses distrusted and disliked because they stood for a new order which ignored ancient traditions and rights. Evil hints were bruited that the medicine-man of the missionaries was administering harmful remedies, if he was not actually to blame for the spread of the epidemic. On a day late in November of 1847, savages entered the Whitman home and slew the Doctor and his wife with tomahawks and bullets. That day and during the next week a dozen others at the station were murdered, and fifty women and children were dragged into shameful captivity. The factor at Fort Vancouver, on hearing the news, sent the fearless Peter Ogden to free the captives and give aid

in all ways possible. But the factor at Fort Walla Walla refused the refuge of his stockade to American families who fled the scene of massacre, and at least one victim of his brutality died in consequence.

Volunteer troops were despatched from the Willamette Valley to do battle with the tribes responsible for the massacre. Followed the Cayuse War, during which five of the murderers were captured and hanged. During a brief truce, Governor Stevens of Washington held council on the site of Walla Walla City with five thousand enemy natives and their chiefs all in savage array. A treaty was signed, only to be violated before the ink was dry. The War of 1855-56 was waged by the ferocious Klickitats, Walla Wallas, Umatillas, Cayuses, Yakimas and Palouses against settlers in all the valleys south of the Columbia plateau. A great battle was fought near the exterminated mission west of Walla Walla, and won by the Oregon militia. A second council was held on the former treaty ground, but without result, and another conflict took place in the Valley, in which Colonel Steptoe of the regulars was victorious. In the winter of '56 an American Fort Walla Walla was raised on the banks of Mill Creek. About this feeble defence a village grew which is mentioned in Washington annals as the second town in the commonwealth in point of age. During the year 1857, the Walla Walla Valley was opened to settlers. The grassy plains, "always good pasturage for horses," were thereafter browsed by cattle and sheep. The village of Walla Walla acquired wealth and population, augmented by the stampede of 1860–61 to the mines of eastern Washington and Idaho. In twenty years it

had become the most important town in the State.

The Walla Walla of the present is queen of a valley fabled for its production of wheat, of which the yield is 5,000,000 bushels a year, of wool, whose clip averages two pounds to a sheep more than is ordinarily obtained elsewhere in the United States, and of fruits famed for their size and flavour. The oldest banking institution in the State is in Walla Walla. With four others it receives the deposits of principal centres in southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon.

Blossom-time in the valley and harvest-time are seasons that many come from far to enjoy. The county fair is a wondrous exhibition of fine live-stock, blue-stem wheat, flowers, cowboy feats and ruddy apples. So broad are the plains of eastern Washington and so rich this particular section that it was proposed in 1861 to create the Territory of Walla Walla as distinct from the division west of the Columbia, which was still to be called Washington. The first railroad built between two State towns is the one over which we ride from Wallula to the valley metropolis. Its construction was financed by Dr. Baker, an Illinois settler in Walla Walla, and its completion was celebrated there in 1875. Says Meany: "Weird and humorous tales are told about that old road. At first the rails were of wood, and Governor Mead has said that on these rails were tacked strips of rawhide. One hard winter the railroad was put out of commission by the starving coyotes eating those rawhide rails. Later strap iron was nailed to the wooden rails. Frequently the train was stopped to allow the fireman and engineer to run ahead and drive down the loosened spikes in the iron straps. For all that, the road was a financial success."

Whitman College is the outgrowth of a preparatory school founded some sixty years ago by a farmer-missionary. Visitors to Walla Walla are free to inspect the historical museum maintained in one of the college buildings. The site itself is worthy of observation as the spot upon which the Governor of Washington, attended only by fifty white men, bravely met and treated with several thousand treacherous Indians, in whose minds plans for renewed warfare were already forming. Old Fort Walla Walla, erected on Mill Creek in 1856, occupies an honoured position in the centre of the well-built, modern city. Few strangers leave the valley before driving the six miles to the mournful hillock whereon stands a monument to the massacred missionaries and settlers whose bones are entombed at its base.

For outdoor pleasures and valley views of wide scope, Walla Wallans recommend the Blue Mountains, "a reft and jagged range" which slopes from the uplands of the Columbia Basin and sheds its snows on the east side into the Snake River. Southeast of Walla Walla, horse-back parties cross the Oregon line and go by way of Toll Gate Pass into the Wallowa Valley, and on to Wallowa Lake by train or trail. Good but hilly roads lead from Walla Walla to Bingham Hot Springs (59 m.), in the Blue Mountains, and to Pendleton, Ore. (54 m.). Walla Walla – Pendleton by Oregon – Washington Railroad, 49 miles. For Wallowa and Pendleton description see latter part of Chapter V.

Walla Walla is the rallying point of a dozen rail and motor-roads that ramble hither from Oregon, and wander in from cities and villages on the Wash-

A FOREST LANE IN EASTERN WASHINGTON

ington side of the border that have local importance as distributing stations for the abundant crops of surrounding counties. A county without a railroad is hilly Asotin, which fills the southeastern angle of the State. Walla Walla – Waitsburg – Clarkston – Lewiston, Idaho, by highroad, 89 miles.

A confusion of routes is presented the traveller who turns north from Walla Walla toward Spokane. The most direct way over the wheat-fields is by the Oregon – Washington Road, Walla Walla – Grange City Junction – Hooper Junction – Spokane (159 m.). By another O.-W. route Walla Walla is distant 198 m. from Sqokane, via Grange City Junction, Riparia, Winona and Tekoa.[1]

From Riparia, branches of both the O.-W. and N. P. R'ys turn east and south to Lewiston (70 m.), on the Idaho border. Steamboats also run up the Snake River from Riparia to Clarkston, Asotin County, which is joined to the Idaho city by suspension bridge across the boundary-mark of the river. In this torrid corner of Washington, sub-tropical fruits are produced in immense quantities. The Vineland irrigated district yields nectarines, apricots and fine grapes, besides peaches and cherries. Lewiston, Idaho, is situated at the confluence of the Clearwater River with the Snake. In the Kamiah Valley on the Clearwater River, 50

[1] The Northern Pacific leads west by north to Attalia and Pasco, and from Pasco via Ritzville through miles of wheat lands to Spokane (210 m.). The general direction of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Road, Pasco – Spokane (150 m.) is the same as that taken by the Northern Pacific. By Inland Empire Highway, Walla Walla is distant from Spokane 150 miles, via Bolles, Delaney, Penewawa ferry across the Snake River, Colfax, Thornton, Rosalia and Spangle.

miles east of Lewiston, the explorers Lewis and Clark rested for a month at Camp Chopunnish in the spring of 1805, until the snow had sufficiently melted to allow them to cross the Bitter Root Mountains on their homeward journey. Not far from this region gold was discovered fifty-five years later, which resulted in an excited influx of miners through Walla Walla and Lewiston. Over $7,000,000 worth of ore was taken from the Orofino district in two years.

North from Riparia, on the secondary Oregon–Washington line to Spokane, a branch turns east at Winona through the heart of the rolling Palouse Country to the rich little town of Colfax, and to Pullman (44 m.), seat of the State College, whose practical courses in the scientific cultivation of the soil attract a large number of students. The terminus of the spur is at Moscow, a few miles across the Idaho boundary. Pullman and neighbouring towns are also served by branches of the Northern Pacific, and the Spokane and Inland Empire Electric Railway. The Palouse Highway is the motor-road link with Spokane. At Garfield a Washington–Idaho Round-up is held late in the summer. In this vicinity is Pyramid Butte, also called Steptoe Butte, a barren and tragic landmark of the Palouse Country, which witnessed the defeat of troops sent out from Walla Walla in May, 1858, under command of Colonel Steptoe, to subdue hostile natives of the northeast. The white forces would have been exterminated by the Spokanes, Cœur d'Alenes and other tribes but for the friendship and craft of a Nez Percé chief who led the remnant of Steptoe's command by a circuitous trail back to the Snake River under cover of the dark. At Rosalia, 20 miles north of Garfield, a park

has been created to mark the battle-ground. In the fall of 1858, Colonel George Wright, commandant at Walla Walla, decisively conquered the victors of Steptoe on the lake-dotted plains between Spangle and Spokane, and on near-by Hangman's Creek he executed a number of chiefs and their tribesmen. Fort Wright, which occupies a thousand acres on the river east of Spokane, is named in memory of this courageous and skilful fighter.

Spokane.[2]

Posed against a background of snowy hills, Spokane is mistress of prairies that flow from the west and the south and pay her tribute of cattle, fruit and grain beyond the riches of many a king's empire. To the north and the east are mountains fraught with precious metals. Like Seattle, Spokane has profited as the repository of wealth taken from streams and ledges, and much of her treasure has been inherited from a region beyond the confines of the United States. The Yukon Territory helped build Seattle. Nearly a decade before her golden ships came in, the Kootenay District of British Columbia had dowered Spokane with a fortune in silver.

The "Spokan Country," first mentioned in the journals of Lewis and Clark, was enlivened in 1811 by the establishment of rival trading posts at the junction of the Spokane River and its tributary, the Little Spokane. Spokane House, important

[2] For routes to Spokane, see "Transportation" and "Motorways," Chapter I. Also end of Chapter VII and middle of Chapter VIII for rail and motor routes from Puget Sound; and end of Chapter IV for railroads from Portland. End of Chapter IX for routes thither from southern Washington.

base for the operations of the Northwest Company, was taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. The Astor post, organised by the short-lived Pacific Fur Company, had been sold to the Nor'westers when Astoria passed out of the Americans' hands, during the War of 1812. To this rendezvous in the remote interior, moccasined bands,— Scotch, Canadian French, American, English,— came by canoe and on foot bringing from the Pacific or from distant parts of Canada munitions, blankets, traps and beads to clinch with the Indians bargains in skins. Trapping crews outfitted here, and factors of the British companies were entertained at ambitious social affairs that were gay, not to say roysterously reckless.

The name Spokane as spelled to-day first appeared on a War Department map in 1838. An era of missionary effort by Protestants and Romanists, dating from this year, had a satirical climax in the bitter Indian wars of '53–'58. In 1860 and 1861, miners came to the diggings on Washington rivers, Idaho being until 1863 a part of Washington. Camps as wild as those of California succeeded the desultory bivouac of a group of prospectors whose horses disclosed what lay beneath their pasture by pulling up grass that had gold clinging in yellow clods to its roots. Farmers came in the wake of the miners. In 1872 three clairvoyant millers set up sawing machinery on the brink of the twin falls formed by the Spokane River, at a point 14 miles east of the abandoned site of the Britishers' fur post. Eight years later, according to N. W. Durham, a local historian, there were fifty houses on the south side of the river. Transportation across its frothy bed was by "a rope ferry and two canoes." On the hill-

sides before their tepees, "blanketed braves loafed and stalked in the shade of the silent pines."

The town of Spokane Falls was incorporated in 1881. Its permanency was insured when the builders of the Northern Pacific laid their rails this way across the continent, and when gold was discovered in the mountainous region about Cœur d'Alene Lake in the year 1883. Another six years, and the Hercules lead mine divulged its store. It is said that the preliminary work on this mine was paid for out of the savings of a young woman teacher, a relative of the original discoverer. Since 1889, over $5,000,000 worth of lead has been taken from its pits.

The great fire of '89 left two buildings standing on Spokane's principal street. Strangely enough, the same year witnessed the destruction of the main portions of Seattle and two other Washington towns by the same agency. The ashes were scarcely cool when a new Spokane was conceived. The city's progress from that day to this is a matter of pride to all the Northwest. The development of farms and orchards within the past score of years has augmented the importance of this chief city between the Rockies and the Cascades. If Washington should be divided, as was attempted fifty years ago, the plains east of the Columbia would assuredly now be known as the State of Spokane.

A shining star in a constellation of steam roads, electric roads, wagon roads, Spokane glows in a very transport of transportation. Take passage in the East on any one of seven main railways, and you may arrive at the City of Rushing Waters without so much inconvenience as a change of cars. Rails turn to Spokane as metal to a magnet.

Rails to the left of her, rails to the right, rails above and below lead to her gates, then speed one away again to peaks, forests, lakes and rivers, to all-wheat kingdoms and to kingdoms where the apple-tree is the reigning emblem. No sort of outing may be conceived, short of a swim in the sea, to which wheels will not carry one in a hundred minutes from Spokane.

Two days or three will suffice to give you casual acquaintance with the restless streets, the faultless boulevards, the acres of gardens and some of the fifty parks, the prosperous villas, cottages and mansions that compose the city. You will stroll amid herders, farmers, students, leather-fringed rangers, apple magnates, modish women and silver-lined autocrats on Riverside Avenue, inspect its shops, see a play or two. At the new Davenport you will while agreeable hours in irreproachable salons and tea-rooms, and find diversion in gay functions that speak of New York or Frisco. If your visit is in September or November (and in the summer you may find Spokane parched and unbearably hot), you will enjoy the famous Interstate Fair or the festive Apple Show. You will of course see the cascades that founded the city. In two spans separated by a mass of rough rock, they plunge over ledges 200 feet wide and 150 feet high. Electricity's demands and the season affect the volume. Work-a-day falls like these may not crush wheat, turn lathes, run railways, operate mines without sacrificing something of pristine energy and form.

The falls and the river's bridges, drives and resorts, the level lawns of the north side, the opulent crests of the south, the city's hundred churches, its colleges, handsome public buildings, schools and

library, its natural and landscaped recreation grounds, will be pointed out from the motor carry-all that leaves twice a day from the principal hotels, and from the headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce. The latter organisation not only starts tourists on their sight-seeing way, but provides exhaustive pamphlets which give more fully than this chapter has space to do facts concerning the half-hundred excursions to be taken from Spokane by private automobile, public stage, traction or interurban line, trolley and train. The Automobile Club gives further assistance, and the Motorists' Travel Service Bureau of the National Parks Transcontinental Highway will advise concerning longer trips. The Travel Bureau of the Washington Water Power Company may also be consulted as to interurban and local journeys.

For a five-cent fare one can circle by trolley the hillside estates that survey the heart of the city and the homes spread on the plain below Mt. Spokane, a peak 6000 feet high whose summit is attainable by a 20-mile motor and trail expedition. A nickel also buys the joys of Manito Park, initiates one into the aboriginal mysteries of Indian Canyon, and gives one a view of Fort Wright, the most spacious Government post in the Northwest. Inland Empire Traction Car and motor bus combine to show one the ornate dwellings, the country club and promising college that adorn the banks of the Little Spokane.

A motor-car may be driven straight out the same Waikiki Road to Deer Park, a station on the Great Northern Railway, 25 miles north from Spokane. The attraction here is an orchard 7500 acres in expanse, owned by one company. Fifteen miles beyond is Loon Lake, fished for its perch and

Dolly Varden trout. Continue 60 miles further in the same northerly direction, by motor-road or Great Northern, past Deer Lake, through a copper mine district and the richly timbered Colville Valley, and you will come to the junction of the Kettle River with the River of the West, here bound due south from the Arrow Lakes in British Columbia on its way to the "Big Bend." A few miles below Marcus, at Kettle Falls, British traders had a post in 1833, and the Catholic Fathers a mission. If disposed to adventure, you can hire an Indian or two from the near-by Reservation and trace the vacillating stream in a bateau from the Falls to Wenatchee, 150 miles to the southwest.

From Marcus, rail and wagon-road press on 25 miles to the Canadian boundary along opposite banks of the Kettle River. The Great Northern takes one this way from Spokane to Oroville (227 miles).

A Great Northern fork from Marcus gives access to the Kootenay mines about Rossland and ends at Nelson, B. C. (100 m.). Spokane – Nelson, 200 miles. See Note 3, this chapter, for routes out of Nelson, over Canadian Pacific rail and steamer lines.

Westward from Spokane there are drives which lead to lakes utilitarian, pastoral, curative, piscatorial. One has only to name his mood and a lake can be found to match it. On the road to Long Lake, reached by a drive along the shady Spokane River, strangers like to turn off at the ninth mile to see the spot where the Nor'westers and the Astorians appraised beaver skins at so many for a blanket, and the Hudson's Bay factor despatched trapping brigades after the year 1821.

The river, but a highway for fur traffickers a century ago, becomes a powerful generating agency at the thirtieth mile, where it pours in four great streams over a dam 150 feet high and forms Long Lake. Below the concrete spillway is the plant of the company which operates Spokane's street car system. Running south 20 miles to Reardon on the Sunset Highway, the trip back to Spokane is via Medical Lake, reputed for its anti-rheumatic properties. Several other lakes lie to the south which serve no purpose but to freshen the landscape. Lakes garnish the route of the Oregon – Washington Railroad all the way from Spokane to Marengo. Rock Lake, shut in by high sheer walls, stretches for 15 miles along the continental track of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road out of Spokane to the southwest.

Through Spangle and Rosalia the Inland Empire highroad winds over billowy plains, black at seedtime, green in the spring, yellow at the harvest. No wheat sprang here in the day when Steptoe's feeble force met the bloody attack of merciless savages on this prairie below the grim pointed butte which beckons to the south.

Lake Cœur d'Alene, Hayden Lake and Lake Pend d'Oreille.

Eastward from Spokane runs the premier highway of the County of Spokane, which boasts within its limits a road mileage nearly equal to the width of the continent. The "Apple Way" is a paved straight path through a flumed park of orchards whose area is computed by the square mile and whose trees by the hundred thousand. For two-thirds of the way to Cœur d'Alene Lake (33 m.)

the Apple Road keeps pace with the Spokane River. A little way west of the Idaho border a detour is made at Mile 14 to Liberty Lake, a popular centre for summer sports,— camping, fishing, boating, bathing.

The Inland Empire Traction road proceeds in the direction of the Apple Way to the town of Cœur d'Alene, a frequented resort at the source of the Spokane River. Another route to Cœur d'Alene is via the Northern Pacific through Post Falls. The O.-W. R. line to Wallace from Spokane crosses the foot of the lake at Harrison (43 m.). The Red Collar steamboats traverse its length from Cœur d'Alene town, at the northern end, and in a little over three hours (43 m.) arrive at St. Maries on the lofty River St. Joe. The most delightfully diversified day trip out of Spokane (180 miles in 12 hours) is the one which leaves the Inland Empire terminal daily at 7:40 A. M., goes down the lake to Chatcolet and St. Maries, continues 10 miles over the mirroring surface of the famed St. Joe to the head of river navigation, and returns over the same course to Spokane. The Sunday price for this interstate journey by land and water is $2.50.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul offers passengers the option of going without extra cost by electric train and steamer to St. Maries, and there joining the trunk line, Spokane – Avery, Ida. – Missoula, Mont. – Deer Lodge – Butte – Chicago.

The mining camps of the Cœur d'Alene hills are reached by the Oregon – Washington branch, Spokane – Harrison – Wallace (92 m.). In this region is produced a third of all the lead output of the United States. From a narrow gulch in the Wardner district is taken ore to the value of $10,-

000,000 in an average year. The Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at Kellogg is the biggest producer of lead anywhere known. Wallace is the trade centre of a net-work of mines which since their discovery have given to the world $200,000,000 worth of lead, silver, gold, copper and zinc.

The name Cœur d'Alene, "heart like an awl," was given to the tribes of this section by French voyagers to express their sharp practice in trade.

A road 7 miles in length unites the upper end of Lake Cœur d'Alene with Hayden Lake. Motorists like to go out the Apple Way, touch the shores of both these mountain jewels, and return to Spokane by the Trent Road, which parallels the Spokane River on the north.

By Inland Empire tri-daily electric trains, Hayden Lake, via Cœur d'Alene, is distant an hour and a half (40 m.) from the corner of Main and Lincoln Streets, Spokane. Regular round trip fare, $2. This comparatively small but exceedingly pretty Idaho lake, 15 miles beyond the interstate border, is the resort of the tourist, the summer sojourner, the trout fisherman and the hunter, whose game is in adjacent forests. Principally, it is the happy golfing ground of enthusiasts who appraise their skill by the score they are able to make over its exacting course. A pleasant chalet surrounded by tents and cabins provides entertainment for those who spend a day or a season on the edge of this lake, known throughout Eastern Washington for its limpid charms.

A trip north through the mountains from Spokane to Metaline Falls, a point of scenic interest on the Clark Fork of the Pend d'Oreille River, may be accomplished in a day by an Idaho, Washington,

Northern train which leaves Union Station early in the morning and returns to Spokane by dinner-time. The same route may be followed nearly all the way to Metaline Falls by automobile. A stretch of lake-embellished highland beguiles the distance through Idaho to the roads' junction with the river at Newport (46–62 m.). Newman Lake, also reached from Spokane by daily stage, is an anglers' delight. Twin Lakes offer fishing and fresh-water bathing from a sandy beach. Spirit Lake, like the lake of the same name across the Cascades, serves as crystal foot-stool for a mountain. An easy trail through the forests of Mt. Spokane achieves the summit of this snow-top whose view includes three States and a foreign province, and a profusion of fair vales and water levels. The wagon-road up this Mount of the Sun Children approaches from the west side by way of Chattaroy, and reaches to within three miles of the crest. This is the route ordinarily chosen from Spokane.

From Newport on the State boundary, the rails follow the Pend d'Oreille, a river which is both interstate and international in its geography. The course from Newport to Metaline Falls is northward through Washington, and ends where the stream cataracts over a rough bed between craggy walls. Pend d'Oreille County is bounded on the east by Idaho and on the north by Canada.

Newport lies on the main line of the Great Northern route to the east. At Priest River, Ida., 7 miles beyond, an automobile stage makes daily connection for the lower end of Priest Lake (25 m.), which has fame among sportsmen and lovers of the Wild.

ON LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, NORTHERN IDAHO

At Sand Point, on the upper shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille, three railroads meet — the Great Northern on its way to Glacier National Park; the Northern Pacific en route for Thompson Falls, Helena, the Yellowstone and St. Paul; and the Spokane International, over whose rails Canadian Pacific passengers travelling to Calgary, Kootenay Landing, et cetera, are routed north to Kingsgate, on the British Columbia frontier.[3] Any one of these railways, or the National Parks Highway, may be used for an excursion from Spokane to Lake Pend d'Oreille (70 m.). As a rule it is made a stop-over point on the way to or from Spokane.

The French trappers who blazed the thickly wooded passes of Northern Idaho on expeditions back and forth between Spokane House and the buffalo prairies of Montana, remarked the length and narrow shape of the wavering lake which hangs down for 55 miles between two looping rivers. To them it resembled an ear-ring — a *pend d'oreille*, and so they called it. They might have thought it a pendant of malachite at the throat of the mountains, with the rivers as neck chain. But Earring Lake it will always remain in memory of their passing. The north fork of the Clark River comes in below Sand Point, and the south fork enters 25 miles to the east at Garfield Bay, where the

[3] Spokane – Sand Point (70 m.) – Bonner's Ferry – Kingsgate (140 m.) – Cranbrook – Colvalli – Fernie – Macleod (360 m.) – Calgary (468 m.). Kingsgate – Cranbrook – Colvalli – Bull River – Athalmere – Golden, 250 miles northeast. (See Note 4.) A C. P. R. branch to the west, Kingsgate – Kootenay Landing, connects with boat to Balfour, on Kootenay Lake, and Nelson, B. C. From Nelson, a railroad and a steamer up the Arrow Lakes lead to Revelstoke, on main C. P. R. transcontinental line, west of Golden.

Northern Pacific trunk line swings around the upper shore of the lake. Numerous other streams flow in from the wild ridges that divide Idaho from Montana, and which present a forbidding face to the water. There is no larger lake this side the Rockies, and few are more lovely. A steamer which sails from Sand Point village to Lakeview on the south bay, and to Bay View, connected by branch with the International trains, permits a leisurely accounting of its component beauties. A still lazier and a more rewarding means of transport is a boat, hired at Sand Point, or at the southern landings, and piloted as the will invites among restful coves, with a troll bobbing behind to bait the red-bellied char.

Spokane – Belton, west gate of Glacier National Park, by Great Northern Railway, 298 miles in 10 hours by morning express, via Newport, Sand Point, Bonner's Ferry, Libby, Mont., Rexford (213 m.) and Columbia Falls.

Spokane – Glacier Park station (east gate) 358 miles.

By National Park Highway, Spokane – Sand Point – Bonner's Ferry – Libby – Kalispell (in the Flathead Valley) – Belton (267 m.) – Lake McDonald (Apgars, 271 m.), over a superb piece of road-building, amid fine scenery all the way. From Belton, motor cars are freighted 57 miles to Glacier Park station at a cost of $10.

At Bonner's Ferry, situated in the lee of the Cabinet Mountains, east of Sand Point, the rails of the Great Northern cross the Kootenay River. This Anglo-American stream heads near the source of the Columbia, but flows south while the Columbia trends north. At Bonner's Ferry it has made its Big Bend into the United States and is on its way north to the lower Kootenay Lake. It is navigated from Bonner's Ferry to Kootenay Landing, Balfour (Canadian Pacific steamers) and Nelson, beyond which city it joins the Colum-

bia. A Great Northern branch links Bonner's Ferry with Creston, B. C., a station east of Kootenay Landing on the Canadian Pacific Crow's Nest Route.

The route of the Spokane International Railway from Bonner's Ferry has already been indicated in Note 3. A Great Northern branch leads from Rexford into Canada.[4] Rexford is at the eastern junction of the main track with the riotous Kootenay, which here courses due south. The river takes three distinct directions during the span of a hundred miles between Bonner's Ferry and Rexford.

The mountain views which the Bitter Root and Cabinet Ranges provide to the south are suc-

[4] This branch extends to Fernie, on the Crow's Nest Route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Northern transcontinental expresses arrive at Rexford daily from the west and from the east. Every week-day the branch train leaves at 7 A.M. The route connecting the trunk line of the Great Northern with the trunk line of the Canadian Pacific is, Rexford – Elko (43 m., see below) – Fernie (62 m.) – Macleod (167 m.) – Calgary (275 m.). Spokane – Calgary over this route, 488 miles. Calgary – Banff, 82 miles west. Calgary – Edmonton, 193 miles north; Edmonton – Jasper on Grand Trunk Pacific, 234 miles west, en route to Prince Rupert, B. C.

Passengers detraining at Elko, B. C., can proceed by the C. P. R. Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, 26 miles northwestward to Bull River. From this station, near which there is a country inn, a train leaves at 7:30 Thursday and Monday morning for Athalmer, 83 miles due north, in the Columbia Valley. Near-by there is an excellent hotel at Invermere. An automobile highway leads from this point through the Rockies to Banff, via Sinclair Canyon. Athalmer station – Golden, on main C. P. R. line, 100 miles. Golden – Glacier, B. C. (50 m.) – Revelstoke (95 m.), en route west to Vancouver (475 m.). Golden – Field (35 m.) – Lake Louise (55 m.) – Banff (90 m.), en route east to Calgary (172 m.).

From Bull River or Cranbrook (Note 3), a smooth highway follows the Kootenay and Columbia Valleys to Invermere and to Golden.

ceeded by the majestic Rockies as we speed eastward and upward from Rexford to Trego, Vista and Whitefish (3000 ft). The hills all about are sought for their minerals and big game. From the forest and orchard region that surrounds Columbia Falls, a short spur gives rail transportation to Kalispell, a busy industrial town near the upper shore of the great Flathead Lake.

Beyond Columbia Falls, the railway bridges the main stream of the southward-flowing Flathead, and follows the Middle Fork to Belton (3200 ft.). Gradually ascending along the edge of the branch stream which forms part of the south boundary of the National Park, the railroad reaches Java (3985 ft.) and Marias Pass (5200 ft). Through the latter gap it crosses the Rocky Mountains. Glacier Park station, 700 miles from Puget Sound, 1100 miles from St. Paul, is on the east slope of the Divide at an altitude of 4800 feet.

Beyond Glacier Park, the Great Northern traverses Montana and crosses southward through North Dakota to St. Paul. Branches from stations east of the Park serve Great Falls, Helena and Billings, Montana.

A short route into Canada is provided by the Great Northern branch from Virden, 70 miles east of the Park. The terminus is at Sweet Grass, from which there is connection with Lethbridge, Alberta, Macleod and Calgary (see Notes 3 and 4, this chapter).

CHAPTER XI

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK[1]

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A SEGMENT of the Rockies sixty miles long by forty wide, extending from the Canadian boundary through an upper corner of Montana to the rails of the Great Northern Road, and from the Flathead River on the west to the Blackfeet country on the east was in 1910 decreed a vacation reserve for the nation. Longer ago than brown men's annals can define, this tract of invincible crests and icy ravines, of lakes and alpine meads was the range of hunting and warring Blackfeet. Among secret crags and on the banks of milky rivers they surprised antelope, goat, moose, bear and sheep; on the mountain slopes they slaughtered buffalo, "herds at a single chase," and by all tribes of prairie and hill were envied for their prosperity.

To-day, something less than 3000 descendants of this once autocratic race are immured on a barren Reserve where they breed and rope bands of cattle instead of pursuing wild game and are instructed in the cultivation of irrigated farms.

[1] See under "Transportation," "Routes" and "Motorways," Chapter I, and under "Hotels," Chapter II. For routes from Canada, see Notes 3 and 4 of Chapter X, and last paragraph in fine print at end of same chapter.

Gorgeously feathered and beaded, they sometimes appear at the Glacier Park hotels.

In the 1914 number of the official organ of the "Mountaineers" of Washington, Willis Gibson gives the following interesting chronology concerning this northernmost section of the United States Rockies.

"Eighteen hundred and fifteen is the first authentic date that can be set down in the history of the Glacier Park country. In that year Hugh Monroe, a youth of seventeen, commissioned to establish trade relations with the Blackfeet hunters, arrived from the north; with a Blackfeet party he visited the St. Mary Lakes, and became the first white man to glimpse the mountains of Glacier Park. Monroe took up his abode with the Blackfeet, married a Blackfeet maiden, and was given the name of Rising Wolf — for him, in later years, Rising Wolf Mountain was named. In 1846, while accompanied by the missionary Father de Smet, Monroe christened the St. Mary Lakes. During the sixties and seventies Monroe, now became a free trader, in company with his family, maintained a permanent camp at the mouth of the Swiftcurrent. Monroe, however, at no time was an explorer or a mountain climber; during his life he penetrated into the present park only for insignificant distances.

"In 1869, a little party of prospectors, Joseph Kipp, John Wrenn, Charles Thomas, and another, bound from Fort Benton to Canada and following the Rocky Mountain trail, made a detour to the head of Upper St. Mary Lake — after Monroe, the first white men to glimpse the peaks 'roundabout Going-to-the-Sun Camp.

"The years of the late seventies and the early eighties were important years in the history of the Glacier Park region. They marked the passing of the Blackfeet as the overlords of the Montana Rockies, the establishing by Uncle Sam of that tribe on the Blackfeet Reservation, and the making of treaties between the several interested tribes and the Government that transformed northern Montana, and Glacier Park's mountains along with it, from Indian territory into Government lands, and led, later on, to the mountains being incorporated into the Flathead National Forest.

"The early eighties were notable also because it was in this period that J. W. Schultz and Dr. George Bird Grinnell took the first steps toward the exploration of the Glacier Park mountains. Schultz, a sportsman, writer, and "out-of-doors" man, in 1882 settled on the Blackfeet Reservation with the purpose of making a book about that tribe, and in the autumn of that year paid a visit to the St. Mary Lakes, and climbed and named Flattop Mountain. Much impressed with the region, Schultz interested Grinnell, then the owner of *Forest and Stream*, and between 1883 and 1888 Schultz and Grinnell in successive expeditions — accompanied at different times by George Gould of Santa Barbara, Henry L. Stimson, in after years Secretary of War; Lieut. J. H. Beacom, U. S. A.; J. B. Monroe, William Jackson, Wm. H. Seward, Jr., and Yellow Fish of the Blackfeet tribe — thoroughly explored a good share of the Park on the eastern side of and along the summit of the Continental Divide, scaled a great many of the Park's mountains and glaciers, and gave to many of the peaks the names that they bear today. A Schultz-Grinnell party in 1884 accom-

plished a successful expedition to the headwaters of the Swiftcurrent, in the course of which Grinnell Glacier and Grinnell Mountain were named in honor of Grinnell, and Appekunny Mountain was christened after Schultz, Appekunny (Spotted Robe) being the name given him by the Blackfeet. In 1888, again, a Schultz-Grinnell expedition carried out another noteworthy exploration — this time of the mountains about the headwaters of the St. Mary River. Gould Mountain, Stimson Mountain, Seward Mountain, and Mount Jackson perpetuate the members of these parties. By their writings concerning their discoveries and adventures during these years Schultz and Grinnell did much to acquaint the people of the United States with the wonders of the Glacier Park region.

"In the early nineties the Great Northern Railway came to the Glacier Park country. On its way westward from St. Paul to Seattle the Great Northern carried its transcontinental track up the Marias River to Marias Pass in the Continental Divide, and thence pushed it on westward through the main range of the Rockies, following first Bear Creek and afterward the middle fork of the Flathead River, and so for some sixty miles skirted the south peaks of Glacier Park's mountains.

"As a result of the coming of the railway Lake McDonald, on account of its nearness to Belton station, became the objective for occasional sportsmen and sightseers; the Glacier Park region began to become more or less known as the Lake McDonald country.

"In 1895 Dr. Lyman B. Sperry, a pioneer 'See-America-First' man, originally a professor at

ROAD AND TRAIL MAP OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Oberlin College, and later a writer and lecturer of note on travel, visited Lake McDonald. For eleven years after that Dr. Sperry was a tireless and invaluable campaigner on behalf of the Glacier Park region — through the summers an enthusiastic guide to the mountains and glaciers, and through the winters, both from the lecture platform and in the press, an eloquent disseminator of publicity concerning them. Dr. Sperry superintended and with his own hands built much of the horse-trail from Lake McDonald up to the glacier which was named for him, and also co-operated with the forest rangers in the construction of the first trail across Gunsight Pass. He was one of the first to advocate Glacier Park.

"In 1905 the movement toward the creation of Glacier National Park began to take shape in earnest. Because of the relative familiarity of the people at large with that section of the region, it was at first proposed to set aside only Lake McDonald and the peaks immediately on the north and east of it; however, through the efforts of those who had adventured through the wonderful land along the crest of the Divide and on the east side of it, the boundaries of the proposed national playground were presently fixed as they are to-day. The original bill for the creation of the Park was introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Carter of Montana in 1907. After nearly three years of strenuous effort on the part of its friends, the Park bill became a statute on May 11, 1910, and Glacier National Park became an actuality."

As the Government is the parent, so has Louis W. Hill of St. Paul been the genial and sagacious

god-father of the newly created concourse of mountain resorts. Under his wise ruling the Great Northern Railway first devised a massive rustic caravanserai at the eastern entrance, and then erected at subsidiary touring bases nearly a dozen groups of lodges within a day's walk of one another, and three tepee camps, each provided with a communal living room and kitchen free to campers. Fifty miles north of the east gate, another hotel, remarkable in design and spacious in size and welcome, commands trails to the Divide and to many glaciers, whose proximity influenced the bestowal of its name. On either side of the Continental Ridge which marks the centre of the Park, bridle-paths have been fashioned to link lakes, passes, glaciers and principal peaks to the scattered inns. A short wagon-road connects Belton Chalets, at the west gate, with an independent cabin resort at the foot of Lake McDonald (stage from the station); and a long highway with its branches, joins Glacier Park Hotel to the chalets on Two Medicine Lake, Cut Bank River and St. Mary Lake, and goes all the way from the main entrance to Many Glacier Hotel, on Lake McDermott. For a great part of its 50-mile course, the latter road runs outside the bounds of the Park through the Indian Reserve, but in full view of the massed ridges of the Divide.

Passengers from the west may leave the train at Belton and cover the Lake McDonald territory by boat and pony-back (see page 275) before continuing to Glacier Park station, 57 miles distant by rail, where popular excursions are begun by stage, supplemented by launch and saddle-horse as desired. If trails from Lake McDonald are to be pursued on foot or in the saddle to camps on

the eastern slope of the Divide, all baggage except mountaineer kits and costumes should be forwarded from Belton to Glacier Park station, there to be picked up at the end of the tour.

The Lake McDonald country was discovered by Sir John McDonald, the Canadian statesman who in blazing a primitive trail founded the work continued by Dr. Sperry. The launch ride of 10 miles from the settlement at the lower end of the narrow strip of dazzling water to Lewis' Hotel and Geduhn's at the upper end (fare one way, 75 cents) is notable for the reflections of overshadowing heights on the clear surface, and for views of the noble summits which compose the range about Gunsight Pass. This is the shortest route to Sperry Glacier and to Avalanche Lake, which receives the outflow of the great ice-pack. Sperry Chalet, on the road to the Glacier, is situated 7 miles from Lewis' Hotel,[2] under the eaves of the stratified wall which forms the south side of the amphitheatre. An ingenious path leads to the crest and down upon the snowfields which cover an area of 3 square miles at an elevation of over 8000 feet. This chalet is also the half-way house to Lake Ellen Wilson, to Gunsight Pass and to the Gunsight Chalets. The latter, and the magnificent heights above are usually reached by saddle-trail from Going-to-the Sun Chalets, at the west end of St. Mary Lake.

Routes less frequently travelled from Lake McDonald lead off to the moose barrens about the Flathead River, to fishing waters below the sublime Heaven's Peak, and less far afield, up the McDonald River to Swiftcurrent Pass (14 m.), through the meadows below the radiant steep called

[2] Horse, guide and guide's horse $7 a day. See page 276.

the Garden Wall. This way, by Granite Park Chalets, continues the frequented trail to McDermott Lake and the Many Glacier Hotel (8 m.).

Reference to the map of the Park will indicate with what facility leisurely semi-circular tours may be achieved from Lake McDonald, across the Divide and southeastward to Glacier Park station, or in the reverse direction.

Tourists, in haste, or tourists disinclined to the trail have but to command a seat in a covered motor-bus to gain a comprehensive vision of the eastern half of this luminously tinted, stupendously cragged, God-planned and man-improved pleasure ground. Stages leave Glacier Park Hotel twice every day for the St. Mary Lake Chalets (32 m.) and the Many Glacier Hotel, 18 miles beyond. Return fare, $11. From the chalets a double-deck launch leaves on the arrival of the morning and the afternoon stage for an hour's run of nine enchanting miles westward to Going-to-the-Sun Chalets. Round trip, $1.50. Passengers by the morning launch may return to the east end of the lake in time to continue the same day to the Many Glacier. If the lake trip is omitted, tourists very much hurried can leave Glacier Park Hotel in the morning for the Many Glacier Hotel, remain there a half hour and return in time to dine and catch an evening train out from Glacier Park station. Though it is little less than sacrilege to suggest so brief a trip, yet a hundred-mile drive among such glories as these is not to be scorned, if one is so unfortunate as to be confined to a schedule which permits only a fleeting day's view. A week of tours will scarcely

acquaint one with more than the high lights of the Park picture.

A short stage trip may be taken from Glacier Park Hotel to Two Medicine Lake, and so arranged as to consume one or two days. The distance one way is 12 miles, and the fare $3. The road to the lake branches from the main highway a short distance beyond the Hotel. Another fork of the highway reaches Cut Bank Chalets (22 m.), and a third turns off near St. Mary Lake to Red Eagle Lake. Seven-passenger touring cars may be rented at the rate of $6 an hour.

Regular tours by saddle-horse are conducted daily from the chief tourist centres at a fixed rate per capita, including guide. Guides and horses are also for hire by the day.

Rates for lodging and transportation within the Park are given in minute detail in the "Hotel and Tours" folder distributed free to inquirers by the Great Northern Railway, St. Paul. (Chicago office, 210 South Clark Street; New York office, 1184 Broadway.) Minimum American plan terms at the two large hotels are $4 per day; at the chalets, $3 per day. At the hotels, European rates are $1 each for bed and meals; at the chalets, 75 cents is charged for the same accommodation. At the tepee camps on St. Mary Lake and Lake McDermott, a heated tent for two may be rented furnished for $1 a day (single cots, 50 cents), and a completely equipped cabin is provided where meals can be prepared and served by guests who prefer to enjoy the Park *au naturel*. Stores are attached to all chalets from which campers, fishermen and pedestrians stock their larders at moderate prices.

Walking tours are suggested in a booklet, "With the 'Mountaineers' in Glacier National Park," issued by the railway. Walking tourists are not required to take a guide.

One-day saddle-horse tours from hotels and chalets, including tourist's horse, guide and guide's horse, are scheduled at an average fixed rate of $3.50 per person. Saddle tourists who choose their own routes pay $2 per day for a horse, but in every case the Government stipulates that a guide must be taken, which increases the cost by $5 a

day. This charge for the guide, his horse and board may be divided among six persons. On half a dozen of the shorter excursions a guide is permitted to accompany up to nine persons, one such trip being the one from the Lewis Hotel on Lake McDonald to Sperry Chalets, and another, the one from Many Glacier Hotel to Iceberg Lake.

The chalet groups are so arranged in respect to their distance apart that tourists a-horse or a-foot, can lodge under cover each night, and take with them basket lunches prepared at the inn. (See the "Hotel and Tours" folder for an outline of such an excursion by horse-back lasting twelve days.) Or, if preferred, pack-horses may be engaged at $2 a day each to carry camping equipment. Eight persons or more can camp and ride together for ten days at a cost per capita of $68. This rate provides for guides, packers, cooks, all necessary horses, tents and provender. Bedding is extra, but may be rented from the outfitter. If the party includes less than eight, the proportionate charge is greater. The rate for four persons is $9.10 per day for ten days or more up to thirty days; the rate for one person $19.50. The Park Saddle Horse Company will also quote terms for camping trips of less than ten days or more than thirty days' duration.

Daily tours between June 15th and October 1st at a fixed inclusive price for transportation by stage, by stage and launch, or by stage, launch and saddle-horse are advertised from the Glacier Park Hotel, lasting from one to seven days. A two-day tour much in favor includes the stage ride of 30 miles to the eastern end of St. Mary Lake, and around Lower St. Mary Lake to the Many Glacier Hotel; the return ride by stage to St. Mary, the lake excursion to the Going-to-the-Sun Chalets and back, and the final lap by road to Glacier Park Hotel. The cost for auto-stage and launch is $12.50 and the expense for lodging and four meals en route, $4.75.

A five-day excursion especially to be recommended is the one which comprises the stage trip from Glacier Park Hotel to Many Glacier Hotel on Lake McDermott; saddle-horse to Iceberg Lake, to Swiftcurrent Pass and Granite Park Chalets; along the top of the Divide by Piegan Pass trail and down to Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, at the west end of St. Mary Lake; launch to St. Mary Chalets, and stage back to Glacier Park Hotel. For this tour the transportation expense is $19.25 and the living expense for four days and a fraction, about $15. A week's tour, which adds to the foregoing the trips to Cracker Lake, Gunsight Chalets and Blackfeet Glacier, costs $27.75 for transportation and $22 for lodging and meals. At an expense of $7 a day for seven days, one may therefore see the outstanding features of the Park.

A three-day fishing trip taken in parties of three or more by horse from Glacier Park Hotel to Cut Bank Chalets and River is scheduled at $11 for the horse, and $6.75 for food and bed. Under "Sports," Chapter Two, something is said of the fish to be caught in Park waters and information is given concerning Montana licenses. The Great Northern also publishes a pamphlet for anglers. Glacier National Park has been called "the greatest elk range on the continent." Big-Horn sheep, bear, goat, ptarmigan and other game abound, but all hunting is forbidden by the Government.

Riding attire, stout boots, sweaters and shade hats are appropriate for Park trails, and are permissible at even the hotel dinner-table.

A charge is made for all baggage transferred, excepting one piece weighing 20 pounds or less, which is allowed each stage passenger. Storage charges are waived at the station, while passengers are touring the Park, a detail which is characteristic of the Railway Company's thought for the convenience of its guests in all things.

Automobilists arriving at the east entrance may drive their own cars from the Glacier Park to Many Glacier Hotel and back, ship them by freight at a cost of $10, from the east to the west entrance, and from Belton continue 3 miles to Lake McDonald, or to Spokane via Kalispell.

Something of the magnitude of this mountain realm is indicated by the statement that within the Park limits, which bound 1500 square miles, there are fifteen named peaks having an altitude of over 7000 feet, forty over 8000 feet above the sea, twenty-five over 9000 feet and four whose elevation is 10,000 feet and over. More than seventy glaciers small and large fill cirque and gully from which countless creeks, lakes and cataracts arise. Swung between the ice-hung granite of mighty elevations are rounded valley floors, wrought with ferns and slender pines, and banked with varied mosses, queen's cup, heather, hollyhock, paint-brush, lily and flowering grass so thick that in certain glacier-watered meadows one must guide his horse carefully not to crush beds of nodding blooms.

The white air of these altitudes deepens the colours of the rocks which rise like citadels above the wild swards, and accents their sharp outlines. These are not the harmonious cones capoted in white that the Cascades show us. The Rockies are masculine in gender, as Hood and St. Helens are the female of the mountain race. Here we consort with brusque big brothers, stubborn, thick-ribbed, with shoulders broad and knurly jostling shoulders with high straight blades. In summer their crowded pates are nearly bare of snow and stand in dark relief against the Rocky Mountain hue of the arch above. If we would become familiar enough with the stalwarts to hail them as fellows we must dwell long enough upon them and about their feet to understand their structure, to fathom their moods in sun and shadow, to detect in their rough-hewn sides the tender tones that dawn reveals, as some soft memory gentles the lines of a strong man's face.

The blue brides of the mountains are the lakes that lie in their tense embrace. A sparkling coterie entices us to the triple expanses where chiefs had their Medicine Lodges, and beyond Rising Wolf Mountain to the lakes below Dawson Pass and Cut Bank Pass. The largest of the Twin Medicine Lakes is girded by a rugose range that thrusts in acute angles from the water and doubles on the glossy surface. The result is a row of rough grey diamonds, with the shore line drawn through their middle. A little way from the lodge is a high rocky dell with a magic waterfall. In the late summer it hangs from the centre of a cliff like a frothy tongue from some creature's wide mouth, but in May or June it romps over the brim of the cliff and tumbles near a hundred feet. The

stream is the Two Medicine River. When its flood is low, it seeks a lower level through a channel under the earth and emerges by a short cut through the rock.

The Mountaineers laid their course during the trek of 1914 past Two Medicine Lakes, over the Divide by Dawson Pass (7500 ft.) and Red Eagle Pass, and on to Gunsight Lake in sight of Blackfeet, king of the Park glaciers. Those who follow their trail must go at least part of the way on foot. Mt. Stimson, second highest of the Park's pinnacles, towers above the path to the south, Triple Divide Peak to the north. The latter contributes a creek to three seas, Cut Bank to Hudson's Bay, Red Eagle to the Gulf of Mexico, and Nyack to the Pacific. The road from the main highway to Cut Bank Chalets leads toward this eccentric summit. The Continental spine curves directly to the west here to Blackfeet Glacier and swerves north again at Gunsight Pass and Sperry Glacier.

Gunsight Pass and the astounding views that have made it known to mountain wayfarers the world over is the principal excursion from the head of St. Mary Lake. This slim waterway, reached by road, as already outlined, penetrates the east slope from the hilly plains of the Reservation to the base of the loveliest rainbowed ramp of all,— Going-to-the-Sun. Following the massive shores from St. Mary Chalets, we discern above us peaks Indian-named, lofty, abrupt, spurred and turreted — Single Shot, because here Grinnell brought down a mazama with one try, Whitefish, Red Eagle, Little Chief, Goat. South of the windy crown of Red Eagle runs a road to a lake, and a trail from the lake to a glacier

and pass that also bear the name Red Eagle. By this route one arrives at Chief Falls, one of the Park's two cataracts whose leap is three-quarters the height of Yosemite Falls. Behind Little Chief Mountain looms Almost-a-Dog, named for a brave "who growled at his small portion of bear meat," if one accepts the tale of a certain Stetson-hatted "outer," always willing to oblige with a legend, punctuated by a twinkle of his mountain blue eye.

The gabled cabins, above the *St. Mary's* landing cling to a gnarled slope that faces the organ pipes of Little Chief, and is sentinelled by Going-to-the-Sun.

The Blackfeet say this rock of tangled hues, banded with lavender, meshed with saffron and trimmed about the base with bottle-green trees, was chosen by the Great Spirit as the medium which should keep in memory his visitation from the Sun Lodge to the Earth, when all things wise and good were taught the Blackfeet. The profile outlined upon the inclined ridge represents the features of the one who-went-back-to-the-Sun-after-his-work-was-done among his tribes.

A 9-mile trail follows the St. Mary River past Citadel Mountain and the Piegan Pass trail to Gunsight Chalets and Gunsight Lake, an ice-fed little pool at 5000 feet elevation, enclosed by a wall of awesome height and splendid chiselling. The path that winds 3 miles up the slope of Mt. Jackson (10,023 ft.) leads away from the inn to Blackfeet Glacier, a vast spread of ice on the east face of Jackson, and goes on to the far-viewing Gunsight Pass (6800 ft.). Harrison Glacier lies below the south crest of Mt. Jackson. Four miles over the Pass and down the west side of the Divide is Sperry Glacier. Though insig-

© Kiser Photo. Co. for Great Northern Railway

LOOKING FROM GUNSIGHT LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, PIEGAN MT., GOING-TO-THE-SUN MT., GOAT MT., MT. CITADEL

nificant little spots of moraine-dusted ice compared with the largest glaciers of Alaska, these grinding ice rivers offer as good a lesson as any in glacial processes. Snow, as Coleman [3] reminds us, "accumulates only on the gentler slopes or in the higher valleys. . . . The final disposal of the snowfield, turned to ice in its lower parts, comes by a slow creep downwards. . . . Remembering that ice is a hard and brittle solid, it comes as a surprise to find that it can flow like a plastic body under the pull of gravity. . . .

"At a sudden descent, where a river would leap as a waterfall, a glacier simply breaks across in what are called crevasses, fissures which may be several feet wide and hundreds of feet long, going down to blue-black depths appalling to the inexperienced climber. As the glacier advances these crevasses are bent out of shape and may be crossed by fresh crevasses, splitting up the ice into wild lumps and pinnacles called seracs. . . .

"When the sun shines warmly on the glacier, melting begins and water trickles down the ice ridges, and towards afternoon torrents of pale blue water are racing downwards in ice channels, here and there plunging into a crevasse. This becomes hollowed into a tube like the penstock of a water power and the foamy torrent springing into the blue chasm is called a 'moulin,' or mill. In this way the waters thawed from the surface reach the bottom and there roar along through an ice tunnel to the end of the glacier, bursting into daylight as a full fledged river.

. . . . . .

[3] A. P. Coleman, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., author of *The Canadian Rockies,* and of a pamphlet, *Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks,* published under the direction of the Canadian Minister of the Interior.

"One of the most interesting points in a glacier is its carrying power. Though it is in motion like a plastic substance it is solid and strong enough to support any weight loaded upon it. Débris quarried by frost from the mountain side buries its edge so that often one may walk 50 yards out before the ice can be seen. This fringe of broken rock carried on the edge of the glacier is called a marginal moraine. When two glaciers join, the marginal moraines between them unite to form a medial moraine, and when several tributaries combine to make a large glacier the dark lines of the medial moraines can be followed by the eye for long distances upwards to rocky peaks rising out of the névé, the source from which the train of rocks was derived.

"Blocks even as large as cottages now and then roll down upon the ice and are transported without trouble. Medium sized blocks a few feet across called 'glacier tables' are left standing on pedestals of ice, as thawing goes on all round them, since they protect the ice beneath from the sun.

"The whole mass of stony material is carried steadily onwards until the end is reached where melting is complete and no more burdens can be borne. Then a terminal moraine is piled up, a steep and rugged crescent of loose blocks by no means easy to scramble over.

"Work just as important is going on out of sight beneath the glacier, where fragments of stone frozen into the bottom of the ice form tools for gouging, carving and scouring the rocky floor, both tools and rock being ground up into the 'rock flour' that makes the glacier streams so milky and opaque.

. . . . . .

"Our glaciers, like those of other countries, are now almost all in retreat, either because the climate is slowly growing warmer so that thawing goes on faster or because the snowfall is lessening so that the névé fields no longer feed the glaciers as substantially as before. On this account one can often see several terminal moraines down the valley below the one now forming. The nearest to the present end of the ice is almost bare, the next, a few hundred yards away, may have bushes growing on it, and others a mile or two away may be covered with ancient forest.

. . . . . .

"Glaciers once filled all the mountain valleys and even pushed out through the passes into the prairies and through the fiords to the sea, for everywhere one finds boulder clay and moraines and valleys with U shaped cross sections that can only be accounted for by glacial action on a large scale. This work was done during the Ice Age, and one may truly say that the higher mountains are still in the Glacial Period.

"One of the most beautiful results of former ice action is to be found in the cirques, half Kettle or arm chair valleys, high up among the mountains overhanging the main valleys and enclosed by vertical cliffs on all sides except in front. These are the deserted nests of cliff glaciers, hollowed out by the ice itself and often deepened so that a turquoise blue lake lies within rock rims. If not too high up these cirque lakes are surrounded by evergreen forest, behind which rise the grey or purple walls of rock with some snow in the ravines above, the whole mirrored in the lake, until some catspaw of breeze shatters the reflection."

As indicated in the paragraphs relating to tours in the Lake McDonald country, Sperry Chalet is close by the glacier, and distant 7 miles from the head of the lake down which one may sail to Belton.

East of the Divide again, and half-way between Gunsight and Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, we turn into a ravishing meadow-path to Piegan Pass, and travel the Divide from south to north. From Piegan Mountain the panorama includes a covey of serrated domes dominated by Siyeh (10,000 ft.) and the sheer Continental crest of the Garden Wall. Lakes glimmer in their bowl-like beds, the ragged steeps about us are flecked with lingering drifts. Something we mistake for a speck of snow moves on a distant ledge and rises to survey us. Hornaday says the mountain goat is in some respects "the bravest and hardiest of our hoofed animals, and the only one that is practically devoid of fear." He asserts that "no animal hoofed or clawed" can surpass the feats of "the crag-master." "Certainly there is no American quadruped, not even the bold and hardy mountain sheep," this authority declares, "which will with the utmost indifference climb an eighty-degree precipice, or jog across the face of a five-hundred-foot wall on a footing so narrow and uncertain that the strongest glass cannot detect it."

Glacier Park goats are particularly callous to intrusion now that the Government has barred the gates to hunters and the tourist has taken up the Blackfeet's trail. But our snow-patch stands stiffly with head lowered, menacingly resentful of our passage. . . . Then we perceive the reason. Two smaller specks move into view and

share the cranny with the shaggy bulk that is their mother. . . .

Below the mazama's lair the path divides. One way leads by Cracker Lake to Altyn and the Many Glacier; the other follows past Grinnell Glacier to Lake McDermott and the pleasant rambling hospice.

Those who come to the Many Glacier Hotel by the stage road have lakes by the wayside for many of the miles from St. Mary. But lakes of moderate attraction compared with McDermott. The latter's chief inspiration is the mountain Grinnell, whose eastern face is a pyramidal tower which makes an inverted V against the sky. Other mountains keep their distance. It stands alone, and from the road behind the hotel seems to rise like a steeple such as never was above a roof. Of the purest contour mountain could attain, it reproves the irregular cumulations which crowd about the lake. In Altyn Peak it has a fair imitator, another in Mt. Rockwell on Two Medicine Lake, and still another in Tusselade Mountain, which lifts its cleft spire above St. Mary Meadows. But none of these rivals in pointed symmetry the peak that faces the Many Glacier.

Whether housed in the novel hostelry whose linkèd units long drawn out extend a tenth of a mile from an assembly court, tapestried in bearskins and pillared by trees and totem poles, to a white and copper kitchen, or whether a neighbouring chalet claims you down by the falls, or a floored tepee by the upper shore of the lake, whether you spend your days in the saddle or on a foot-path, or sit dreamily on a balcony seeing visions em-

bodied in rock and bright water, you will keep in a separate memory chest your stay in the heart of Glacier Park. If the trail lures you, let it lead one day to the lakelet in a marvellous concave basin where a miniature glacier plays at making bergs, and on another day to Cracker Lake whose source is in Siyeh's glacier. Perhaps you will climb Siyeh for the overwhelming view of crests unnumbered.

No one will willingly miss the best trip of all, up the Swiftcurrent River between Grinnell and Wilbur to Swiftcurrent Pass (9000 ft.), which commands the master view obtainable from a Park trail. To the east is a giant trough of gleaming oval ponds separated by strips of forest, and stretching from the biggest pond, which is Lake McDermott, to the Indian lands. On either side stand crags on parade arrayed in Joseph coats of red and yellow strata. Turning to the north, Chief Mountain and Mt. Cleveland are glimpsed on lonely picket-post. Cleveland (10,400 ft.) is the highest and the most remote of the Park's rugged legion. Westward, nun-like as its name, Heaven's Peak breaks from the embrace of clambering pines and lifts its white head in placid contemplation of restless juts and pinnacles.

Granite Park Chalets, just west of the Pass, offer the typical hospitality of all these Great Northern inns. Like the others they are the resort of anglers, mountaineers, tourists, guides,— all brothers in the broad fraternity of the mountains. Conversation dwells on trout and botany, glacier climbs, flap-jack recipes and how best to set a tepee's poles. A thrilly bear story is matched against a Blackfeet legend, as twilight passes and Heaven's Peak puts off her hood of white for one

of mauve. Night softens the angles that mark the Garden Wall and blots out its mighty cliff. . . . The group yawns and climbs to snug chambers beneath the weighted roof. Soon the inn is still with the stillness of high places. The only sound is the distant speech of many waters, and the tinkle of the bell-mare moving in the field. . . .

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALBERTA

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

Transportation — Routes — Customs.
Railways and Steamers in the Canadian Northwest.
Tours — Tourist Bureaux — Conveyances.
Money — Postage.
Climate and Seasons.

. . .

Transportation and Routes.

Across Canada, and into Canada from the United States.

CANADA has three transcontinental railroad lines. One, the Canadian Pacific, traverses plain and mountain daily on its own rails from Halifax to Vancouver. A second, comprised of two Government roads and the Grand Trunk System, now offers through connection by a northern route between the Nova Scotia capital and Prince Rupert on the Pacific. The new Canadian Northern line across the continent runs from Toronto to Vancouver. The inaugural express was despatched in October, 1915.

In the phrase of Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern Roads have by their completion "rolled back the map of Canada two hundred miles." Within ten years the Dominion's railway mileage has increased fifty per cent., and its passenger traffic doubled. When it was proposed in 1880 that the Canadian Pacific

Railway Company construct for the Government a highway to the coast, it was declared by some "a useless enterprise, to go down in history as one of the greatest blunders in the Dominion," because it was believed that "nothing — not even a blade of corn" would ripen in the country to be crossed. Steel was laid despite pessimistic prophecy and huge engineering difficulties, and laid within five years instead of the ten stipulated in the contract. In November, 1885, the first trains crossed the Canadian Rockies over the completed $300,000,000 road. The Company now controls 18,000 miles of railway, owns its own telegraph line, builds its own cars, and operates fifty steamers on the Great Lakes, on British Columbia lakes and rivers, and on the British Columbia coast, besides fleets on two oceans. The Great Lakes service is maintained in conjunction with eastern Canadian Pacific lines. Steamers run between Port McNicoll on Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and the Lake Superior ports, Port Arthur and Fort William, on the main transcontinental route, four times a week between the end of May and the first of October.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad ("Soo – Pacific" line) sends trains across the boundary and over the Canadian Pacific tracks through the Rockies to Vancouver.

An eastern section of the Grand Trunk Railway grandfathered the railroads of Canada, having been built in 1853. Its western extension, the Grand Trunk Pacific, was opened to traffic a little more than sixty years later. In 1915, the Government took over the Grand Trunk Pacific properties east of Winnipeg. The Canadian Govern-

E
115
F
119
N
Fort Smith
Smith Landing
Slave R.
L. ATHABASKA
SASKATCHEW
Chipewyan
Lake Claire
Hay R.
Hay L.
Fort Vermilion
H.B.Co.
Birch R.
Red R.
River
McKay
Red R.
McMurray
H.B.Co.
Wolverine R.
Loon R.
Wabiskaw R.
Buffalo L.
Battle R.
Otter L.
Loon L.
Trout Lakes
1
2

BRITISH COLUMBIA

SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 75 100 125 150 175 200

Railways thus:

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Longitude West from Greenwich

ment Railways extend from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Quebec, Cochrane and Winnipeg; the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to Edmonton and Prince Rupert. The Intercolonial from Halifax to Quebec and Montreal, also Government-owned, gives connection at the latter point with the Grand Trunk Railway, which is joined to the continental Government line by a road running north from Toronto. The route, Toronto – Cochrane – Winnipeg – Prince Rupert is designated as the National Transcontinental Line.

Says a writer in *Leslie's Magazine*: "B. B. Kelliher . . . is the greatest mountain engineer in America. He helped to build both the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific. But his greatest achievement has been the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

"Mechanical and engineering experts will remember what a sensation was created in their circles when it became known what Kelliher was about to undertake in the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific. To build a great railroad through the Rockies with only a four-tenths of one per cent. grade was considered not only impossible, but the idea itself was looked upon as the mad vision of an idealist. Yet Kelliher accomplished this, and as a result the Grand Trunk Pacific has the lowest mountain grade of any road in the world, and the great engineer himself has become doubly famous as 'Four-tenths of One Per Cent Kelliher.'

"Just what such a grade means can be understood when the fact is stated that the highest elevation the Grand Trunk Pacific reaches in crossing the Rockies is 3,712 feet, while, in compari-

son, the Canadian Pacific reaches an altitude of 5,329 feet at Kicking Horse Pass.

". . . It was the ambition of the great builders of the road, generaled first by President Hays, and later by President Chamberlain, to build a road-bed from coast to coast over which trains would travel 'as smoothly as rubber-tired automobiles over a paved road.' This 'idealistic dream of making a feather bed out of hard steel' was actually laughed at by men who had already become famous as railroad builders. But Kelliher accomplished the fact, and to-day riding over the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to the coast is an experience which proves that dreams sometimes come true. At a recent meeting of great railroad builders in London it was conceded that for workmanship, smoothness, and grade, the Grand Trunk Pacific was the greatest road in the world."

Allied with the Grand Trunk Railway, the Northern Navigation Company provides a link from Sarnia and other Ontario ports, by way of the Great Lakes, with the Canadian Government Railways (Transcontinental Line) at Fort William, on the north shore of Lake Superior, 450 miles east of Winnipeg. During the tourist season steamers connect at Fort William with the tri-weekly express to the west, this being an optional route of the Transcontinental Line. Steamers of the same company come north to Sarnia from Detroit and Cleveland, and others run between Mackinac Island, Duluth and Fort William. Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago are also connected with Sarnia by international Grand Trunk Railway lines.

The Canadian Northern Railway, most recent

entrant in the transcontinental field, claims to have laid over a mile of track a day since the beginning of the present century. "Thirty individual railroads, built and acquired" have been united in one system. The tracks of the Canadian Northern between Winnipeg and the Coast may be said in a general way to run between the main lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Pacific Railroads.

The best time to the Coast from Montreal is made by the "Imperial Limited" which leaves the Canadian Pacific station every night and in four and a half days completes the trip, Montreal – Port Arthur – Winnipeg (1411 m.) – Regina – Moose Jaw – Dunmore – Medicine Hat – Calgary (2248 m.) – Banff – Lake Louise – Field – Glacier – Revelstoke – Sicamous – Kamloops – Mission Junction (Seattle) – Vancouver (2895 m.). A morning express from Toronto makes about the same relative time.

The tri-weekly expresses of the National Transcontinental Line cover the following route in five days: Toronto – Cochrane – Graham (junction for Fort William) – Winnipeg (1256 m.) – Saskatoon – Edmonton (2049 m.) – Jasper – Mt. Robson – Hazelton – Prince Rupert (3002 m.).[1] Transcontinental passengers change to Grand Trunk Pacific at Winnipeg, there being no through cars from Toronto.

A Canadian Northern tri-weekly express follows this route in five days: Toronto – Port Ar-

[1] For time from Montreal, add seven and a half hours by "the fastest train in Canada," the Grand Trunk "International Limited." Arrive in Toronto from Montreal 5:45 P. M. Leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on the National Transcontinental Line five hours later.

thur – Winnipeg (change for Vancouver) – Saskatoon – Edmonton (2136 m.) – Jasper – Mt. Robson – Kamloops Junction – Port Mann – Vancouver (2909 m.).

The daily express trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway carry day coaches, through Standard and Tourist sleeping-cars, compartment-observation cars and dining-cars from Montreal and Toronto to Vancouver. The other two roads attach observation cars at Winnipeg for the run through the mountains, between Edmonton and the Coast. The National Transcontinental Line operates a Tourist sleeping-car tri-weekly between Toronto and Winnipeg, and weekly over the Grand Trunk Pacific between Winnipeg and Prince Rupert. Day coaches and first-class sleeping-cars and dining-cars are carried on expresses of all the continental lines. The furnishings of the Tourist or second-class sleeping-cars are similar to those on American trains,[2] and in Canada are especially comfortable and well-served. The Standard (first-class) rate for a lower berth between Montreal and Vancouver is $17; between Toronto and Prince Rupert, $17.50; between Winnipeg and the Coast, $10; between St. Paul and Vancouver, $11. The rate in the Tourist car is about half the foregoing.

The fare between Montreal, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and Portland during the tourist season, beginning May first, is $72 single, and about $125 return, over any of the Canadian roads and their connections. This fare by Grand Trunk includes meals and berth for 1¼ to 2 days on the steamer from Prince Rupert. Holders of Tourist

2 See under "Transportation by Rail," Chapter I.

sleeping-car reservations may purchase one-way second-class tickets at a lower rate.

As Dominion railroads do not interchange passengers, those who wish to go west from a Canadian city by one line and return by another must buy single-fare tickets. A very advantageous rate is made, however, from American transportation centres through Canada one way and back by another via Vancouver, B. C. A round trip first-class ticket purchased in New York for approximately $115 entitles the passenger to go west by Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, or by Chicago, St. Paul and Moose Jaw, through Canada via the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver; thence to Prince Rupert by Grand Trunk Pacific steamer, and from Prince Rupert back to New York by one of several routes. The journey may similarly be made to the Coast by the Grand Trunk and its connections from New York, Detroit and Chicago to Winnipeg, through Western Canada by the National Transcontinental Line and homeward by the Canadian Pacific, or diversified by a trip over the Canadian Northern. The route may also be, New York – Seattle via any one of several lines mentioned in Chapter One, and back by a Canadian road.

A route for which no excursion rate is made comprises the trip to Glacier National Park, thence to Calgary (see Note 4, Chapter X) and through the Rockies by way of Banff to Vancouver, and the trip east via Prince Rupert, the Skeena River and the northern Rockies. The delights of such an American-Canadian Rocky Mountain Tour will compensate any one for the expenditure of additional time and money. A visit to the cities of Washington and Oregon may be made as

an excursion from Mission Junction or Vancouver.

Stop-over is allowed on application to conductor to holders of first-class one-way tickets, and such other tickets as the company designates.

Passengers who elect to enter Canada from the United States by Great Lakes steamers may choose a route from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee or Duluth and disembark at Fort William or Port Arthur for trains of all Canadian continental lines.

Connections with the Northern Navigation Company's steamers at Sarnia have been indicated at the beginning of this chapter. Branches of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto have their termini at ports on island-bowered Georgian Bay (Lake Huron), served by the Northern Navigation Company on regular trips, and on summer cruises from Cleveland. Steamers of the same line connect with the *Northland* at Mackinac Island, on its run between Buffalo and Chicago.

The Canadian-built steamers of the Northern Navigation Company's main route are admirably arranged as to cabins, parlour suites, upper-deck dining and observation rooms and broad promenades. The *Noronic*, *Hamonic* and *Huronic* in the perfection of their house-keeping and in the considerate attention of even the humblest members of their staffs equal the best class of hotels, and surpass average steamers of trans-oceanic lines. "Make your guests feel a warm sense of welcome," is one of the printed instructions issued by the company to its employés. This atmosphere dominates the ship. To go down the gang-plank after

a sojourn aboard is like leaving the threshold of a congenial inn.

The Canadian Pacific Great Lakes fleet has been mentioned as supplementing the cross-continent rail lines of this corporation between Port McNicoll, Ontario, Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur. "C. P. R. standard" is the sterling mark of North American transportation. Whether on boat or train the service is uniform, which is to say always cleanly, always polite, always precise in whatever affects the patron's enjoyment.

Brusqueness and indifference are as exceptional among Canadian officials and employés as they are common with us. The soothing manners of quiet and efficient servants increase a hundred-fold the pleasures of travel across the border. Guards and porters point out passing features of interest with tactful brevity. News bulletins are unobtrusively placed on the seat. A freshly cased pillow replaces the mussed one, a table is suggested for games, books or portfolio, a blind is lowered against an annoying beam, a paper bag is forthcoming for Madame's hat, a patent screen is fitted which admits of the window's being wide open without letting in the cinders, occasionally an inquiry is made concerning ventilation. One is cared-for as by a well-trained personal attendant. The Grand Trunk System employs "Train Agents" who act as the pursers of the express, the conductors being the captains. Particularly pleasing fellows they are — sturdy Canadians, lean dark Scots, soft-spoken Irish, with a salute and a smile for all whose tickets they take. Amid the wilds of the North where until lately no railroad ran, an express paused one morning at

an unpainted station. In a trice the Agent was off down the track. He "knew a lovely garden," he had hinted to some one in the car, and had telegraphed the owner some fifty miles back. In five minutes he returned with proof of his knowledge — pansies and hardy asters, which from an Indian basket were distributed to the ladies of the train to the last seat in the day coach.

There was the master of the Imperial Limited who spent his between-station periods on a dusty summer day fanning a sick lad, bringing water to old folks, helping mothers with their broods and bundles quite as though he were the father of the train. Human and helpful, these Canadians,— so monstrously more human and helpful than we Americans to the passer-by.

A delightful and little-travelled way to reach Winnipeg without the fatigue of the Eastern overland journey is by way of Great Lakes steamer to Duluth, thence north by the Duluth, Winnipeg and Pacific Railway 170 miles to Fort Frances, on the border of Minnesota and Ontario. Fort Frances, named for the wife of Sir George Simpson, first governor of the amalgamated Hudson's Bay and Northwest Fur Companies, is by Canadian Northern main line 230 miles west of Port Arthur. From Fort Frances a steamboat of the Rainy River Navigation Company [3] departs thrice a week for the lower end of the Lake of the Woods, where passengers are transferred to a larger craft for a hundred-mile voyage through romantic waters thickly starred with wooded islands to the town of Kenora, on the transcontinental route of

[3] General Passenger Agent, Great West Permanent Building, Winnipeg, Man.

the Canadian Pacific. By this route the tourist embarking at Buffalo on a Lake Erie steamer may arrive in Winnipeg, half-way across the continent, with but eleven hours' travel by rail (Duluth – Fort Frances, seven hours; Kenora – Winnipeg four hours). A branch of the Northern Pacific connects Minneapolis with Fort Frances, and a Great Northern branch touches the southwest corner of the Lake of the Woods.

No more idyllic water journey can be imagined than the one across wide reaches and through shady channels of the *Lac des Isles*. De Noyen and Vérendrye paddled this highway in quest of furs on the ancient route from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay. On the banks are Ojibway villages, and burying grounds marked by crude totem poles and low grave-houses. If you pass this way early in June you will find wigwams on the slope above Manitou Rapids and hear the tom toms beating for the war dances of the Treaty Payment, when every man, woman and child of these "Queen Victoria Indians" receives from the Crown a gift of five dollars. Perhaps Chief Blackbird is your pilot through the *chute*, and Maketch e geezick, Three-quarters of a Cedar (because he is so tall), may come down with other braves in festal paint to watch from a nest of beached canoes the passage of the boat. At the junction of the Rainy River with the Big American River is a mound 325 feet in circumference about the base and 45 feet high which Mexican tribes are presumed to have built 800 years ago. This and smaller mounds of the vicinity contain pottery, amulets, bones, pigments and implements of a forgotten race.

Many of the islands which strew the upper half

of the lake and create changing, exquisite pictures have been chosen for summer camps, and fast motor-boats by the score add life to the scene. At Kenora, which once bore the historic name of Rat Portage, citizens have erected the Tourist Hotel with modern facilities for entertaining summer guests. Kenora – Winnipeg, 133 miles.

A daily steamer carries passengers up the Winnipeg River from Kenora 35 miles to Minaki, on the National Transcontinental Line. Here there is a charming inn where one may rest en route, situated on picturesque Sand Lake and recently constructed by the Grand Trunk Pacific. Minaki – Winnipeg, 114 miles.

By rail Winnipeg is accessible from United States terminals by fast through trains. Edmonton and Calgary are 800 miles to the west, and at these two cities the journey into the Canadian Northwest may properly be said to begin.

Rail and steamer connections between the American Northwest and the Canadian Northwest have been outlined in preceding chapters; also information concerning Motorways into Canada.[4]

Passports.

Passports are not required in Canada. A document of this nature is, however, a convenient form of identification.

[4] Concerning Transportation and Routes, see Chapter I: "Transportation — By Rail," and "By Steamer"; refer Canadian connections via Great Northern, etc., under "Local Railways — Washington"; and refer to "Routes."

See Chapter VIII: fine print following Lake Chelan for route, Oroville – Penticton, B. C. – Sicamous; and end of chapter for route, Bellingham – Blaine – Vancouver, B. C.

See Chapter X: Notes 3 and 4 for routes from Eastern Washington, Idaho, and Montana to Macleod, Calgary, Kootenay Valley and Kootenay Landing.

Customs.

Travellers entering Canada submit their baggage for inspection at ports of entry or frontier stations unless, by request, it has been bonded through to some other Customs station. Canadian Customs inspectors will examine baggage destined for Canada at Portland, Maine, Buffalo and Chicago (Central and Dearborn stations), and bond it through to the passenger's destination. Hand baggage is inspected at the frontier.

Personal effects, including wearing apparel enter Canada free of duty, also 40 cigars and 100 cigarettes in open packages. A deposit is required on firearms, fishing tackle and like importations, but is returned if the traveller leaves Canada within six months. Regulations governing motorists entering Canada are given under "Motorways," Chapter One.

United States Customs officers are at St. John, N. B., Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Banff (during summer season) and Vancouver stations to examine baggage destined for Canada. For United States Customs regulations, see "Customs," Chapter One.

Railways and Steamers in the Canadian Northwest.

Edmonton, Calgary and Macleod, Vancouver and Prince Rupert are the outer boundary posts of that part of the Canadian Northwest which principally concerns the tourist. Within this realm of canyons and mountains, lakes, rivers, cities and vacation resorts the transcontinental lines are the chief means of transport. Calgary and Edmonton are united by the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Pacific, the latter being the more direct

route. Each of these cities is in frequent railway communication with Winnipeg, the Central Canadian fountain-head of transportation. The Canadian Pacific main line traverses the prairie to Calgary, via Regina and Dunmore. The Crow's Nest Route passes from Dunmore to MacLeod on the south. A second subsidiary line of the Canadian Pacific, and the trunk lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific (National Transcontinental) and Canadian Northern Railways cross from Winnipeg to Edmonton (800 m.) over a level wheat tract north of the plains which spread so opulently, and monotonously, about Regina and Calgary.

Calgary is the principal eastern portal to the scenic regions of lower Alberta and British Columbia. From Edmonton one enters the Rocky Mountains 200 miles further north.

The section of mountainous country bounded by the Canadian Pacific main line (Calgary – Banff – Lake Louise – Field – Glacier – Revelstoke – Sicamous – Vancouver, 650 m.) and the Crow's Nest Pass Route (MacLeod – Kootenay Landing 250 m.) is crossed from north to south by Canadian Pacific rail and steamer lines. Calgary and MacLeod, 100 miles apart, are joined by rail. From Golden, 170 miles west of Calgary, a new road runs south through the Columbia and Kootenay Valleys to stations on the Crow's Nest Route. The Columbia is navigable from Golden to Windermere. From Revelstoke, 100 miles west of Golden there is rail connection to Arrowhead, where steamer is taken through the Arrow Lakes. Canadian Pacific steamers and trains connect Kootenay Landing with the foot of the Arrow Lakes, via Balfour and Nelson.

CANADIAN PACIFIC S.S. "PRINCESS CHARLOTTE," ON THE ROUTE, VANCOUVER TO SEATTLE

Sicamous, west of Revelstoke, is at the junction of the main C. P. R. road with a branch which reaches the head of Okanagan Lake. A steamer runs the length of Okanagan Lake to Penticton. Penticton is on the Kettle Valley Railway, a newly constructed link between the Kootenay country and the transcontinental route, Sicamous – Vancouver. The Great Northern line, Oroville – Princeton passes west of Penticton.

From Mission Junction, 300 miles west of Sicamous, passengers enter Washington State over the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific Railways.

Victoria, distant by steamer 83 miles from Vancouver, is united with east shore towns on Vancouver Island by the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and with Port Alberni on the west shore by a new Canadian Northern line.

The British Columbia Electric Railroad operates 300 miles in and around Vancouver. Branches extend to Steveston and New Westminster, and to Sumas, Wash. On Vancouver Island the same company operates short lines.

North of Edmonton, a Canadian Northern branch extends to Athabasca Landing. Another railway chiefly patronized by colonists, the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia, reaches from a point outside the limits of Edmonton to Peace River Crossing. Once a year about the middle of June, tourists may leave by the Peace River for a trip down the Mackenzie River through North-Alberta to Fort McPherson, by Hudson's Bay Company steamers. Fort McPherson is on an outlet of the Arctic Ocean.

West of Edmonton and Mt. Robson Park, the Canadian Northern lays a diagonal track down the Thompson and Fraser River Valleys to Van-

couver, spanning territory which stretches between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Roads and which until lately had no rail communication.

The Grand Trunk Pacific, bridging by a direct route the 950 miles between Edmonton and its port on the Pacific Ocean, will be connected with Vancouver by rail upon the completion of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway now building north from Vancouver to Prince George. Prince George – Edmonton, 485 miles; Prince George – Vancouver, 810 miles. Rails have already pierced a primitive country as far as Lillooet, 120 miles from the sea.

Steamers on the British Columbia Coast.

Arriving in Prince Rupert the second evening out from Edmonton, passengers over the Grand Trunk Pacific leave the next morning by *Prince Rupert*, *Prince George* or *Chelohsin* for Vancouver (1¼ days), Victoria and Seattle (2 days).[5] Twice a week during the summer a Grand Trunk Pacific steamer goes north to Anyox (Granby Bay), through Observatory Inlet, one of the finest fjords on the Northwest Coast. According to a schedule effective for the first time in June, 1916, the S. S. *Prince Rupert*, northbound from Seattle and Vancouver, will leave Prince Rupert every Wednesday for Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway, Alaska.

Telegraph Creek, B. C., at the head of the Stikine River, is reached by steamer to Wrangell, Alaska, and launch up the Stikine. Atlin, B. C., is accessible from Skagway, Alaska, by railroad

[5] See under "Transportation by Steamer," Chapter I. Through passengers are transported from Prince Rupert to Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle without additional cost. Meals and berth on the steamer are included.

and steamers of the White Pass and Yukon Route.

Prince Rupert is a port of call for the Alaska steamers of the Canadian Pacific and Pacific Coast Steamship Companies, and for steamers of the Union Steamship Company which run between Vancouver and points on Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal, and fortnightly to Queen Charlotte Islands. The Canadian Pacific also has sailings to Anyox.

Vancouver is the home port of a Canadian Pacific fleet which plys on frequent schedule to islands in the gulf; to Powell River; to Victoria and other points on the east and west coast of Vancouver Island; to Seattle,[5] and to British Columbia ports between Vancouver and Prince Rupert.

The Union Steamship Company gives weekly service to logging camps, fish depots and resorts on inlets, islands and rivers too numerous to mention. Tourist excursions to Powell River and Howe Sound are made daily by small craft of sundry lines, sailing from Vancouver.

Trans-Pacific Steamers.

Empress of Russia and *Empress of Asia*, with a gross registered tonnage of 16,850, and a sea speed of 20 knots maintain a regular service between Vancouver and Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hong Kong. Manila is included in the round trip, and a new arrangement enables the passenger for an additional fare to travel overland from Yokohama to Shanghai, via Korea, Mukden, Peking and Nanking.

Steamers of the Canadian – Australasian R. M. Line leave Vancouver on fixed schedule for Honolulu, the Fiji Islands, Auckland, N. Z., and Sidney, Australia.

Tours in British Columbia and Alberta.

Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver or Prince Rupert may be taken as bases for a circular tour which will include the principal features of the main routes in the Canadian Northwest. But as Vancouver is the chief rendezvous of Western Canadian rail and steamer lines, it will hereafter be named as the centre of excursions. A majority of American tourists to Western Canada (the term used in the Dominion to designate British Columbia and Alberta) arrive in Vancouver following a trip through the United States and en route east by a Canadian line. In the tourist months, the Canadian trains going east are usually more crowded than the Canadian trains going west. American travellers making a continental tour for the first time do well to see part of their own country and at least one representative section of the Canadian Rockies. As a rule those who express a wish to do this are routed west by the American railway from whom the tickets are purchased, over a southern, central or northern United States line, and east by way of Canada.

If an all-Canadian round-trip tour is chosen the traveller will arrive at the beginning, the end or the middle of such a tour in Vancouver. Two or three exceptions to this may be cited:—Travellers from Seattle who join the Canadian Pacific line at Mission Junction may proceed east to Calgary through the Selkirks and Rockies without touching Vancouver. From Calgary a circle may be completed as follows: Calgary to Edmonton by Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Pacific; Edmonton to Jasper Park and Mt. Robson Park by Grand Trunk Pacific or Canadian Northern;

Canadian Northern from beyond Mt. Robson down the Thompson River to the Canadian Pacific at Kamloops, and out of Canada by Mission Junction. Or the three continental roads may be employed in going from Calgary or Edmonton to Mt. Robson, Kamloops, and east. Travelling to Calgary from Montana, Idaho or Eastern Washington, the route might be: Rexford, Bonner's Ferry or Spokane – Calgary – Glacier – Kamloops – Mt. Robson Park – Edmonton – Winnipeg. Between Spokane and Winnipeg, an optional route is available to holders of C. P. R. round trip tickets, via Kingsgate, Kootenay Landing, Nelson, West Robson, Arrow Lakes, Revelstoke, Glacier, Banff and Calgary, at an additional cost of $13.15.

The foregoing tours eliminate the noble Skeena River scenery on the Grand Trunk Pacific and the coast views between Prince Rupert and Vancouver; ignore Vancouver City, Vancouver Island, and the beautiful valley of the lower Fraser between Mission Junction and Vancouver. And these it is regrettable to miss.

Vancouver is an impartial centre for local coast excursions, and the goal of rail and steamer lines from the United States and Canada.

Besides the circle trip, and one-way trips east or west through the Rockies, exclusively Canadian Pacific tours may be arranged as follows:

(a) Vancouver to Coast rivers and inlets by steamer.

Vancouver to Victoria by steamer (thrice a day). Victoria by train up the east coast of the Island, and back to Vancouver via Nanaimo. Or steamer, Vancouver to Victoria and up the west coast and back to Vancouver.

Vancouver – Victoria – Seattle and back.

Vancouver – Alert Bay – Prince Rupert – Anyox – Vancouver.

(b) Vancouver – Revelstoke – south through the Arrow Lakes by C. P. R. steamer and back to Revelstoke via Arrow Lakes or Kootenay Lakes. Revelstoke – Glacier – Field – Lake Louise – Banff – Calgary.

(c) Vancouver – Sicamous – south through Okanagan Lake to Penticton. Penticton – West Robson by Kettle Valley and C. P. R. scenic branches. West Robson north to Revelstoke via the Arrow Lakes, or via Nelson and the Kootenay Lakes. Revelstoke – Glacier – Calgary.

(d) Vancouver – Revelstoke[6] – West Robson by Arrow Lakes – Nelson by rail. Nelson – Balfour – Kootenay Landing by C. P. R. steamer. Kootenay Landing – Cranbrook by Crow's Nest rail route. Cranbrook north to Golden through the valley of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers. Golden – Calgary.

(e) Vancouver – Spence's Bridge (or Vancouver – Hope by a new road). Spence's Bridge or Hope

[6] An excursion may be made from Revelstoke to Glacier and back to Revelstoke. Round trip 85 miles. Otherwise Glacier, surrounded by some of the most splendid peaks of the Selkirks, must be omitted if this lake and valley tour is taken.

Between Revelstoke and Dunmore, tickets are good without extra cost to holders of C. P. R. round trip tickets:

Via main line, through Banff and Calgary.

Via Kootenay line through Revelstoke, Arrowhead, West Robson and Nelson.

Via Kootenay line through Revelstoke, Arrowhead, Nakusp, Rosebery (upper Kootenay Lake), Slocan Junction and Nelson.

Between Revelstoke and Winnipeg, via Arrowhead, Nelson, Kootenay Landing, Macleod and Calgary, at a cost of $9.50 in excess of the round trip ticket. Meals and berth are extra on lake steamers.

– Penticton by the recently constructed Kettle Valley Road. Penticton – West Robson by Kettle Valley and C. P. R. West Robson – Nelson – Kootenay Landing – Cranbrook – Macleod – Calgary. Calgary – Banff – Revelstoke – Spence's Bridge – Hope – Mission Junction – Vancouver.

In reading time-tables for routes off the main tourist track, care must be used to note on what days trains are scheduled to run. Service over the Kettle Valley and Columbia Valley rail routes is tri-weekly. Lake steamers usually run daily except Sunday. Trains on the Crow's Nest Route run daily. Unless precautions are taken, it is quite possible to arrive at an uninteresting junction only to discover the necessity of remaining there one or more full days before the journey can be continued.

A ten-day excursion from Vancouver at an inclusive cost of $40 is advertised by the Union Steamship Company to include Prince Rupert, Observatory Inlet, Portland Canal, Queen Charlotte Islands and quaint harbours and Indian villages on the coast north of Vancouver.

A tour of five-days' duration from Vancouver, including several hours in port at Victoria, Seattle, Prince Rupert and Anyox, is available by the swift modern steamers of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company. The channel for the whole distance up and down the coast is, with the exception of a few miles, sheltered by islands from wind and ocean swell.

Vancouver – Victoria – Seattle, 160 miles. Vancouver – Prince Rupert, 550 miles. Prince Rupert – Anyox, 104 miles. Cost of a circular tour including Anyox, but not including meals and

berth on the Anyox (Observatory Inlet) route, $50; total distance, 1628 miles. The time and cost are of course the same from whatever port the excursion is begun. Sailings tri-weekly, except to Anyox, which by the Grand Trunk Pacific steamers has a bi-weekly summer service.

Tours to northern British Columbia are conveniently made by Grand Trunk Pacific or Canadian Pacific steamers to Skagway, Alaska, and from that port by the White Pass and Yukon Route to Lake Atlin, B. C., over a superlatively beautiful and increasingly popular rail and steamer course. Time from Seattle or Vancouver to Atlin and return, including side trip to White Horse, and a day or two each at Atlin and Skagway, 16 days. Distance 2400 miles. Approximate cost, not including maintenance at stop-over points, $100. From White Horse, Yukon Territory, excellent steamers of the White Pass and Yukon Route frequently sail down the Yukon River to Dawson, Y. T., and continue to Nome on the northwest coast of Alaska. In summer there is a direct service between Nome and Seattle. For further information concerning brief or protracted tours in Alaska, northern British Columbia and Yukon Territory, address any of the following: General Passenger Agent, White Pass and Yukon Route, Conway Building, Chicago; General Agent of the same line, Alaska Building, Seattle; or General Manager, Skagway, Alaska.

At Skagway the hotel most patronised by tourists is the Pullen House. An omnibus meets all steamers. American plan rates, $3 a day up.

Wrangell, Alaska, a port of call on the way between Prince Rupert and Skagway, is the point

of departure for tours by launch up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek, B. C., in the heart of a renowned hunting district. The Stikine River, bordered by glaciers and high peaks, is one of the great picture streams of the world. Rising in British Columbia, it passes through Alaska to the sea. Mr. Farquhar Mathewson, Wrangell, Alaska, will reply to inquiries concerning the hire of necessary equipments, launches or guides for the Stikine River trip, which consumes three days between Wrangell and Telegraph Creek, and one day in the opposite direction.

Very comfortable electric-lighted, steam-heated rooms and good board are provided at the Wrangell Hotel, at the end of the steamer dock, opposite Mr. Mathewson's store.

Tourist Bureaux.

Information concerning local tours is obtainable in the lobbies of Canadian Pacific hotels in Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria, and at the company's mountain hotels. Also at the Grand Trunk Pacific hotel in Edmonton, and at the headquarters of the Grand Trunk System, the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways in New York, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Cottrell's Bureau at 334 Granville Street, Vancouver, sells tickets and advises concerning excursions. The British Columbia Electric Railway, office Carrall Street Depot, Vancouver, issues a folder containing a map of the city and suburbs and several pages of information as to local and interurban trips by electric car.

For general information concerning Vancouver Island, the tourist is invited to address the Pub-

licity Commissioner, Board of Trade Building, Victoria, B. C.

At Revelstoke, B. C., the Secretary of the Tourist Bureau of the Women's Canadian Club solicits correspondence regarding the Mt. Revelstoke Drive, the Arrow Lakes, and vacation opportunities in the vicinity of which Revelstoke is the transportation centre.

Conveyances.

Apart from cabs, street cars and jitneys in Vancouver and Victoria, there is a well-organized "sight-seeing" service in both cities which includes observation trams, automobiles, tally-hos and boats. Cars meet certain steamers and trains for the convenience of visitors whose stay in the city is limited.

Of the several "Seeing Vancouver" and "Seeing Victoria" motor-buses and tally-hos those which leave from Canadian Pacific hotels are especially recommended for comfort and polite attendance.

At Banff, Lake Louise, Field and Jasper Park, the Brewster Transport Company provides horse stages, surreys and saddle-horses for mountain trips, and pack outfits for those bent upon climbing, camping or hunting. The tourist service is in connection with the Canadian Pacific hotels at Banff, Lake Louise and Field, and is allied with the camp near Jasper, in Jasper Park. In Banff are numerous other concerns which supply horses and vehicles. Tariffs are under control of the Department of the Interior in all Government Parks. At Glacier, the Outfitter is S. H. Baker.

Motor-cars are for hire by the day or excursion in Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert, Revel-

stoke, Nelson, Calgary, Edmonton and many smaller places. The two last-named cities have municipally owned street railways.

Motorways.

The Island Automobile Club of Victoria, with the co-operation of motor organisations throughout the Dominion, is promoting a campaign for the improvement and construction of roads which it is proposed shall in combination form a trans-Canada motor route. The completed highway will eventually cross nine provinces during its course of 4000 miles. The most interesting mountain section of this continental highroad is the motorway recently built by the Dominion and Provincial Governments and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company between Calgary,[7] Banff and Windermere Lake, across the Rockies in the Columbia Valley (150 m.).

Motor-cars are now admitted to the Rocky Mountains Park, of which Banff is the centre, so that tourists by automobile may enjoy in their own cars the delightful roads of the National Reserve. A 500-mile circuit from Calgary to Windermere and back to Calgary via the Columbia-Kootenay Valley and Macleod is rich in wonderful views and stretches of smooth highway.

Lake Louise and Field, the two Canadian Pacific resorts between Banff and Golden, are not yet accessible by automobile, though local roads are expertly constructed and well maintained for wagon traffic.

South from Golden runs the highway which con-

[7] Motor-cars make the run from Calgary to Edmonton in about 12 hours. The motor-road mileage about Edmonton is limited to a few attractive drives in the immediate vicinity.

nects near Windermere Lake with the road from Banff and by which one continues down the Kootenay Valley to Cranbrook, or goes east to Macleod. A trans-provincial highway is building through southern British Columbia from the mountains, via Cranbrook, Nelson, Penticton (foot of Okanagan Lake) and Princeton, to Hope in the Fraser River Valley, 90 miles east of Vancouver. The section, Penticton to Hope, 165 miles, is completed and, like most British Columbia roads, is substantially laid. The trip can be made through hilly country in nine or ten hours.

South of Penticton motorists may enter the United States near Oroville, Washington, or follow the international boundary eastward and go south to Spokane via Cascade and Marcus. Customs regulations are given on a later page.

Revelstoke, west of Golden and Glacier, boasts one of the finest scenic roads in the Northwest — a new highway, 17 miles in length which winds from the base to the summit of the imposing mountain which bears the name of the pleasant little city at its feet. Other roads through the Columbia's gorge and eastward along the Illecillewaet River are also used by automobiles.

In the Okanagan Valley, south of Sicamous, good natural roads connect the settlements and irrigated orchards of fruit growers on either bank of the lake, and at Penticton join the highway running east and west.

Ashcroft, 130 miles west of Sicamous, is the point on the main railway from which the "old Cariboo trail" starts north. The Lillooet branch of the road starts from Lytton. As early as 1858 gold-seekers travelled this way to Barkerville. Forty years later men bound for the Klondyke

packed their goods over the famous road built by Royal Engineers whose headquarters were at Sapperton, near New Westminster. Until comparatively recent times, canvas-covered wagons carried men and provisions into the Cariboo goldfields. Motor-stages now run from Vancouver to Quesnel, a distance of 400 miles or more. The road continues to Prince George, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Between Prince George and Hazelton, on the Skeena River, the road has lately been building. Upon the completion of a few short links, a motor tour will be possible from the Mexican border to Yukon Territory, via San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, Ashcroft, Prince George, Hazelton, Telegraph Creek and Atlin. From the latter point, on wondrous Lake Atlin, excellent motor-roads serve the mines of neighbouring creeks.

South of Ashcroft and Spence's Bridge a well-travelled road passes through the verdant Nicola Valley to Merritt, and continues to Princeton. A circuit may be made from Vancouver to Ashcroft, north into the Cariboo Country, back to Ashcroft, south to Princeton, and west to Hope and Vancouver.

Good roads follow the Lower Fraser to Agassiz, Mission, New Westminster and Vancouver over the level valley floor, in view of Mt. Baker.

Vancouver is the centre of many agreeable drives to seashore, forest parks and canyons, and to outlying towns. The road to New Westminster is famously good. A favourite tour from Vancouver is to Harrison Hot Springs and back (190 m.).

Details and diagrams of mainland and Vancouver Island roads, road-houses, traffic and Customs regulations are given in the *Pacific Coast Auto-*

mobile Blue Book, which may be had from the publishers, Pacific Building, San Francisco, for $2.50. Chicago office, 910 South Michigan Avenue; New York office, 243 West 39th Street.

The Pacific Highway (see under "Motorways," Chapter I) enters British Columbia at Ferndale, beyond Blaine, Washington, and proceeds via New Westminster to Vancouver. Customs stations are maintained at Blaine and Ferndale, and at Sumas, Wash., and Abbotsford, B. C. Also at Seattle and Port Angeles, Wash., and Victoria, B. C., for travellers who employ the international steamer service.

Canadian motor tourists entering the United States are governed by regulations similar to those which affect motorists entering Canada. Local financiers may be found who will arrange the bond covering the value of the automobile. A small cash deposit is also required. Touring permits are issued for seven to fourteen days by the Customs departments of both countries, for which no bond is required. At the rear of the *Pacific Coast Automobile Blue Book* is given a summary of information concerning Customs stations and regulations. For the information of automobilists there are also appended reproductions of various official forms in use at the border.

In British Columbia, vehicles take the left side of the road, reversing the rule of the United States.

Steamers which cross from Vancouver to Nanaimo and Victoria, V. I., and run to Seattle and Port Townsend, carry automobiles for a moderate fee.

A leaflet issued by the Victoria and Island Development Association describing the Georgian Circuit (see under "Motorways," Chapter I) and

various side trips will be mailed to applicants who address the Publicity Commissioner, Board of Trade Building, Victoria.

Vancouver Island calls itself an Auto Paradise and advertises its hundreds of miles of exceptional roads and its marine and mountain scenery. One of the really splendid motorways of the Pacific Northwest is the Island Drive which climbs high ridges and skirts sea cliffs on the way from Victoria to Campbell River, 225 miles out the east coast, and to the Government Park named for Lord Strathcona. The Malahat Drive comprises a section of the Island Drive from Victoria to Malahat Beach (27 m.).

At Parksville, beyond Nanaimo, the Canadian Highway Route turns off the Island Drive to Alberni and Great Central Lake (150 m. from Victoria). Following the shores of Cameron Lake, the road pierces a magnificent forest of typical British Columbia trees. Alberni, 52 miles from Nanaimo, is at the head of an inlet which enters the sea coast of the Island, and is the most westerly point in Canada touched by a motor-road.

The Saanich Inlet Drive and the drives to Shawnigan Lake and Sooke Harbor are also popular routes out of Victoria.

A tour of the Island begun at Nanaimo, 40 miles from Vancouver, may be completed at Victoria, 80 miles from Vancouver; from both these ports there are frequent fast steamers to the mainland.

Money.

The dollar is the unit of currency in Canada, and United States notes and silver are accepted at par. Only the nickel and copper coins of the United States are refused. The Canadian five-

cent piece is a small silver coin, the cent a large bronze one. The 20-cent piece is easily confused with the silver quarter of both Canada and the United States. Besides paper notes of 25 cents, $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50 and $100 denomination, the Dominion issues a $4 note; also gold coins which until late years were done at the Royal Mint in England.

There is a discount of one to two per cent. (minimum, ten cents) on all Canadian bills changed in the United States.

Coppers are not in general circulation west of Calgary. Employés at railway news and curio stands are instructed to refuse them, and tourists relate incidents of their being declined at Government post offices. Stamps are often given in change if the price of an article is an odd amount. Nothing costs less than five cents, not even a village newspaper.

In all but exceptional instances, merchandise and wearing apparel are more expensive in Canada than in the United States, quality for quality. The only exceptions of importance are furs, and rugs and garments made of wool, which may be of either British or Canadian manufacture. Many articles of daily consumption are imported from the United States.

A list of principal banks in the chief tourist towns of the Canadian Northwest is given at the rear of this volume. The Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit issued by reliable banks, tourist agencies and express companies are recommended as a safe and convenient means of carrying funds. As a precaution against contingencies, travellers are advised to have a local banker attest their signature before leaving home.

UNITY FALLS, PRINCESS LOUISE INLET, ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST, NORTH OF VANCOUVER

Postage.

Letters: 2 cents per ounce to Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Mexico, Great Britain and her colonies. Five cents per ounce to other countries.

Postal Cards: 1 cent to Canada, the United States and Mexico; other countries, 2 cents.

Newspapers: 1 cent for each 4 ounces to Canada, the United States and Mexico.

Books, Photographs and Printed Matter: 1 cent for each 2 ounces to all countries.

Merchandise: 1 cent per ounce to Canada and the United States.

Registration, 5 cents. Special Delivery, 10 cents.

Visitors are warned against thoughtlessly using United States stamps in Canada. Post office officials complain of this error on the part of tourists.

Climate and Seasons.

The climate of Western Canada is as varied as its elevations. The configuration of the country affects winds, snow, rainfall, heat and cold. Among the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks and at scattered places on the coast summer rains are frequent, the weather often being unsettled until mid-season. On bright days the sun's rays beat hot in unsheltered places but are never prostrating, and nights are comfortable everywhere in Western Canada.

Edmonton, on the high plains, has a cool summer, Jasper and Banff, in basins between snow mountains, a warm one. Little wind blows at Banff in any season. In winter, 20° below

zero is not bitter, but only invigorating in this tranquil valley of the Bow. In other parts of southern Alberta and British Columbia, "the Chinooks," moist warm winds that drift through the mountains from the far-away sea, lessen the severity of the frosty months.

At Lake Louise, nearly 6000 feet in the clouds, one may go to sleep with a June moon shining on poppies and green lawns, and waken to find grass, pines, paths and amber beds deep beneath a heavy pall of snow. These beautifying visitations are rare, but do sometimes occur once in a summer, and as late as July.

Glacier in the heart of the Selkirks rivals Agassiz in the Lower Fraser Valley in annual rainfall. The average precipitation of each, based on the official record for three consecutive years, is 66 inches compared with 10 inches at Banff, Kamloops and Penticton, 12 at Edmonton, 26 at Victoria and Nelson, 38 at Revelstoke, 55 at Vancouver, and 107 at Clayoquot on the rainy west coast of Vancouver Island.

Kamloops and Ashcroft in the Thompson River dry belt, Princeton among the hills between Okanagan Lake and the Fraser River, and Cranbrook on the rolling plains south of the Kootenay Valley, are according to record the hottest towns of British Columbia in mid-summer, and among the coldest in winter, the extremes in a given year being 101° and −30°. The Okanagan Valley also has a high July and August temperature, but is refreshed with uncanny regularity by a strong breeze, not to say hurricane, which blows through the funnel of the long narrow lake about five o'clock each afternoon. The sun shines on Summerland, in the Okanagan Lake Valley, during

more than half of the daylight hours of the year.

Vancouver has a delightfully equable climate, the variation in a year between maximum heat and cold being but 60 degrees. Victoria, 80 miles nearer the sea, has half the rainfall of Vancouver, and is sunnier and warmer at all seasons than its neighbour on the mainland. Clayoquot, rainiest town of Western Canada and 100 miles toward the sea from Victoria, has the warmest January and February of any place in British Columbia, the lowest average temperature being but a few degrees below freezing.

Prince Rupert, a very rainy spot, is one of the coolest in summer and one of the mildest in winter of all Provincial towns. Balmy days throughout the year are the rule on the Queen Charlotte Islands, and spring vegetation is always far in advance of that on the mainland.

Jasper Park has long stretches of bright weather in July and August, occasionally interrupted by rain. In June and September, as might be expected among mountains in a northern latitude, brief snow storms and some uncomfortably cold days are experienced by campers. Indian Summer among the Rockies is a season of unmatched delight.

All things considered, Victoria has the most agreeable climate of any place on the coast of Western Canada, and Edmonton the pleasantest weather of the region on the other side of the mountains.

In nearly all parts of the Canadian Northwest the best touring season is from the middle of July to October. Those who travel in June are assured of cool days, but may encounter periods of rain.

CHAPTER XIII

HOTELS — CUISINE
SPORTS — FESTIVALS

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Hotels.

Not the least enjoyable feature of travel in Canada is the excellence of its tourist hotels, which like the railways form a chain from the East to the West. The houses of greatest pretension have the railways as proprietors. Visitors to Quebec and Montreal know the world-famous Frontenac, and the Place Viger Hotel, both owned by the Canadian Pacific. Travellers who stay at Ottawa are superbly housed at the Grand Trunk Chateau Laurier, quite as beautiful a hotel as exists on our continent, and the centre of gaieties at the Capital.

The Highland Inn, Nominigan Camp and Camp Minnesing at Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario, and the new Minaki Inn and Annex at Minaki, on the way to Winnipeg, are part of the Grand Trunk chain. The Canadian Northern Railway operates the modern Prince Arthur at Port Arthur, Ontario, and the Prince Edward at Brandon, Manitoba.

Winnipeg's chief inducements for tourists to pause in the prairie metropolis on their way through Canada are the uncommon hotels of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific Systems. The Royal Alexandra, erected some

years ago, is in keeping with the most luxurious traditions of Old Country hotels as to arrangement and decoration. The topaz salon on an upper floor is as gorgeous an apartment as may be found in a house of entertainment; the lobby is reputed for its size and the dining-room for its painted frieze of historical subjects. There are a great number of private dining-rooms and a beautiful Imperial Suite.

A most excellent reason for remaining at length in Winnipeg is the Fort Garry Hotel, which takes its name from the vine-covered relic in an adjoining park, and is a few moments' walk from the Grand Trunk Pacific station, on a green-bordered boulevard. No hotel on either side the boundary surpasses this lofty hostelry in fastidious and stately charm, in appointments, cuisine and refinements of attendance.

Every one has heard the *bon mot* of Conan Doyle and the repartee of Lady Doyle anent the Fort Garry and the Chateau Laurier. It remains for some one of equal wit to celebrate the latest achievement of the Grand Trunk Pacific in hotel-making — the Macdonald at Edmonton. Placed on the banks of the Saskatchewan River with a broad look-off to highland forests and the spreading city, this chateau, grey stone as to walls and turreted as to roof like a French manor-house, has the personality of a host practised in hospitality, the bouquet of good wine matured.

The joy of the Macdonald is its blend of mellow manners with a punctilious equipment, and a service in bed-chambers, halls and public rooms beyond all cavilling. As to its cooking . . . When a waiter, whose name will be André or Hendrik, seats you by the high terrace window — or

perhaps it is warm and you are dining on the terrace — command of the Franco-Flemish kitchen a breast of duck from the Alberta prairies. Let it be served with fried hominy and soufflé sweet potatoes and a sauce of orange juice, currants and wine. Or let the *pièce de résistance* be a mousse of Prince Rupert salmon dressed with mushrooms and truffles, and medallions of lobster poached in oyster juice. . . . A frontier city's crude vigour clamours beyond the next block, but here a magic carpet is spread. One is served, one dines as well as any gourmet might dine in the city of gourmets across the water.

At Regina and Prince Rupert and among the Rockies west of Edmonton, the Grand Trunk Pacific promises other hotels for the future, which are however still in prospect.

A tent camp near Jasper, three miles by road from the station on the way to Medicine Lake and Maligne Lake, was first opened in the summer of 1915. Well-floored and heated tents accommodating two to four persons form a most attractive settlement on the lake shore. A canvas pavilion of generous dimensions comprised the camp's first dining and sitting-room. So many appreciators of the Park sought entertainment in the first year that many improvements are to be made by the Edmonton lessees.

Like Winnipeg, Calgary has little to reward a stay beyond a sumptuous hotel. The Palliser is one of the latest additions to the Canadian Pacific group, which comprises in all seventeen hotels extending from New Brunswick to Vancouver Island. Built at an outlay of not less than $25,000,000, they represent the most important hotel enterprise in the world, and reflect endless credit upon the

company by whose foresight they have been placed at strategic travelling centres. All that has been said heretofore concerning the Canadian Pacific train and steamer service applies in equal measure to the hotel system. The furnishing and provisioning of inns, often far removed from market centres, and the securing of great numbers of servants for a limited period of time, are tasks for the stout-hearted. But commendation is the rule, serious complaint the exception among the company's thousands of tourist guests.

Banff to the average traveller who has yet to know its charms signifies two things: very high mountains and the Canadian Pacific hotel. The village with its bright shops and tea-rooms, homes, gardens, museum and other hotels is a surprise to most arrivals. At the end of the bridge beyond the main street is the beautifully situated house misleadingly called the Sanitarium Hotel. The C. P. R. Banff Springs Hotel is a mile further on — a castle-like pile of stone with a view worth crossing two continents to see.

The Chateau Lake Louise and its two large chalets is perhaps the most popular of the mountain inns. Successive wings have been added to make room for all who in a summer wish to stay here. Thousands of reservations are received in advance. In July and August, tourists who have not applied for rooms had best before descending at the station make inquiry of train officials — or indeed train officials often announce the probability or improbability of securing accommodation at the Inn of the Lake, high within its mountain fastness at the end of a three-mile road.

At Field the Canadian Pacific built the first of its mountain hotels. Additions have been made from

time to time, but here as at Banff, Lake Louise and Glacier, it is well to look to your rooms in advance, if you are a midsummer tourist.

Seven miles from the Mt. Stephen House at Field is Emerald Lake Chalet, a little place of unusually pleasant demeanour, and if a certain cook is still retained, a most unusually tasty home cuisine. The Canadian Pacific is also in charge of a 20-tent camp up the Yoho Valley, a dozen miles from Field, where guests are made comfortable for a month or a night in view of mighty cataracts and glaciers.

Of the hotels south of the main railway one may speak with enthusiasm of the one at Invermere which is presided over by Mr. George Stark, and is reached from Athalmer station in the Windemere Valley, south of Golden. Motorists going to or from Banff by the new transmontane highway regard the journey incomplete which does not include at least a night under the Invermere roof.

East of Nelson, above Kootenay Lake, the Canadian Pacific has recently constructed the Kootenay Lake Hotel at Balfour, B. C., facing the Kootenay River. Guests especially remember this summer inn for its verandahs, for its interior decoration, reflecting the taste of Mrs. Hayter Reed, wife of a retired chief of the hotel department, and for its pink roses and old-fashioned garden.

On the Arrow Lakes are a number of resort hotels and camps, but strangely no hostelry commensurate with their touristic importance. Those who journey to the foot of Okanagan Lake discover in the new Hotel Incola at Penticton a pleasant stopping-place, with an outlook directly upon the water. Both Kelowna and Naramata

have hotels for the accommodation of winter and summer vacationists.

At Revelstoke, on the main line beyond the Selkirk-circled Glacier House, Mr. MacDonnell, a kindly host, keeps a hotel which perches high above smoothest lawns, and they in turn above the railway station. From this commanding platform Begbie and all the cordon about Revelstoke are revealed, and one looks far down the pass through which the rails run to Vancouver.

The railway hotel at Sicamous stands between the track and the lakes called Shuswap. Though comparatively small it is one of the most frequented houses on the line, as tourists often stay the night here en route east from Vancouver in order to see the best of the mountain scenery in the daylight. Other lodgers are passengers by the morning train for Okanagan Landing, and sportsmen attracted by the good hunting and fishing of the environs.

In the Cariboo Country north of Ashcroft are taverns which are interesting because characteristic of picturesque days of the past and present of which the railway traveller gets no flavour. On Lake Atlin, B. C., reached via Alaska, are hotels which receive tourists and sportsmen.

Five miles from Agassiz, a station on the main line south of Ashcroft and east of Vancouver, is the St. Alice Hotel at Harrison Hot Springs, well up in the hills below Mt. Che-am, and on the edge of the trout-lovers' Lake Harrison.

Vancouver has a dozen hotels which house tourists. Some of them have promising names — the Castle, Lotus, Elysium, St. Francis, Grosvenor, but these are but lesser lights to make the massive and elegant namesake of the city shine the brighter. The Hotel Vancouver and the Empress

Hotel at Victoria, across the Strait of Georgia, are the pride of the Canadian Pacific System in the West, lavishly furnished, and maintained in every way according to the best standards of the company. Both hotels are strikingly situated in the centre of the communities they so capably serve.

Within sight of the Hotel Vancouver is a guest-house which is sometimes mistakenly called the Vancouver Annex. Glencoe Lodge has an individuality of its own, as has its mistress, the same Miss Jean Mollison who helped establish the renown of Chateau Lake Louise, who planted its rows of white and orange poppies, and frescoed the Maple Room with autumn leaves. Her gifts of management, well developed during years of association with the premier landlord of Canada, the Canadian Pacific Railway, are supplemented by a talent for collecting objects rare and beautiful, and placing them advantageously in her hotel homes. The drawing-rooms at Glencoe Lodge are well-ordered museums of oriental crafts — Indian stuffs, prayer-rugs, pottery, brasses, carved teak, pictures exquisitely wrought in thread by a famous Japanese. The dining-room of this unusual hotel is decoratively served by stoic Chinese in native silks.

Miss Mollison is also proprietor of the Glenshiel Inn at Victoria, near the Canadian Pacific docks and hotel, and of Strathcona Lodge on Shawnigan Lake, one of the gems of Vancouver Island. Braemar Lodge, Calgary, is another of the Mollison chain, there being a sister in charge of each house.

The Wigwam, at Indian River Park, is one of several good resort hotels among the inlets and canyons north of Vancouver.

At Cameron Lake, on Vancouver Island, the Canadian Pacific has erected a lodging-place with tents for passers-by — motorists, tourists by rail, fishermen, mountaineers, drawn hither by the great beauty of surrounding water and a forest of sky-reaching firs, and by the proximity of Mt. Arrowsmith.

A strange little ark, "twenty bedrooms on a raft," moves with the fish on Great Central Lake, beyond Alberni, in the centre of the Island.

An attractive and somewhat modish inn receives guests at Qualicum Beach. There are other hotels at Cowichan Lake, and along the Island Highway to Campbell River. The Willows, at the last-mentioned point on the coast, is a rendezvous for world sportsmen, who discuss on its verandahs the excitements of the day's salmon fishing.

Saanich Inlet, which penetrates for miles the coast north of Victoria, affords at its head a rare site for the roomy and congenial Brentwood Hotel, an inn reminiscent of England, as befits the favourite woodland resort of Victorians, and of a particularly pleasing air. An Englishman, Mr. Herbert Cancellor, plays host for a British syndicate, and his wife, all who go there like to know, is another Mollison sister.

As to hotel terms in Western Canada, city hotels of the best class make a European plan rate of $2 and up per day for a single room. Rooms with bath, $3 a day, suites of parlour, bedroom and bath from $8 upward. Meal service is *à la carte*, or at a *prix fixe*, but charges are sufficiently reasonable to enable a guest to live at the Macdonald, the Vancouver, the Empress, and other hotels

of the same grade, for $5 or $6 a day including room and three meals, and use of bath.

The Canadian Pacific mountain hotels make a minimum American plan rate of $4 a day, with the exception of Chateau Lake Louise, where the minimum charge is $5 a day.

A rear page of the railway time-table gives a list of all the hotels of the system, with rates per day and per single meal.

At resorts like Balfour, Penticton, Qualicum Beach, Brentwood and Shawnigan Lake, $2.50 to $3.50 is asked, the former rate applying to Strathcona Lodge, and, as well, to Glenshiel Inn. Glencoe Lodge provides bed and meals for a minimum charge of $3 a day, or a bed alone for $1.

The Yoho Valley (Field) camp rate is $4 a day; that at Jasper Park camp a dollar less.

Some European plan hotels give lodging for 75 cents to $1 a night. In Vancouver are a number of restaurants and tea-rooms in the Granville Street district where well-cooked meals are served at very moderate rates.

Cuisine.

The wild game and fish of Western Canada offer the novelties of the ménu. On a certain Christmas Day the King Edward Hotel, Banff, meeting-place of guides and mighty hunters, served, with the assistance of its guests, the following meats on the holiday bill of fare: Buffalo, antelope, mule deer, bear, moose, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, wild geese, ducks and prairie chicken — all stuffed with reminiscence and spiced with hazards of the chase.

If one asks a specialty of the chef at the Mt. Stephen House, Field, he will serve in season a

moose steak with chestnut sauce, or a mountain trout "broiled on the flesh side, then on the skin side, just enough to make the skin brown and crisp," and served on a hot platter with sprinklings of paprika and parsley.

Laurent at the Fort Garry stuffs fillets of speckled trout with lobster, stews them in sauterne, and enriches them with white wine sauce and Beluga caviar. A recipe "of an excellence," but no better than "Spring chicken Sauté Grand Trunk," for which Laurent demands not only a chicken in its first youth, but portions of champagne, cream, little shallots and fresh mushrooms to smother it with.

At the Macdonald one may have a venison chop cooked with Virginia ham and served on an island of buttered toast. With this nothing goes better than a potpourri salad contrived by Dierken of romaine, endive, lettuce, tomato and chilled cucumber, and dressed with a mayonnaise specked green and red with peppers, parsley, shallots and chili sauce, to which an epicure's portion of Tarragon vinegar has been added.

The St. Alice Hotel, Harrison Hot Springs, has an individual way of doing lake trout. In this connection it is impossible to ignore the Lake Superior trout *au gratin* served on the steamers of the Northern Navigation Company, which rivals in delicacy the planked whitefish that is another specialty of the line.

Pacific Coast hotels offer many excellent seafoods. The iced cracked crabs of Prince Rupert restaurants, luscious giants related to the Dungeness species, compensate weary hours of waiting in a most uninteresting town. Paul Maury, chef at the Hotel Vancouver, prepares fillet of sole by

wrapping each strip about a native oyster and baking slowly in a sauce worthy of a Frenchman — and the Hotel Vancouver.

If you are fond of Chop Suey, Wong Gen Ming will make you a dish at Glencoe Lodge of chicken, pork and mushrooms, onions, celery stalks and bamboo shoots, and Sing Song will bring it you with a silver boat of strange black liquor that enhances both mystery and flavour, and gives palates a new sensation.

On lake steamers and at hotels in the Okanagan Valley, summer ménus are refreshed by home-grown peaches, grapes, apples, plums and cherries. In July, the tables at the Sicamous Hotel are gay with compotes of red Okanagan berries served on mats of fresh leaves. The Revelstoke region grows famous cherries small and sweet, and acres of wild raspberries. Vancouver Island specialties are good fruit and an unfailing variety of fish and crustaceans.

The dining-car service of the Canadian Pacific Railway has several unique features. A number of farms are owned by the company at convenient points along the line from which garden produce is received, besides dairy and hot house products. At principal division points, Montreal, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver, shops are established from which cars are daily supplied with rolls, bread of several sorts, and cakes and ice cream, — neat and floury, crisp-scented places that one likes to remember when he orders coffee and rolls, or regales himself on an ice in one of the company's wheeled restaurants. Here are refrigerators full of poultry, fish and meats, cooling rooms for wines, fruits and green vegetables, and

store-rooms for condiments, preserves, tinned vegetables, syrups and cheeses that would strike with envy any housewife.

Data supplied by courtesy of the General Superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Dining-car Service at Winnipeg, gives some further facts of interest to railway patrons. On the 140 dining, café and buffet cars operated by the company are served an average of over 8000 meals a day. Of meat and poultry over a million and a half pounds are consumed in a year, of bread 700,000 loaves, of milk and cream over a million quarts, of potatoes 50,000 bushels, with other foodstuffs in proportion. Special baking potatoes, having a smooth clear skin and weighing on an average one to one and a half pounds each, are wrapped separately and delivered by supply farms in bushel boxes. Cakes are boxed in individual portions, biscuits and after-dinner mints in dust-proof envelopes, milk in bottles which hold a glassful or two glassfuls each. Eggs are not more than seven days old, are non-fertile and white-shelled, and each is stamped with the date of issue from farm or supply house. At the end of every trip all food supplies remaining on a car are withdrawn and closely inspected in the division storeroom.

No steward, cook, waiter, sleeping-car conductor or porter is put on a Canadian Pacific train without having graduated from one of the schools of instruction held at various employment points. Dining-car employés are governed by rules as to portions and service contained in a 200-page booklet, "Standard of Orders, and Table Service," issued by the company. At "lay-over stations" stewards and porters have the use of dormitories, baths and recreation rooms without cost. In the

company tailor shop, all uniforms are pressed and cleaned free at the end of each trip.

The latest departure of the Canadian Pacific Dining-car Department relates to dietetic ménus prepared for the company by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, as an aid to the patron in ordering properly blended meals suited to his needs when travelling.

Canadian Pacific station restaurants and lunch counters are reasonable in price and conform in cuisine and attendance to the company's high standard.

In general, the cookery of Western Canadian restaurants is good, in a few places where European cooks are employed, superlatively good. Chinese chefs spoil the broth in some hotels, but in justice to their employers it may be said that only Chinese can be hired in certain localities. Occasionally a Wong Gen Ming, or a Li such as presided for years over the culinary regions of the Hotel Vancouver and now influences patronage at the Alberta, Calgary, is discovered by a fortunate hotel-keeper. But it may be put down as a rule that a kitchen where one glimpses a Chinese staff will yield tasteless concoctions, neither Canadian nor Celestial, but vapid watery foods, scantily seasoned and sparsely buttered: in other words, Oriental misconceptions of North American dishes which discourage the appetite, and deprive meal-time of all its anticipations.

On the contrary, Japanese cooks embellish Western foods with a racy and artistic touch. The best apple pie it is possible to conceive is made by an American-trained Japanese at the Pullen House, Skagway, Alaska.

MT. ARROWSMITH, VANCOUVER ISLAND

Sports.

Hunting and Fishing Licenses.

Alberta: Residents, $2.50; non-residents, $25; for birds, $5. Collector's license for birds, $5.

British Columbia: General License, fee $100, for all species of game in season, also fishing. Bear license, $25; birds, $50; special weekly bird license (for British subjects only) $5, obtainable at the discretion of the Provincial Game Warden at Vancouver. Fishing license, $5. Officers of the Army and Navy, both British and Canadian who are on actual duty in the Province are exempt from all fees for hunting and fishing licenses.

It is not lawful to hunt on Sunday, nor between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

Licenses are issued by the Provincial Game Warden at Edmonton, Alberta, and Vancouver, British Columbia, and by Government and railway agents at various centres, such as Calgary, Banff, Field, Golden, Cranbrook, Nelson, Princeton. Revelstoke, Ashcroft, Nanaimo, Alberni, Prince Rupert, Hazelton, Telegraph Creek and Atlin.

Provincial Wardens and railway company headquarters will send on application exhaustive booklets concerning game laws, open seasons, bag limits, penalties, and the best districts for hunting and fishing. Railway folders also give the names of outfitters, guides and hotels in sporting localities.

A leaflet may be had of the Brewster Transport Company at Banff, Lake Louise, Field or Jasper station, Alta. James Simpson, head packer for the Alpine Club's yearly outings, and guide, philosopher and friend of many noted sportsmen, may also be addressed at the King Edward Hotel, Banff, for advice concerning every sort of expedition among the mountains of Alberta.

There are a number of game preserves in Alberta and British Columbia for the repair of past ravages by Stony Indians and unscrupulous white men, but fishing is everywhere permitted and hunting is permitted outside these scattered preserves in all that great reach of semi-wild territory which extends from the Kootenay River to Atlin, and from the Waterton Lakes, Calgary and Edmonton to Alberni and Prince Rupert,— a territory equal to the total area of the United Kingdom, abounding in big and small game, game birds and gamy fish.

Prized more than those of moose or caribou are the heads of the Rocky Mountain goat and sheep which are sought by hunters north of Banff and Lake Louise, in the Kootenay Districts, in the Selkirks, and sheep above all in the Lillooet hunting-grounds, and in the Cassiar country about the source of the Stikine River,[1] "the best all-around district on the continent."

This far north range is inhabited by moose, caribou, sheep, goat, grizzly bear, black bear and foxes. Hunters report in normal years an average of seven or eight heads a gun. A 60-inch spread of moose antlers is not uncommon, and heads with a spread of 66 inches are said to have been taken. "Forty-point" caribou, Stone's sheep heads with a 14-inch horn base, and goat with an 11-inch spread of horn are trophies commonly secured. Bear are enormously prolific along the tributaries of the Stikine River. Cassiar is an expensive district to hunt in because of the cost of provisions, horses and guides.

In the vicinity of Atlin, B. C.,[1] near the Yukon

[1] For routes see last paragraphs under "Tours," this chapter.

border, is another "best game region in North America." Here horses cost $3 a day each, the wages of a guide are $7.50 a day and board, a packer who is also the horse-wrangler, must be hired at $5 a day. A cook receives $3.50 a day, and provisions per person for each day cost about a dollar. Schultz and Sinclair, hotel proprietors and outfitters at Atlin, supply bedding without charge to patrons. Here, if you are a miner, you may hunt free in the hills. Moose antlers measure 60 to 68 inches in this vicinity. The world's record was established by two moose heads taken near Cordova, southeastern Alaska, which had a spread of 84 inches each one. In that region there are no low-limbed trees to retard growth.

The District of Cariboo is hunted for sheep, bear, moose, deer, caribou and wild fowl. For the grounds about the Frazer River's source, Prince George, B. C., on the Grand Trunk Pacific, is the best outfitting point. For the Skeena District, deer and bear hunters outfit at Hazelton.

In Alberta, moose are found in large numbers on the North Saskatchewan River and the Athabasca River, and caribou north of the fifty-fifth parallel.

The American elk, called wapiti by the Indians, are a large species of the European red deer. They grace the ranges of Vancouver Island, the East Kootenay District and Alberta, and have greatly increased under protection. Deer of several kinds are hunted on the coast and in the interior. Fine trophies are obtained in the Fraser River country and about the head of Pacific inlets.

Hundreds of cougar, also called pumas or moun-

tain lions, are killed each year on Vancouver Island, a bounty of $15 a head being in force. A profitable going-in point is on the coast of the Island opposite Alert Bay. Mr. Angus of the Brentwood Hotel shot a cougar eight and three-quarter feet long on Malahat Mountain. Alert Bay, on an island at the entrance of Queen Charlotte Sound, is also a base for cougar, bear, goat and wolverine hunting on the mainland.

The timber-wolf particularly infests the Atlin and Skeena districts, but is present in disconcerting numbers in many other parts of Canada. This is the long-limbed, prowlish creature with thick greyish-yellow pelt which devastates big game haunts and stock ranges, and is believed to have had its origin in the wolf family of Siberia. Excellent specimens may be seen in the zoölogical garden at Banff. Just outside the village are paddocks for Big-Horn sheep, buffalo and moose.

The author of *Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies*, a classic among books on American game, relates hunting adventures in southeastern British Columbia "where the true Big-Horn reaches its maximum development." It is known that throughout the wide range of the *Ovis Canadensis* the largest horns are found within a radius of two hundred miles of Banff. Dr. Hornaday gives the measurements of five specimens. The largest one has a circumference about the base of the horn of seventeen and one half inches. Matured horns true to type curve out and downward, then almost back upon themselves in a pointed graceful coil. The eyes of the Big-Horn are set wide between small ears that turn obliquely to the head. The nostrils are slender and sensitive, the shoulders narrow and sloping, the back well saddled and the

haunches trimly placed. The flesh, moreover, is surpassingly good to eat. Other animals have greater height and power, the mountain goat has a heavier, softer fleece and greater skill in scaling perpendicular walls, but the Big-Horn is the most alluring of mountain creatures.

Says Dr. Hornaday, " the Big-Horn sheep is an animal of nervous-sanguine temperament, not so insanely foolish as the mule deer and white-tailed deer, nor yet so lymphatic as the goat. It is a far more graceful walker and runner than the goat, and also more agile and fleet of foot. A mountain sheep can run over rough ground, or leap through the mazes of down timber, as nimbly as any deer, and as rapidly. A goat runs on level ground with the grace and ease of a fat yearling calf. . . .

" The natural enemies of the mountain sheep in British Columbia are the golden and the white-headed eagle, and further south, the puma or ' mountain lion.' In the western Kootenay country, a guide . . . saw a golden eagle bearing off a mountain sheep lamb. He followed the bird, and finally found its nest, and its brood of eaglets. Around the nest lay the skulls of several lambs, showing that the mother bird had been making a specialty of that kind of food for her young."

The author affirms the mountain goat to be " the most picturesque and droll-looking of all our large game animals. . . . The pelage of the mountain goat is the finest and softest, and also the warmest, to be found on any North American hoofed animal except the musk-ox.

" The hoofs," says this student of goats, "are like big, twin masses of india rubber—a ball of soft rubber, encased in a strong shell of hard rubber. It is chiefly the soft rubber which en-

ables this strange animal to climb as it does. . . . The long, straight beard of a male goat always imparts to the animal an uncanny, and even humanlike appearance. When he sits down, dog-fashion, and turns his head first one way and then another . . . his appearance is strongly suggestive of patriarchal humanity. . . .

"The true abiding-place of the mountain goat is from timber-line to the tops of the summit divides, and the precipices which buttress the peaks," says Hornaday, and quotes the statement of Warburton Pike, that "the goat is the most widely distributed animal in British Columbia, and except the black bear is the only animal found throughout the length and breadth of the Province."

One of the camp-fire talks relates to the grizzly bear, now almost extinct in the United States, but still to be shot in Western Canada if the right season and district is chosen. The end of May is the propitious period in which to discover the "silver-tip" just emerging from his winter snooze. The coat, however, is not at its plushy best until autumn. "September is the month of bear migration, from the lower valleys upward, feeding on berries all the way. . . . After the berries are gone, the bears dig for 'gophers.' . . . When digging becomes impossible, they seek their winter dens, and hibernate."

As to the ferocity of the grizzly, "Like the wolves of the Northwest, the grizzly bears of to-day know well that a deadly rifle is the natural corollary to a man. Nine grizzlies out of every ten will run the moment a man is discovered, no matter what the distance may be from bear to man. The tenth will charge you fearlessly, especially if you make your attack from below. . . .

"Both in the United States and British Columbia, the grizzly bears of to-day are not extremely large. . . . Seven years are necessary to the production of specimens of the largest size. To-day any grizzly that will weigh seven hundred and fifty pounds may fairly be called a very large one.

"Eliminate the bears from the Canadian Rockies," says the final paragraph of the chapter, "and a considerable percentage of the romance and wild charm which now surrounds them, will be gone. So long as grizzlies remain to make awesome tracks and dig 'gophers,' just so long will brain-weary men take the long trail to find them, climb mountains until they are half-dead of precious physical fatigue, and whether they kill grizzlies or not, they will return like new men, vowing that they have had the grandest of all outings."

Minor members of the great game family of the Northwest are the raccoon, land-otter, marten, mink, badger, porcupine, the whistling marmot, Little Chief hare, rabbit, weasel and wolverine. The last-named is minor in size only. In viciousness and in persistency in gnawing at a trap, he is said by mountain savants to surpass his bigger fellows.

Wild fowl include ducks and geese, especially numerous on the Alberta plains, in the Windermere Valley, on the Okanagan marshes and near Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands; snipe, blue grouse and ruffed grouse about Vancouver, Victoria and the Lower Fraser Valley; the Chinese pheasant, imported in 1882 and thrifty in many districts; quail, capercailzie and prairie-chicken.

Salmon and trout are the aristocrats of the British Columbia and Alberta game fish. The Pacific salmon is not of the family *Salmo* like its distant cousin, the salmon of Atlantic seas and rivers, but is classified as of the *oncorhynchus* species, peculiar to the Western coast. Of the several varieties, the cohoe is the most common. It is taken by trolling and weighs up to 15 pounds. Campbell River, V. I., and other places on the Strait of Georgia, are the resort of cohoe fishermen in July and August.

In mid-summer the tyee or king salmon also runs strong in Valdez Straits north and south of the mouth of the Campbell River, but no longer in the river, according to those who know, because of the impediment of a logging camp and its rafts. Fish weighing up to 70 pounds are taken here on a "Wobbler" spoon, with a rod varying from the length of a tarpon rod to one 18 feet long, and a 150-yard enamelled line. Ninety-pound fish are landed with a hand-line.

Prince Rupert and Port Simpson see splendid fishing for spring salmon in early March and for cohoes in the summer.

Many names are given to the trout of the Western provinces. A *Classified Guide to Fish and their Habitat in the Rocky Mountains Park*, issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, specifies the Cut Throat, the Lake, the Brook, the Dolly Varden and the Bull Trout as inhabiting the waters of the Park, and gives the Lake Trout of Lake Minnewanka, a few miles from Banff, precedence as to weight, 47 pounds being the record. We are assured that it is not unusual for anglers of park streams to get two or three Cut Throat on their cast at one time. Consolation

Lake, near Lake Louise, "gives only Cut Throat fishing, but plenty of that. At Moraine Lake you get them all—Dolly Varden, Silver, Cut Throat and Grayling, also Nipigon Trout."

The Waterton Lake National Park, near the borders of southwestern Alberta, offers excellent fishing for trout of many kinds, including the namaycush, which weighs at its maximum thirty pounds. Trout are caught in Jasper Park, in the lakes about Edmonton, in many parts of the Kootenay, Kamloops and Okanagan Districts, in the region either side of Sicamous, at Harrison Lake, and in Cowichan, Cameron, Shawnigan and Great Central Lakes, Vancouver Island, and at Qualicum and Alberni.

In sum, it would be a shorter task to name the districts of the "mountain provinces" in which no fish, fowl or game awaited the sportsmen, than to enumerate the centres where one or all three abound.

Bulletin Number Seventeen, prepared by the Provincial Game Warden and published by the British Columbia Bureau of Provincial Information, contains a fascinating summary of a theoretical sport tour lasting through all the months of a year, which is so suggestive of routes, game habitats, game behaviour and multitude that it is quoted herewith almost in full.

First we are reminded as to hunting clothes. In the writer's opinion the suit should be "of some soft material that will not rustle. It should be of a light-brown or grey colour, with the coat big enough to wear a sweater underneath and still be loose. It should have plenty of pockets. You cannot beat knickerbockers, but be sure they are loose, especially at the knee, as you require

perfect freedom to climb in comfort. 'Putties' are splendid at any time of the year, and with snow on the ground they are especially good. On no account wear leather leggings or field-boots; low boots, preferably oil-tanned, of only medium weight, with broad soles and heels, capable of carrying a few nails, are by far the best. Most of Kootenay and parts of the coast will necessitate the wearing of nailed boots for hunting, but almost everywhere else it is absolutely necessary to wear rubber-soled shoes or boots, as you will make too much noise in nailed boots, however careful you may be. A couple of flannel shirts and sweaters and a goodly supply of socks will also be needed, in addition to some good woollen underwear. Do not forget a couple of big silk handkerchiefs, and always keep one in your pocket if you are going after sheep; and even if it is a fine warm day, get your guide to carry your sweater, you may need them both badly before you get back to camp. On the coast you will require gum boots or thigh-waders as well as oilskins."

Under the title, "Sport the Year Round," these paragraphs follow:

While British Columbia is pretty generally known as a splendid game country, very few people actually realise its true value, and that from year's end to year's end either gun, rifle, or rod can be used, so that a man who is fond of shooting and fishing can always find something to tax his skill. Of course, the amount of success met with will, to a certain extent, depend on the man himself, and even with the best of men there will be blank days; but there is no country in the world where so many different varieties of sport can be successfully enjoyed.

It does not matter at what time of the year you come, but, presuming you are going to start on big game, it would be as well to be here early in August. This would enable you to get into the Cassiar country, presuming, of course, you

have engaged your guide and horses beforehand. The C. P. R. and Grand Trunk Pacific boats leave Vancouver every week for Wrangell, Alaska, and the one that leaves nearest to August twelfth would be the best to take. At Wrangell you will probably go up the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek on a river-launch. You should then be in camp on your hunting-grounds ready for September 1st. You will not get any wapiti or deer there, but, if you can do a good day's walk and are even a moderate shot, you could hardly fail to get specimens of moose, Osborn's caribou, Stone's sheep, and mountain goats, with a good chance of a grizzly or black bear or a wolf or fox. Do not spend any time actually hunting for bear, as you will have a better chance at them in the spring, when their fur is prime.

Get your sheep first. You are allowed to kill three in all, but only two of any one species; and while you might get specimens of all the so-called species, the *Ovis stonei, fannini,* and *dalli,* they are so closely related and grade so much from one to the other that it is best only to kill two, as you may have a chance at a brown sheep (*Ovis canadensis*) later on. Stick to your sheep till you have got what you want, and do not tie yourself down to so much time to get each species, or you are liable to find you are hurrying, which is a most fatal thing to do. If you get your sheep easily, then go after goats; but if you have spent much time over your sheep, do not bother about goats, as you can easily get them anywhere later on.

By the third week in September you should have got both your sheep and goats and have moved camp to the moose-grounds, which are generally in close proximity to the sheep; they now have their horns quite free of velvet, which is not the case early in September. Unless you are extremely particular about your heads, ten days at the outside ought to be enough to get a couple of moose, but it greatly depends which country you are in: as a general rule, the farther north the more moose, the farther south the more sheep, and farther east the more caribou; so if you have a particular fancy for any one of these species you can govern yourself accordingly.

Unless you are very unlucky you will get your caribou easily, and if you are to the east of Dease Lake should be able to pick almost any sort of a head you choose.

The end of the third week in October should find you on your way back to Vancouver, and if you do not waste any time you can get into the Lillooet District and have a couple of weeks after the *Ovis canadensis.* Sheep-stalking in Lillooet is grand work, as, while there are plenty of good rams left, they are very wild and will tax your utmost skill; still, considering the excellent supply of guides Lillooet is blest with, you ought to have no difficulty in getting a man who will give you a fair chance at a nice ram. The season for

sheep closes on November 15th, and then is the time for mule-deer; the season for mule-deer does not close till December 15th, and as the Lillooet District is the pick of the Province for this game, you have plenty of time to get all the heads you are allowed, and a goat or two as well, if you have not already got them.

This trip should be over by the end of November, and if you contented yourself with two caribou in Cassiar you might go on up the line to Sicamous, and from there on the Vernon line to Mara, from which point you can get into the caribou-grounds in a day's ride. In this district you could get a specimen of the black or mountain caribou and a good chance of a shot at a grizzly if the winter has not come on early. The season for caribou closes at the end of December, and you will now have to return to the coast and hunt wolves and cougars. On Vancouver Island the latter are very numerous, but you must have a man with a regular cougar-dog, as there is very little use trying to stalk them. You may also get a shot at a wolf, especially if you go to the west coast.

During January there is a good deal of bad weather, and you will probably be tired of being out in camp, so you had better go to Campbell or Oyster River, at both of which places there are hotels, and do a little wildfowl-shooting. If, however, you really want good sport at these birds, you must hire a launch and go to out-of-the-way places. Wildfowl-shooting generally lasts till the end of February, but if you are a keen fisherman you will also have been able to get a few salmon any time during or after December.

During March there is generally excellent salmon-fishing in many places, but about as good a place as you could go to would be Port Simpson, and you could catch fish almost at the hotel door. The best water, however, is in Work Channel, a few miles away. The fish at this time are not as plentiful as in the fall months, but they make up for it in size and gameness; you may catch them anywhere from 15 pounds up to 60 or 70 pounds. If you do not feel like going so far north, there are numbers of places all along the coast where fair sport can be obtained; even in Vancouver harbour a number of salmon are taken every year, but if you want the big fish you must go north. The run of salmon lasts well on until after the season for trout, which opens on March 26th on the coast, but not until May 1st in the interior. As soon as the trout are in season you had better fish for the famous steelhead (*Salmo gardnerei*), which runs from about 8 to 20 pounds in weight, and is one of the gamest fish that swim. They will not rise to the fly until the summer months, but will have to be caught by spinning. There are numerous streams frequented by these fish, but probably the Vedder Creek, near Chilliwack, the Cheakamus, up the Squamish Valley; and the Coquihalla, at Hope, are

IN OLD MASSETT, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

the pick. At all these streams you can also obtain sport with Dolly Varden and a few sea trout, but the fly-fishing will not be on until later.

By the middle to end of April, according to whether there is an early or late spring, you should be ready for bear; and remember it is better to be on your ground early even if it is necessary to wait a week or ten days for them to come out of their dens. At this time of year there is generally snow still left in the dense forests, but it has left the old "slides" (places where there have been avalanches are locally called "slides"). As soon as enough grass has grown on the slides to make them look green is the time to watch them. You must also remember that the growth on these slides varies a week or a fortnight, according to the exposure; and while one slide may be quite green, another may still have snow on it. The black bears come out of their dens first and have their pelts in prime condition; they are very hungry after their long fast and spend a good deal of time feeding, and may often be found right down on the beach feeding on the young grass growing just above the high-water mark, or hunting for a small fish called "oolachans," of which there is a run about this time.

The grizzlies are generally out about a fortnight later than the black bears, and usually keep farther back from salt-water, though they are occasionally seen on the beach. In some places they frequent the creeks and river-bottoms, looking for the remains of last year's salmon; in other places they are only to be found on the slides, and are then always higher up than the black bears. The evenings are by far the best, early mornings are good too, but you are liable to see them at any time of day if it is fine. Good binoculars are essential, as you must examine all slides and grassy places from a distance. Do not do any shooting at targets, as a few shots will send any bear that happens to be close five miles away. Above all, remember to watch the wind, as the bear's scent is as good, if not better, than the sheep's.

As to the best places to go, there are thousands of black bear all along the coast, and their pelts are better than those of the interior. Up all the long inlets there are grizzlies; their fur, on the other hand, is not equal to those of the interior, and you seldom or never find one of the so-called silver-tips on the coast. If you want really good grizzly, perhaps it would be as well to go to Kootenay or Lillooet; but if you are not so particular as to the quality of your grizzly, any of the streams at the head of the long inlets will do. The Iskoot, a tributary of the Stikine, is most excellent, but it requires a regular crew of Indians to navigate the rough water.

After the end of June you will have to content yourself with the trout-fishing. Go first to the lake near Kamloops

for a few days; from there you might go on to Procter, on the Kootenay River, and catch one of the big landlocked salmon, or you could go back and fish for trout on the Campbell River until the big run of salmon begins. The cohoe salmon begin to run in July, but the famed "tyee" salmon not much before the end of that month, and their run continues on to the beginning of the next shooting season.

This sketch of how a man can spend his time can, of course, be varied a great deal to meet individual tastes. For instance, some men might not care about so much big-game shooting; they could exercise their skill on snipe, pheasant, prairie-chicken, or grouse; others might get tired of fishing; there is a wide field for mountaineers in the Rockies and Selkirks; yachting amongst the countless islands in the gulf. There are a thousand-and-one ways of spending time, so that a man, whatever his tastes may be, is sure to find some sort of sport to suit him.

Mountaineering.

The year 1888 is given as the birth-date of Canadian mountaineering. Three years earlier, the summit of Mt. Stephen had been reached by J. J. McArthur, a member of the Dominion Land Survey, and as far back as 1793 the northern cordillera had been traversed by various passes for purposes of trade and discovery. But climbing for the sport of it had its inception in the exploits of Green and Swanzy, two clergymen, members of the American Alpine Club, who spent some weeks exploring the Selkirks in the year mentioned. Green's book, *Among the Selkirk Glaciers*, "had much to do with the first awakening of interest in the American Switzerland," writes Sir James Outram, himself an author and climber of international repute. "Two years later, Messrs. Huber and Sulzer, of the Swiss Alpine Club, made the first ascent of Mt. Sir Donald, the most conspicuous and noted peak of the Selkirk Range. . . . In 1893, Messrs. W. D. Wilcox and S. E. S.

Allen, both Yale students, commenced the valuable series of explorations in the neighbourhood of the Divide, which opened up a vast area of new ground and introduced the rope and ice-axe with conspicuous success. . . .

"The next year was signalised by the appearance of the Appalachian Mountain Club, of Boston, headed by Professor Charles E. Fay, and to the Club, and pre-eminently to the Professor . . . no tribute of praise and admiration can be too lavishly bestowed by all who love the peaks and other noble features of this wild home of Nature's grandest works. . . .

"1897 also is conspicuous amongst the years of Alpine chronology in Canada, by the arrival of the first professional Swiss guide to bring to bear upon the problems of Canadian peaks the experience and skill evolved in his native Alps. . . .

"The name of Professor J. Norman Collie is writ large upon the tablets of Canadian mountain exploration: no less than four times has he in company with members of the Alpine Club, journeyed all the way to Canada from England. . . .

"Two other names there are which cannot be omitted in any résumé of mountain history. . . . The late Mr. Jean Habel, a veteran alpinist of Berlin, to whom is due the opening up of the Yoho Valley, was an enthusiast on the subject of the opportunities and the delights of the Canadian Rockies. . . . Mr. Edward Whymper, another veteran of world-wide fame, spent six months in 1901 amongst these summits, and returned to England full of enthusiasm and admiration for the immensity of the alpine area, the grandeur of the peaks, and the sublimity of the scenery throughout the

entire region, and they have drawn him yet again across the ocean to pay another visit to their neighbourhood."

In September, 1901, Outram, accompanied by two Swiss guides, reached the apex of Assiniboine, the great Matterhorn which rises highest of all the Canadian peaks south of Lake Louise and Banff. This notable first ascent was followed in 1902 and 1903 by first ascents of Columbia, Forbes, Lyell, Bryce, Goodsir, Hungabee, Deltaform, Freshfield, Howse Peak, and other massifs of the north, by Outram, Collie, Stutfield, Fay, Parker, et cetera, most of whom climbed the individual objects of their enthusiasm with the aid of Swiss professionals. All of the above group, excepting the last three named, are between 11,000 and 12,500 feet in altitude. The elevation of Mt. Assiniboine is 11,860 feet, of Columbia, 12,500 feet.

The ascent of Mt. Robson, which stands many miles to the north and excels Columbia by 1200 feet, was accomplished first by the Reverend George Kinney and Donald Phillips in 1909. Two members of the Alpine Club of Canada, encamped at Robson Pass in 1913, were guided to the top by Conrad Kain, an Austrian mountaineer known from the Tyrol to New Zealand. "Plenty gamble with your neck on Robson," says Kain. And plenty gamble on Whitehorn, Robson's companion peak, on Resplendent, and on the newly christened Mt. Cavell, south of Jasper station, which two Americans, Dr. Andrew J. Gilmour and Professor E. W. D. Holway, conquered without guides in August, 1915. The summit of Mt. Geikie, on the Divide, has been attempted, but so far without success.

The latest Rocky Mountain peak to invite exploration is one "almost rivalling Mt. Robson itself," which was sighted by Collie and Mumm in 1911 during an expedition north of Robson, and which under the names Mt. Alexander and Mt. Kitchi, has within the past two years been made better known by Prof. Fay of Boston and Miss Jobe of New York, though its ascent is yet to be recorded.

A. O. Wheeler, Howard Palmer, Professor Holway and other explorers have done pioneer work among the Selkirks, where adverse weather conditions must frequently be combatted in addition to the rigours of the climb. In 1912 Mr. Palmer and Professor Holway reached the crest of Mt. Sir Sandford (11,590 ft.) with two Swiss guides. This sovereign of the northern Selkirks had previously been attempted by more than a score of alpinists.

Quoting again from Outram's *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, published in 1905 by the Macmillan Company, "Hunt as we may amid the upland solitudes of Colorado's sea of lofty mountains, the noble peaks and canyons of the Californian Sierras, or the icy fastnesses of Mt. Shasta and the Cascade Range, the more closely they are studied, the more intrinsically are they found to differ from Switzerland. Each contains some of the splendid features that are all combined within the scanty limits of the little European Republic, but the wondrous glacial fields, the massing of majestic ranges, the striking individuality of each great peak, the forest areas, green pasture lands, clear lakes, and peaceful valleys, are nowhere found harmoniously blended on the western continent until the traveller visits that section

of the Rocky Mountains which lies within the wide domain of Canada.

"Following the Continental watershed from Colorado northward, the ranges of Montana begin to display the characteristic features which culminate in the Switzerland of the Western Hemisphere. . . .

". . . Though the highest individual peaks and the greatest mean elevation are found south of the Canadian border-line, the general character becomes more abrupt and rugged, more alpine in its vast areas of glacier and striking grandeur of pinnacle and precipice, till, in the region between the 50th and 53d parallels, the only real counterpart of the Alps is found. The culminating point is reached in the centre of this section, where . . . the huge Columbia ice-field, containing an area of about 200 square miles of solid ice, at a mean elevation of nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, forms the hydrographical centre of a quarter of the Continent, and supplies the headwaters of streams that flow to three different oceans. . . .

"The width of the Rocky Mountains proper averages about sixty miles, but the whole mountain system, often designated loosely by the same title, stretches from the plateau of the Northwest Territories to the Pacific Coast. . . . Included in this wider system are the Purcell and Selkirk Ranges (frequently referred to under the latter name alone), the Gold and the Coast Ranges, running roughly parallel to the line of the Divide.

"The Selkirks, separated from the Rockies by the low-lying valley of the Columbia River, are wholly different in structure and considerably older. The rainfall is much greater, the vegeta-

tion richer, and their mineral capacity is considerable."

"No sport," declares this brilliant cragsman, "appeals to all the aspirations of complex manhood in so satisfying a degree as mountaineering, besides the great advantage it possesses in having practically no age limit. All the artistic instincts are aroused. . . . Hundreds of pictures . . . charm the eye of the climber amidst the lofty ice-bound peaks, the ruined crags, the glittering glaciers, the dense dark forests, flower-strewn meadows, sunny lakes and streams and waterfalls, that everywhere abound. The scientist finds in the structure of the mighty ranges and the fascinating phenomena of the desolate glaciers a constant source of interest. The botanist has his trees and shrubs and flowers. . . . The athlete, pure and simple, finds scope for all his energies and love of conquest in the battle against snow and ice, precipice and pinnacle, cornice and avalanche. . . . What the mountaineer delights in is bringing skill and science so to bear upon the difficulties that would be dangers to the less gifted or experienced, that their hazards are eliminated. . . . Added to all, in Canada there still exists that chiefest charm of novelty and adventure, the thrill of climbing virgin peaks, of traversing untrodden valleys, of viewing regions never seen before by human eyes."

The Alpine Club, with headquarters in Philadelphia and a membership composed of eminent mountaineers from all the world, has a progressive namesake in the Alpine Club of Canada. Founded in 1906 by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, whose skill as a climber and achievements as topographer for the

Dominion have brought him into intimate relation with the main Canadian ranges, the Club now has upwards of eight hundred members, among whom are representatives from nineteen states of the Union. Specified objects of the organization are "the promotion of scientific study and exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; the cultivation of art in relation to mountain scenery; the encouragement of the mountain craft and the opening of new regions as a national play ground; the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora in their habitat." The Club by its efforts has gathered literary material and photographs concerning Canada's alpine tracts, which are preserved in the library of the Club House at Banff and disseminated in publications, and in connection with its annual pilgrimages to mountain regions has organized a corps of reliable guides and outfitters.

Membership is of five grades, Honorary, Active, Associate, Graduating and Subscribing. Active Members are described in the constitution as "those who have made an ascent of a truly alpine, glacier-hung peak rising at least two thousand five hundred feet above the timber line of its region," also eligibles who are "distinguished in literature, science or art relating to mountains, including alpine exploration or travel." Active members pay an entrance fee of $7.50 and annual dues of $5.

The courtesies of the Club House and its tent dormitory, and of the Summer Camp, usually attended by about a hundred persons, are extended to all members and, with certain limitations, to wives, husbands and friends of members.

Correspondence addressed to the Secretary, at Banff, or to A. O. Wheeler, Director of the Club, at Sidney, B. C., will receive attention.

With parallel railways piercing the main and subsidiary ranges, and a horse trail 125 miles in length uniting the steel highways, and scores of shorter trails ramifying in every direction, few mountain regions are inaccessible to the practised climber, and many lofty pleasure grounds are available to the traveller whose enjoyment of mountain peaks is confined to wandering at their bases on foot or in the saddle. Transport companies and individual outfitters at Morley, Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Michel, Fernie, Balfour, Glacier, Revelstoke, Jasper Park and Mt. Robson Park, are prepared to supply all necessary equipment, horses, men and provisions for camping trips, which may have as their object climbing, hunting, fishing, botanising, the painting of fauna or collecting of butterflies and birds, or mere pleasuring of an idle loll-by-a-stream, stroll-to-a glacier, sleep-in-a-tepee sort. Where horses and guides are taken, the cost is from $10 to $15 per day according to the number in the party, the duration of the expedition, and the distance to be travelled. The charge for Swiss guides, who may be hired at principal mountain hotels, is $5 a day; for guides not from Switzerland, $4 a day with pony.

Campers can spend three days on the Lake O'Hara trip from Field or Lake Louise; or five days on the Jasper–Maligne Lake trip in Jasper Park; or ten days going to Assiniboine south of Banff, and return; or twenty days on the rail to rail trip from Lake Louise to Maligne Lake

and back, over Wilcox Pass. Each resort has its organised tours, or independent outings may be arranged to cover a day or a summer.

The Brewster Transport Company catering largely to tourists, has printed guides' reports which list members of party, names of guides, packers and cook, and hoof number of each horse. The outfit of provisions and equipment is checked — staples, canned fruits and meats, baking powder (for bread made in Dutch ovens), tepees, tents, utensils, slickers, bells, hobbles, hackamores (Western for braided halters that govern the nostrils of obstreperous horses), lash ropes, grub box (the cook's cupboard for the first meal in each camp), and alforgas (Spanish for pack-bags). If three persons are to be out three days, two or three pack horses will be needed. Burros are not used in the Canadian Rockies because their hoofs are not suited to mud, which must be traversed in the meadows.

Parties camping along a trail leading to some objective point, start out in the morning and travel five hours, averaging three miles an hour on a mountain trail with a pack train. At the end of five hours a halt is called for the day. The cook catches the "kitchen-horse," ties it to a tree near the fire-place, and pretty soon bacon and coffee scent the air. If the party has broken last night's camp at eight o'clock, luncheon odours will arise by one o'clock; if the members have been slothful, or rain has delayed the start, two or even three o'clock will arrive before the grub box is unlashed and the fire is laid. For one halt a day is the inviolable rule. When the horses are turned out — bells on leaders and hobbles on those that are hard to catch — the thirteen tepee poles

are set, and the two "breeze poles" that control the ventilation flaps adjusted to catch whatever wind is blowing up or down the valley. On cold or damp nights there will be a fire inside the round canvas shelter from which the smoke will rise through the wing-like flaps, and drift in ghosty wreaths to the hills. The guides and camp men may sleep on the ground about the big central fire outside, feet to the flame, like Indians. But being a guest, your bed will likely be of boughs spread with a blanket thick and brown, or thick and red, and probably your head will emerge like a cork from a flask, your limbs being encased in a snug sleeping-bag. The smell of flapjacks is the greeting fragance of the morning. Toilets are hurried to test their crispness. . . . Horses are unhobbled, the fire put out, "alfokices" rolled and diamond-hitched. A new day on the road is begun — a day of guide's tales and cayuse drolleries, of narrow trails and broad petalled alplands, and glinting tarns, out of which come fish for supper, and views of summits, alone or in combination, to whose beauty you respond by a catch in the throat, a thrill in the spine, and tears that burn beneath startled lids.

The British Columbia Mountaineering Club, founded at Vancouver in 1907, has as its object the exploitation of the imposing peaks north of Burrard Inlet, west of the Capilano River, and east of the Squamish and Cheakemous Rivers. Garibaldi (8700 ft.), and its glacier are conveniently reached via steamer up Howe Sound and trail from Newport. About Jervis, Bute and Knight Inlets are groups of peaks varying from 5000 to 8300 feet in altitude, and removed only 50

miles from the Strait of Georgia. In the immediate vicinity of Vancouver, the mountaineers betake themselves for outings to Grouse Mountain (4200 ft.), Goat Peak (4700 ft.), and Crown Mountain (5500 ft.), most interesting of the three. The Club House is situated on Grouse Mountain, behind Capilano Canyon.

The Secretary at Vancouver will supply information concerning membership requirements, routes, equipment for climbing the coast mountains, and general conditions affecting them. Annual dues are $2, initiation fee $3. Mt. Baker, Washington, is easily accessible from Vancouver via Sumas.

At Cameron Lake, Vancouver Island, the Monks Transport Company may be addressed for information concerning the ascent of Mt. Arrowsmith, whose summit (5960 ft.) is reached by a 6-mile pony trail and a 2-mile foot trail from the edge of the lake. The climbing is best in April. A two-day trip can be made at an inclusive cost of $15 per person.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Throughout Canada there is keen interest in baseball. Games of the Northwestern League are played regularly at Athletic Park, Vancouver, also lacrosse matches and soccer and rugby football games at the same park. Cricket is especially popular on Vancouver Island, polo in southern Alberta, among the horsemen of the plains. Curling tourneys are played on open rinks at Banff in the winter; Medicine Hat, east of Calgary, has a $25,000 curling rink. Rinks for skating are found in all large towns. Calgary enthusiasts play over a golf course 110 acres in extent, Edmonton has beautiful links, likewise Banff. The

SERACS OF THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER, NEAR GLACIER STATION, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Oak Bay course outside Victoria, on downs overlooking the water, is noted among golfists and affords all-the-year sport. Qualicum Beach, Vancouver, Vernon and other resorts and cities offer golfing facilities to the resident and visitor. Tennis is a sport everywhere in favour. Summer tournaments are a feature at Balfour. Ski-jumping is good on Mt. Revelstoke, also in the Ptarmigan Valley near Lake Louise, and in the mountains behind Vancouver.

Yachting, motor-boating, rowing and canoeing are promoted by the presence of numerous sheltered inlets on the coast, and extensive lakes and rivers in the interior. Both Victoria and Vancouver have yacht clubs with a large membership. The Victoria Hunt Club follows renard on Vancouver Island. The Calgary Hunt Club pursues the coyote of the prairies with coyote hounds, bred for fleetness from the Russian wolfhound and the greyhound.

Festivals.

The organised celebrations of Western Canada principally consist of Indian games and cowboy round-ups, which are advertised in the summer and fall at Calgary, Banff, Vancouver, and other centres. On the King's Birthday and Dominion Day there are regattas and Indian canoe races, baseball games, shooting tournaments and picnics. Alert Bay and other Indian villages of the British Columbia coast are occasionally enlivened by Potlatch or Give-away festivals, at which the Indian host bestows his worldly goods upon his invited amid formal dancing and feasting beneath rows of totem poles.

CHAPTER XIV

CHRONOLOGY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

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THERE is a tradition among the Indians of Canada that when their forefathers were created by the Great Spirit they were "placed somewhere in the distance, whence they journeyed toward the sun-rising." In general, the natives of the continent refer to the West as the original dwelling-place of the race on this hemisphere. The belief is common among both white and red men that the Pacific Coast was the first division of North America to be populated. Theories as to Oriental origin have been briefly cited in the chapter on the chronology of Oregon and Washington, which share the ethnological history of the Canadian Northwest.

More than two centuries after Vasco de Balboa had crossed the Isthmus of Panama westward from the Caribbean Sea, and Magellan had named the "wonderful ocean" Balboa had found, Vitus Bering, a Dane in Russian service, made known the existence of a strait dividing northeastern Asia and northwestern America. By this narrow passage, Russian adventurers crossed the North Pacific to Alaska, and a generation after Bering's final explorations (1741) had made their way down the coast as far as Vancouver Island, which had then (1778) begun to attract fur traders from all the sea-faring nations.

Juan Perez, exploring from Monterey in 1774, weighed anchor in the harbour of Nootka, an Indian settlement on the west coast of Vancouver Island. A year later, Heceta and Quadra claimed Nootka Sound for Spain, with all the coast from California to Alaska.

Captain Cook mentions in Book IV of his *Voyages* the presence of over a hundred Indian canoes about his ship when he called at Nootka, his North American landfall, in March, 1778. For thirty years after its discovery by Perez, this island harbour was the most frequented centre of trade in northwestern America.

As successor to Cook, his former chief in Pacific explorations, Captain Vancouver was delegated to confer with Quadra in 1792 for the adjudication of hostilities which had arisen following the seizure by the Spaniards of Captain John Meares's ships at Nootka. Meares, formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, had arrived at Nootka in May, 1788, the same year in which *Columbia Rediviva*, the name-giver to river and province, and the *Lady Washington* from Boston wintered in the Sound. The British officer subsequently explored and traded in the territory over which the Spanish claimed exclusive sovereignty.

War was barely averted between England and Spain. That it was averted was due to the diplomacies of Vancouver, and to the presence in Northwest waters of "one of the noblest fleets Great Britain ever saw." The contest over the rights of the opposing nations was settled by arbitration. England became definitely established on the west coast of North America, which in its entirety Sir Francis Drake had bestowed upon Queen Elisabeth a hundred and ninety-five years

before the voyages of Perez, Heceta and Quadra.

Vancouver, having previously determined that the resort of the beaver-traders was an island, and not an extension of the mainland, he sealed the pact of peace with Spain's emissary in the gracious manner related in the following letter, despatched from Nootka in September, 1792.[1]

"Next morning after breakfast we embarked on our return." (Quadra and Vancouver had been paying a friendly visit to Chief Maquinna at Tahsheis.) "The weather was pleasant, but the wind though light was contrary. The afternoon was cloudy, attended with some rain, thunder and lightning: about 5 o'clock we reached Friendly Cove, having dined by the way. In the course of conversation which passed this afternoon, Sigr. Quadra requested that in the course of my farther exploring this country I would name some port or island after us both, in commemoration of our meeting and the friendly intercourse that on that occasion had taken place; which I promised to do; and conceiving no place more eligible than the place of our meeting, I have therefore named this land (which by *our* sailing at the back we have discovered to be an extensive island), The Island of Quadra and Vancouver: which compliment he was exceedingly pleased with, as also my retaining the name of Port Quadra to that which in May last I had called Port Discovery, but finding it had been explored and named after this Officer, I had since adopted that name."

Thereafter the Island was mentioned on maps as

[1] See page 11, *The First Circumnavigation of Vancouver Island,* by C. F. Newcombe, M.D., a paper contributed to the Provincial Archives Department of British Columbia, and printed at Victoria.

Quadra's Isle, as the Island of Quadra and Vancouver, as Vancouver's Island, and finally as Vancouver Island.

One year after Britain became indisputable mistress of this part of the Northwest coast, Alexander Mackenzie reached the Pacific following a nine months' journey through forests, and across the plains and mountains that lay between the ocean and Lake Athabasca. Born at Inverness, Scotland, supposedly in 1755, Mackenzie as a lad was employed by a branch of the Northwest Fur Company in Canada. He was sent to Detroit to trade, then he explored and traded in the north, and then went with Indians and *voyageurs* in canoes by way of Great Slave Lake to Mackenzie River for "a long deep plunge into the wilderness," finally arriving at the Arctic Ocean. He returned to Fort Chippewayan on Lake Athabasca in 1789, and from this point started three years later west across the Rockies. "Led by commercial views, . . . endowed by nature with an inquisitive and enterprising spirit . . . and a constitution and frame of body equal to the most arduous undertaking," he was the first European to cross the continent. When he arrived on the coast north of Vancouver Island he inscribed with vermilion mixed with melted grease this legend on a rock:

"*Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.*"

As a result of this journey up the Peace River to its source, across the Divide in latitude 54° 24′ north, and so to the Pacific, the transcontinental path was soon strewn with trading-posts. "The

moving force in that vast region," says a historian of Canada,[2] "was the fur-trade. The Hudson Bay Company, with its lonely posts at the mouths of rivers, on the shores of the great sea from which it took its name, was forced by its active Montreal rival, the Northwest Company, to push its power all over the interior. Northward to the Arctic Circle, westward to the Rockies, and at last to the very Pacific, spread the stockaded posts of the rival companies, sometimes rising almost side by side, but always with fierce jealousies that too often broke out in bloodshed. The employés of the Hudson Bay Company were chiefly men from the Orkney Islands, those of the Northwest Company French Canadians. These hardy adventurers took themselves wives from among the tribes of the land; and there sprang up in time a race of half-breeds, almost as wild as their savage mothers, but capable in affairs, and susceptible to education. They came to be a mighty factor in the making of the Northwest."

In 1610 Henry Hudson, seeking the Pole, found Hudson's Bay. Fifty years later, Pierre Radisson and Medard de Groseillers, "the most renowned and far-travelled wood-runners that New France had yet produced," reached the same sea by canoe-ways from the south. The treasure of 600,000 beaver-skins they brought back, and the tales they related at Oxford to Charles II of England influenced the granting of a charter in 1670 for a company of noblemen headed by Prince Rupert, son of the King of Bohemia and grandson of James I, to trade "in all waters lying within Hudson Strait, and in all lands drained by streams

[2] Charles G. D. Roberts in *A History of Canada.*

flowing into those waters not already possessed by other British subjects, or subjects of any other Christian Prince, all the minerals, and all the fish." The payment for sole trading rights in a territory more than half as large as Europe was to be two elks and two black beavers "when the King, his heirs and successors entered the country granted." Prince Rupert was Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for twelve years, and the country of unknown area over which he had dictatorship was called Rupert's Land.

For a hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company were lords of the west — they made laws, established courts, built forts — and none disputed their dominion until late in the eighteenth century the Nor'westers of Montreal "overran the sacred territory of the Hudson's Bay Company as though royal charters were a joke and trading monopolies as extinct as the dodo." Miss Laut in inimitable style relates the thirty years' exploration which coincided with the "Coming of the Pedlars," — the invasion of the Saskatchewan country through which the river flowed "for twelve hundred miles . . . freighted with the argosies of a thousand canoes," and of the uncharted tract "from Lake Superior to the Pacific, from the Missouri to the Arctic."

Forts were set up on the sites of Calgary, Edmonton and Banff, and trade and immigration increased in the years that immediately followed Mackenzie's journey to the Pacific. Fraser and Thompson in 1805-1808 explored the mysteries of forest and raging river across the Rockies — Thompson as far as the sea by way of East and West Kootenay and the Columbia River, Fraser

within twelve miles of the sea by the river he thought the Columbia, but which we know by his name.

Lord Selkirk's colonists came to the Red River country in 1812. The region of which Winnipeg is now the capital became populated with Scotch and Irish immigrants. In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'westers ended their bloody disagreements, united under one head, and exerted their forces to extend their power beyond the mountains and discourage Pacific Coast immigration. Under the governorship of Sir George Simpson, with McLoughlin as the administrator, posts in the Oregon country and in the vast territory to the north, broadly called New Caledonia, became centres of prosperous exchange, — beads and blankets for skins worth their weight in silver. The trappers going north set out from Fort Vancouver,[3] seat of control west of the Rockies. "Sixty or seventy voyageurs manned the large canoes that stemmed the floodtide of the Columbia, the pilot's canoe flying an H. B. C. flag from its prow, the steersman of each boat striking up the tune of a voyageurs' song, the crew joining in full-throated chorus, keeping time with the rap of their paddles, and perhaps some Highlander droning his bagpipes as the canoes wound up the rocky cañons of the great river."

At Okanagan, horses substituted canoes. On toiled the brigades to Kamloops and its palisaded post, and from Kamloops up a trail to the Fraser River, thence in canoes to Fort George, Fort St. James, Fraser Fort in the Nechaco Valley and Babine.

[3] See Chapter III, and under "Vancouver," Chapter IX.

In 1827-1833 forts were placed at the mouth of the Fraser River, and on Puget Sound. Nisqually House was the Hudson's Bay stronghold mid-way between the Columbia and the Fraser. Other posts rose on Vancouver Island and about the mouth of the Skeena River. The Company coveted trade in Russian America and made a one-sided contract with Baron Wrangell at Stikine.

Since the War of 1812 and the evacuation of all trading-posts by Astor's representatives in the Pacific fur trade, the British and Canadians had controlled the Oregon Country and New Caledonia as well. The arrival of several thousand American colonists in the Williamette Valley early in the forties was regarded as a menace to Hudson's Bay Company domination, and Dr. McLoughlin, Chief Factor at Fort Vancouver, later came under suspicion of disloyalty for his benevolence to the incoming farmers, whose presence London so much deplored.

In 1841, Sir George Simpson, "in the course of the first overland journey round the world from east to west," crossed the Rockies by approximately the same route as the Canadian Pacific rails now follow. A year later he built a fort on Vancouver Island where Victoria now stands.

The year 1846 witnessed the determination of the 49th parallel as the division line between American and British possessions. The dual occupancy of the Oregon Country, in force for a quarter-century, came to an end.

The fur-traders perforce withdrew their base of operations from the Columbia River and Puget Sound to the Valley of the Fraser and Vancouver Island. In 1849, the Hudson's Bay Company

undertook the colonisation of Vancouver Island and appointed as its Governor Chief Factor Douglas.

A post for trade was established in 1855 at Massett, on Queen Charlotte Islands, an archipelago discovered by early navigators and named in 1787 by Captain Dixon for the spouse of King George III.

An era of gold discovery was inaugurated in 1856 on Queen Charlotte Islands, about Lillooet, and most spectacularly in the Cariboo District, north of Kamloops, along the Fraser and Thompson Rivers. Under the auspices of the British Government the Rockies were explored for new passes by an expedition led by Captain Palliser. In all, five routes were investigated, and wagon trails were laid out, over which immigrants passed to the new West.

In 1865, Viscount Milton and W. B. Cheadle followed the Jasper trail, used by the Hudson's Bay Company to carry buffalo meat to the Cariboo miners, and looking on Mt. Robson named it "a giant of giants, . . . immeasurably supreme."

New Caledonia comprised all the territory west of the Rocky Mountains and north of the 49th parallel as far as the southern limits of Alaska and Yukon territory. Together with the previously independent colony of Vancouver, it was proclaimed in 1866 the Crown Colony of British Columbia, with Victoria as capital. Five years later British Columbia joined the Federation of Canadian provinces.

In 1863, the Hudson's Bay Company sold out its rights and properties, and a new stock company was formed under the same name. Six years more elapsed and the original charter was relin-

quished to the Dominion in return for £300,000, one-twentieth of the arable land in its territory, and the land on which its forts were built. "How valuable one-twentieth of the arable land was to prove," comments Miss Laut, "the Company itself did not realise till recent days, and what wealth it gained from the cession of land where its forts stood, may be guessed from the fact that at Fort Garry (Winnipeg) this land comprised five hundred acres of what are now city lots at metropolitan values."

The year 1873 is memorable in Canadian annals as the date of organisation of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, a remarkable body of men whose primary mission was the control of hostile Indians. This office was later extended to the pursuit of criminals in Saskatchewan, Alberta, Yukon Territory and the Northwest Territories, and the policing of outlying districts, Government Parks, mining camps, et cetera. The force now numbers about 1300 officers and men. Applicants for membership must have a sound constitution, be able to ride, be active and able-bodied, of good character, aged between eighteen and forty years, and able to read or write either English or French.

The North-West Mounted Police and the Guardia Civile of Spain are the most picturesque and efficient constabulary of the New and the Old World.

Alberta, formerly part of the Northwest Territories, was created a new sub-division in 1882, and named for H. R. H. Princess Louise Alberta, who visited the country with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, in 1883. In 1905 it assumed the dignity of a province, and Edmonton was made the seat of government.

The history of the Canadian Northwest since 1885 is the history of railway construction and colonisation, of mines, fisheries and trade increase, and the history of towns and cities magically upsprung. Each year new tracts are opened to the settler, new riches of soil and mineral discovered, new opportunities developed for traffic on the ocean, new rails laid through fertile valleys and mountain passes that, once tracked by Indian and trapper, are now traversed by travellers who come by the million to enjoy Western Canada's greatest heritage — splendour of landscape and sea.

CHAPTER XV

VANCOUVER — COAST EXCURSIONS VANCOUVER ISLAND

. . .

Vancouver.[1]

Vancouver is one of three Northwestern cities born in a wilderness within 150 miles of each other, less than four decades ago, that are possessed now of a population exceeding a hundred thousand. The chief city of the upper coast, like Seattle and Tacoma, has one view on forests, mountains and farming valleys, and another on the sea. As on Puget Sound, splendid heights are visible which grow in majesty by contrast with salt-water straits and inlets flowing at their feet. Approaching from the west, ragged outlines form in the mist or stand abruptly dark and tall above the Strait of Georgia.

To the journey from the east, Mt. Baker lends its note of grandeur across the green flats of the Lower Fraser. With such surroundings — the Cascade Range, into which long feelers of the sea enter deeply, the wide valley enriched by a mountain-cleaving river, beaches curving at its door and washed by a briny surf — Vancouver offers innumerable outlying excursions.

As a city, the business capital of British Columbia has no characteristic *motif*. Its buildings are large and new, its streets well paved, its parks

[1] See under "Transportation," "Tours," "Motorways," and Note 4, Chapter XII.

green and numerous; there are residential sections stiffly pretentious and rich in big houses, and others that have a greater appeal because less desirous of being acclaimed the nobbiest quarter. But these qualities all lately built North American cities share. Vancouver has no history not concerned with its commerce. It rose in a clearing on Burrard Inlet thirty years ago, was burned, and rose again. Miles of stumpage were plotted on the main peninsula and across the Inlet. Miles are still plotted, and no more. There are fields in distant environs that bear no crop but thickly sown little stakes which mark land agents' hopes for the city's future, and clients' credulity. But climbing from the harbour the city proper comprises substantial rows of the sorts of buildings that go to the making of a metropolis, among them some very sightly examples of architecture on Hastings and Granville Streets, and at least one structure which would be notable in New York or London — the Vancouver Hotel. With late additions, it is composed of a soaring unit from which at either corner of the face two square, carved, flat-roofed towers of varied height descend, one below the other, leaving an airy space between the upper floors of the tiered wings, and forming many sunny corner rooms that would otherwise be ranged across a flat wall.

The hotel is at the junction of Granville and Georgia Streets adjacent to the classic Court House and surrounded by other hotels, by many enticing shops and attractive theatres, by banks, railway offices and travel agencies. The Canadian Pacific docks and station are at the foot of the Granville Street hill, below Hastings Street,

which is a prominent commercial thoroughfare running parallel with the Inlet. The Grand Trunk Pacific docks are a few blocks further east. At neighbouring piers are ships for Japan and Hawaii, for Alaska, and ports down the coast. Also stocky craft that run across the Strait and up long fjords and highland rivers toward the Cascades, and swift ferries that unite the city with its northern suburb.

The traveller who has but a day or so to spend in Vancouver can most quickly acquaint himself with its predominant features by engaging a seat in one of the electric omnibuses which leave hotels and tourist bureaux several times daily, and give miles of pleasure for a dollar or two each trip. The Organised Service of the Terminal City Motor Company picks up passengers at the Hotel Vancouver, Glencoe Lodge and other tourist houses for runs to Stanley Park, English Bay, the much-vaunted Shaughnessy Heights, et cetera, and provides tally-hos and automobiles for independent trips to Capilano Canyon, out to the sea point of the peninsula by the Marine Drive, and to Fraser River towns. Red cars and green cars offer similar excursions at a fixed rate. The British Columbia Electric observation cars give for a very small fee a round-trip about the city, but do not enter Stanley Park. Park automobiles make the tour at regular intervals.

The trees of British Columbia attain greater luxuriance the nearer they grow to the ocean. In Stanley Park one sees them as they have stood these many centuries, immensely straight and tapering, deeply green, superbly tall — kingly trees, impossible of comprehension even when one has looked on them by the forestful. The mystery of

their size rather increases with familiarity. At first view one's sense of measurement is incapable of adjustment. If we could set within a woodland like Stanley Park an Eastern forest, these Pacific giants would soar above the trees of the Atlantic Slope as they in turn dominate saplings and underbrush. Vancouver's pride in the Park, which occupies a thousand-acre tip of land projected into the harbour, extends to its perfect roadways, its gardens, lakes, picnic grounds and animal paddocks. The motor pauses for glimpses of Burrard Inlet and the mountains that stand behind.

Within a dim bower at a curve in the road is the mortuary urn of Pauline Johnson, the Canadian poet of royal Indian blood, whose verses and rare personality won wide recognition before her untimely death a few years back. She knew and loved this wood, and wished her ashes to rest in its midst.

Driving southwest from the Park, a beautiful road leads on past the British-looking "first beach," and the bathing resort and residences in the Kitsilano quarter to the Gulf of Georgia, overlooking which is the lately opened Provincial University, and inland again along the upper outlet of the Fraser River to the city via Shaughnessy Heights. This twenty-mile tour, which may be made in a public car for a dollar, gives distant views of the Olympic Mountains, of the ridge-pole of Vancouver Island, of the Gulf and its traffic, of the Cascades and the bays between, and penetrates shady hill-roads to excellent vantage-points, from which an even greater extent of the city's surroundings can be seen.

Continuing to New Westminster and Steveston by highway (electric cars or motors make the trip

to the former town by any one of three routes in less than an hour), the visitor gains successive pictures of prospering farms enriched by the silt of the Fraser River, of fish-laden scows and hurrying smacks, of canneries and the shacks of Indians and Orientals, of mills on the river-bank that disgorge new-smelling boards and shingles.

New Westminster, then a mining town, was made the headquarters of the British Columbia Government in 1858 when "for convenience in controlling the lawless clement which had taken possession of the mainland," Vancouver Island had been created a separate Crown Colony. Ten years later the two colonies were reunited, and Victoria became the capital of British Columbia. Like many another community, New Westminster, which has the only fresh-water harbour in Western Canada, dates its period of greatest prosperity from a year in which it was devastated by fire. The well-built little city is 12 miles from the mouth of the river.

Motor omnibuses and electric trains proceed from New Westminster back to Eburne, and cross a bridge to Lulu Island, where commercial interests are divided between farming and fishing. Steveston, on the main outlet of the mighty Fraser, is given over to salmon canning, and rivals Bellingham, Washington, in this enterprise. The chief hotel in this little world of fish is named the Sockeye. On every hand one is confronted by squirmy heaps of salmon and groups of rubber-booted men pronging the freshly gathered harvest from boat to warehouse. The spring, the cohoe, dog and hump-back varieties are inferior to the sockeye in quality and numbers. The run of the latter is heaviest every fourth year. The entire

annual British Columbia pack of salmon averages 50,000,000 pounds. Of this amount the bulk is canned on the Fraser and Skeena Rivers.

Seventy-six miles of electric railway span the distance between Vancouver and Chilliwack, up the fertile Fraser Valley. From New Westminster, daily steamers are available for the trip which has abundant reward in intimate views of the stately stream first discovered about a century ago, of peaks green and white that over-top it, of meadows fat with grain and cattle. Three trains from the British Columbia Electric station make the run to Chilliwack and back to Vancouver every day. Fare, $2.80.

Best of all the short road excursions from Vancouver, and one which can be made at small expense of hours and dollars is the visit to Capilano Canyon. Three parallel streams traverse the untamed highlands between the North Arm of Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound: Seymour, Lynn and Capilano. To Seymour Canyon, which is principally the resort of fishermen, there is a Government motor-road from North Vancouver. To Lynn Canyon and Falls one may go across the Inlet by ferry to North Vancouver and from there by electric car direct. Capilano Canyon is most conveniently reached by motor-car all the way from Vancouver, but ferry and electric road, and motor-car from the terminus of the line, may be employed by those more economically inclined. The return trip fare by the latter route is 75 cents to the upper, or "second," gorge; by automobile from Vancouver to the same point and back, $2. Distance about 12 miles one way.

The road to Capilano is without especial interest until the car reaches the gate to the lower gorge.

IN SINCLAIR CANYON, ON THE NEW HIGHWAY FROM THE COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY, TO BANFF, ACROSS THE ROCKIES

A nominal fee is charged for admission to a flowery vestibule which faces a rustic tea-house and leads to a famous hanging bridge across the extraordinary bed of the river.

The gorge of the glacial stream is narrow, but above all it is steep, and faced on either side with a wonderful wall of trees. Swung between the banks is an unsupported loop of planks and cables 450 feet long and 200 feet above the water, which is anchored at either end to stumps buried deep in the ground. An inventive Frenchman constructed the bridge. The entrance charged to the garden serves as toll for those who entrust themselves to the sloping, buckling, swaying path that carries across stream to a cool, high forest. One begins to descend the loop with confidence, but even an ordinary pace sets the suspended walk to swinging with a combination of sidewise, rotary and up-and-down motions which prove so disconcerting that the centre of the bridge is seemingly a long way off when one is glad to grasp the cable rail and pause — hoping the while that others will keep off until the exciting journey is finished, for each person's weight adds momentum to this careening fabric spun of steel and wood above a whirling gorge. The sober walk of two or three pairs of feet has produced an effect sufficiently taxing for average nerves. . . . With stealthy and unwilling glimpses at the surge below — very much below — one arrives at the bottom of the loop and begins to crawl up the far slope, controlling each movement in an effort to moderate the oscillations of this airy foot-path. The return is even more discomposing, for frivolous females disregarding a printed warning, run down the first hundred feet from the garden end, then,

startled at the cavorting and sidling they have rashly brought about, clutch each other and the handrails and cry for help. Everybody stills his foot. The limber contortions cease when no one walks. So, one at a time, the passengers make their way with eyes concentrated on the boards beneath their feet. And at last the journey ends.

Orange pekoe, fresh scones and apricots console one on the verandah of the tea-house. Here there is an excellent view of the Canyon, and of the recurring comedies of the Frenchman's bridge. But one cannot say he has fully seen the gorge of the Capilano until he goes on another mile or so to the Canyon View Hotel, and there leaves the car, descends a sylvan trail that circles tree trunks and boulders, and comes to a natural outlook upon the 100-foot channel of the river. Coolness is the reigning sensation here. The sun has but a narrow gap to shine through. Black forests and grey rocks, cramped, cool-running water, air that blows off white summits not many miles up-river moderate the temperature. Sound is another sensation: ripples clinking over stones, currents swishing around recumbent logs, débris crashing from the banks, voices echoing from wall to wall, all chime with the heavy over-tone of water falling, leaping, coursing among resounding crags. A wooden flume makes a footway a little above the churning river. Walking it gives one the sensation of crawling like a fly on the face of the cliff. One can follow the scantling all the way back to first canyon and get an awesome impression by looking up to our bridge instead of down. Or one can write finis to the expedition by continuing from the Canyon View Hotel to the foot of Grouse Mountain, and climbing it by trail.

Trains run every hour over a section of the new Pacific Great Eastern Railway, 12 miles north from North Vancouver to Whytecliff, near the mouth of Howe Sound on a delectable little bay, among whose surrounding woods are camps and summer homes. Howe Sound is the Hood Canal of this part of the coast. Excursions by steamer (return fare $1) are scheduled daily by the Terminal Steam Navigation Company as far as Squamish, on the line of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, projected from North Vancouver to Prince George and beyond. The Union Steamship Company has bi-weekly sailings to islands and resorts on Howe Sound. On the whole Atlantic coast of Canada or the United States there is no water trip in any way to be compared with this which proceeds from the sea shore and greets at close hand snow- and ice-capped mountains. Yet it is but one of several such journeys within a short distance from Vancouver.

At Squamish Dock, after a three-hour sail by Terminal Navigation Company morning steamer, a train awaits which carries one 120 miles to Lillooet among scenes that breathe of the primitive in all things — canyons, cataracts, mines, game, lakes brimming with fish — lakes "where one catches more fish in a day than one cares to carry back to town." Lillooet is known for the amount of gold it ships from neighbouring mines, for its sunny climate and for its rich farming possibilities. Quartz, placer and hydraulic methods are all capable of operation in this district. The Pacific Great Eastern Railway will eventually traverse the Cariboo country far north of Lillooet. In this region gold has been mined without cessation for sixty years, the total value of the yield be-

ing about $50,000,000. This is a land of great expectations since the railway survey was made which will give the Grand Trunk Pacific an entrance into Vancouver via Prince George, Quesnel, Soda Creek, Lillooet and Squamish. The names are redolent of mining romance which still clings about the road-houses and camps on the famous highway to the north, the Cariboo trail.

A week of short water journeys will not exhaust those possible of enjoyment within a day or two of Vancouver. Steamers leave daily for a tour of Burrard Inlet and the North Arm to its head, where at the outlet of the Indian River the Wigwam Inn offers hospitality amid characteristically imposing scenery.

By the Union Steamship Company there are comfortable though not luxurious facilities for visiting Jervis Inlet and Bute Inlet settlements, Powell River, Campbell River (V. I.), Alert Bay, Bella Coola and Ocean Falls, the last two ports being well up the coast toward Prince Rupert. The same general route to the north is covered more expeditiously, but with no detours, by Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific steamers, as outlined under "Railways and Steamers in the Canadian Northwest" and under "Tours," Chapter Twelve.

Jervis Inlet, 60 miles above Vancouver, is a favourite cruise of power-boats sailing from Northwestern ports. An excursion in such waters, inspiring enough from a steamer deck, is trebly so when there is leisure to search coves and contributing arms where undreamed-of pictures await discovery. A voyage made in 1915 is thus described by a member of an amateur crew:[2]

[2] The author is indebted to Dr. O. W. Daly of Kingston,

"We threaded our way among wooded islands to the entrance to Jervis Inlet — a waterway about two miles wide which runs in a zigzag course for over fifty miles eastward, flanked by tree-clad mountains with here and there a bold granite mass sharply piercing through glaciers and snowfields thousands of feet above us. The whole coast from Seattle to Skagway presents the transverse portion of a partially submerged range, and this accounts for the numerous islands, many rambling inlets and profound and gloomy fjords which enter into the very heart of the 'sea of mountains.'

"When nearing the head of Jervis Inlet we turned sharply to the right, and dodging behind a guarding island dashed with the rapids of the inflowing tide between the interlacing folds of the mountains into the Princess Louise Inlet. This windless water is about a mile wide and six miles long, with its apex turning slightly to the east, so that its beauties are hidden from first view. Its walls rise abruptly from the water to the ever-present glaciers and snows over eight thousand feet above, and are bedecked by numerous cascades of great beauty.

"About the shores of one or two islands and an occasional moraine dwell a few hardy frontiersmen in their axe-hewn shacks in the depths of this greater Yosemite, while from its waters and precipices they gather their precarious livelihood. Being unable to possess himself of land, one young stalwart thought to conserve his limited capital by making a raft of cedars and anchoring it to

Ontario, for this admirable "log," and to Mr. H. A. Dodson of Bellingham, Washington, for the photograph taken in Princess Louise Inlet which is included among the illustrations of this volume.

the shore in this paradise valley. Equipped only with an axe, a saw and a hammer, he split boards from cedar logs and in two weeks built a home for his equally sturdy bride on the raft. In four days more he made a 16-foot dug-out, and his house furniture. Their needs are few which cannot be supplied with a little exertion. The cliffs about abound with deer, bear, goat and sheep, and the waters furnish the best of salmon, herring and clams. For vegetables they go with the dug-out to various little shore gardens, while staples come from a supply house some miles down the main inlet. With no taxes or rents to worry over, no trains to catch, or polluted air to breathe — there Sam and Mary put in their happy days 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.' Their home turning with the tide or resting on the sloping shore lends charm and variety, while within are abundance of fuel and the comfort of animal rugs."

Beyond the broken shore pierced by Jervis and Bute Inlets, and the upper end of the Strait of Georgia (called also the Gulf of Georgia), the channel between the mainland and Vancouver Island becomes so narrow that navigators must look well to tides and steering-gear. Where the Island draws away, Queen Charlotte Sound is formed. On a dot of an island is Alert Bay, near the entrance. While the steamer is discharging cargo, passengers saunter the single totem-lined street and exercise ingenuity in attempting to bring reason out of the chaotic postures of Indian symbols. A totem is a "crest column." The word is derived from an Algonquin root meaning "clay,"

because the Algonquins used clay to paint face and body with emblems significant of a tribe or group, eventually called a totem. The essential element of totemism is "the concept of a ghostly helper or tutelary spirit." According to Charles Hill – Tout of the Canadian Ethnological Survey, to adopt or receive the name of an animal is to be endowed with its spirit, to be under its protection, and allied with it. Personal totems are acquired by dream or vision, or by direct contact with the object when hunting. The totem poles of Pacific Coast Indians are much more elaborate than those of interior tribes. They reflect legends more or less poetical, and incidents in the lives of those who raise them more or less true, though usually beyond the comprehension of white men. The figures carved on a tree trunk and set before the doors of Alert Bay, Bella Bella, Skidegate, Massett, or settlements on the Skeena River, signify brave deeds of the owner, or odd happenings explainable in vague legendary form. The clan is represented by raven, crow, wolf, bear, or other native creature. Interwoven in the rude painted carvings are salmon and thunder-bird, grizzly, killer-whale, mountain hawk, deep-sea frog, devil-fish and beaver, symbols of the sun and moon, and of preternatural exploits.

The Haida nation are the best totem pole carvers in both wood and slate. What remains of their handiwork in native environment is best seen on Graham Island, the most important and the farthest north of the Queen Charlotte group. Connection is by steamer from Prince Rupert on bi-monthly schedule of the Union Steamship Company. No boat runs direct to the archipelago

from Vancouver. Description of the islands will be found following "Prince Rupert," Chapter XVIII.

Beyond Alert Bay and old Fort Rupert, when Queen Charlotte Sound has been crossed, the steamer course holds among islands all the way to Prince Rupert. Villages of the Salishan, Bella Coola, Kwakiutl and Tsimshian Indians dot the coast, which is riven with fjords and surmounted by pine-covered cliffs and heights of striking beauty.

VANCOUVER – PRINCE RUPERT, 550 miles in 1¼ days by Grand Trunk Pacific steamers, three times a week. Canadian Pacific steamers call at Prince Rupert twice a week on the Northern British Columbia Coast Route and the Alaska Route. One steamer of the Union Steamship Company sails from Vancouver for Prince Rupert every fortnight, and a smaller one every week.

VANCOUVER – VANCOUVER ISLAND: By Canadian Pacific steamers to Victoria, 83 m., 5–7 hrs., fare, $2.50; to Nanaimo twice daily, except Sunday, 40 miles in 2 hours; to Comox via Powell River weekly; to West Coast of Vancouver Island, thrice a month.

To Victoria by Grand Trunk Pacific steamers, three times a week in the evening, 4½ hours, en route, Prince Rupert — Vancouver — Victoria — Seattle.

VANCOUVER – SEATTLE, 160 miles via Victoria. In 9–11 hours by C. P. R. steamers night and morning. Night steamer makes no stop at Victoria. Tri-weekly in the evening by G. T. P. steamers in 12 hours, calling 1½ hours at Victoria.

By Canadian Pacific Railway or Soo-Pacific Express, via Mission Junction and Northern Pacific from Sumas, 177 miles in about 8 hours. By Great Northern Railway, 156 miles in 5½ hours.

VANCOUVER — MISSION (42 m.) — AGASSIZ (71 m.) — HOPE (89 m.) — NORTH BEND (129 m.) — SPENCE'S BRIDGE (178 m.) — KAMLOOPS (251 m.) — SICAMOUS (335 m.) — REVELSTOKE (385 m.) — GLACIER (423 m.) — GOLDEN (475 m.) — FIELD (510 m.) — THE GREAT DIVIDE (525 m.) — LAKE LOUISE (530 m.) — BANFF (565 m.) — CALGARY

(647 m.), by Canadian Pacific Railway, twice daily. By Soo-Pacific, once daily.
Time, Vancouver — Sicamous, 14 hours; to Glacier, 19 hours; to Field, 23 hours; to Banff, 27 hours; to Calgary, 30 hours.

Vancouver – Calgary (647 m.) — Winnipeg (1484 m., 2½ days) — Toronto – Montreal, 2895 miles in 4½ days, by Canadian Pacific.

Vancouver – Dunmore (834 m.) — St. Paul, 1814 miles in 3 days, by Soo-Pacific daily. By way of Revelstoke, Arrow Lakes, Kootenay Lakes and Crow's Nest Pass, add 2 days or more, according to connections, and 185 miles.

Vancouver – Kamloops (254 m.) — Mt. Robson (478 m.) — Jasper – Edmonton (773 m.) — Winnipeg (1600 m.) — Toronto, 2909 miles by Canadian Northern Railway, in 5¼ days, three times a week.

Vancouver – Prince Rupert (by Grand Trunk Pacific steamer, 550 m.) — Hazelton (726 m.) — Prince George – Mt. Robson (1217 m.) — Jasper (1269 m.) — Edmonton (1503 m.) — Winnipeg (2296 m.) — Toronto, 3552 miles by National Transcontinental Line (G. T. P., Canadian Government and Grand Trunk Railway), three times a week. Time, seven days.

Vancouver Island.

If the day be fine and no malaise disturbs the journey through the sometimes restless gulf, the crossing to Western Canada's major isle will prove an agreeable excursion, with mountains of two countries beckoning from beyond the blue water, and the range on the mainland bidding farewell. Some 300 miles long and on an average 60 miles wide, the body of land whose identity as an island was fixed by Captain George Vancouver in 1792, is composed of several distinguished elevations, of high cliffs, lakes, low-lying valleys and deeply indented beaches. Barkley Sound and Alberni Canal cut the island nearly in two from the ocean

side. Clayoquot Sound and Nootka Sound form other broad harbours up the west coast.

Directly opposite Vancouver on the east coast is Nanaimo, port of an extensive coal area. The passage to Victoria, at the lower end of the island, follows the international boundary northwest of the San Juan Archipelago. For the latter half of the distance the channel is beautified by many long fragments of rock and forest known as the Gulf Islands, whose little farm and fishing settlements have a steamer service of their own from both Victoria and Vancouver. Victoria, the provincial capital by reason of age and historical precedent, is secluded within a well-sheltered bay with southern exposure, and is singularly free from wind, fog and rain.

Victoria.[3]

"The most westerly city in the British Empire" excels all the ports of the Northwest in the dignity of its entrance. James Bay forms an inner gate of the harbour. Within hail of the incoming steamer are the magnificent Empress Hotel, opened in 1907, and the impressive pile of the domed Parliament Buildings.

On either side stretch business and residential streets. The former have little interest for the tourist except for shops which sell foreign wares.

[3] Daily steamer service from and to Vancouver, Port Townsend, Washington, and Seattle. Time to Port Townsend across Juan de Fuca Straits, 2½ hrs.; to Seattle through Puget Sound, 4½ hrs. For Vancouver and Prince Rupert connections, see paragraphs in fine print preceding "Vancouver Island."

Weekly sailings between San Francisco and Victoria by Pacific Coast S. S. Company.

A certain candy merchant is known far and wide not only for the excellence and high cost of his sweets, but for his custom of locking the doors at whatever hour the day's supply may be sold out, and going about his pleasure. This Arcadian mood dominated Victoria commerce more in other days than now, when Vancouver's vigorous rise is reflected from across the Strait. But British mannerisms still prevail in speech, social and business customs and architecture, and for the lasting charm of provincial Victoria, may they always prevail. West of Quebec there is not a Canadian city with an individual personality until one reaches the holly-hedged capital of British Columbia.

Tally-hos, motor-buses and rakish touring-cars surround the exit of the Canadian Pacific dock and solicit fares from among the "stop-overs" who purpose seeing Victoria between sailings to or from Vancouver. It is not unusual for a steamer to bring a thousand passengers from Seattle. Within ten minutes after landing, the greater part have been whirled away in some sort of conveyance to get a blurred vision of homes withdrawn among gardens that smack of those on another tight little isle we know, and of the heights, dells, sheep-pastures, rose-walks and floral borders of beauteous Beacon Park.

Retired officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy, professional men, land-owners, sportsmen, attracted by the South England balm of Victoria's climate, and by the all-winter cricket, golfing, motoring, cruising, hunting and fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, ask no better boon than an ivied cottage or walled estate within its precincts,

or on the outskirts where berry patches thrive early and late, and fresh produce is picked all the year.

On this island "ever green in a climate ever mild," James Douglas, having arrived in March, 1843, in the *The Beaver*, whose hulk now lies in Vancouver harbour, and "having determined on a site, . . . put his men to work squaring timbers and digging a well" for the Hudson's Bay fort at Camosun. When it was explained to the natives "that he had come to build among them," relates Bancroft in Douglas's own words, "they were greatly pleased, and pressed their assistance on the fort builders, who employed them at the rate of a blanket for every forty pickets they would bring." Though Songhies, Clallams and Cowichans seemed friendly, the new post, garrisoned by fifty men, was "armed to the teeth" and "constantly on guard." The trading-station, first designated as Fort Albert, was re-named for Victoria, Queen of England.

James Douglas, associate of Dr. John McLoughlin, and Hudson's Bay man-of-all-work, became Governor of Vancouver Island in 1851, and later was created a baronet. The Provincial Archives Department, established in 1910 by the Hon. H. E. Young, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education, acquired in the year 1913 a collection of autograph letters and diaries of Douglas, McLoughlin, Sir George Simpson, David Thompson and many important figures in early Vancouver Island and mainland history. The Archives also contain two autograph letters of Captain Cook written at the Sandwich Islands in 1778, letters and reports by Captain Vancouver and Señor Quadra relative to the cession of Nootka, and

further narratives of Spanish explorers, most of which have never been printed, except in official reports of the Department. Among other rare possessions are illuminated "mappes" done two and three centuries ago, and "sea-cardes" which express the primitive impression of the Pacific seaboard, also sets of Hudson's Bay Company's coins, and old-time photographs and sketches of the British Columbia that was.

The Archives, containing "the largest existing collection of material covering the Northwest of the continent" are housed in the Provincial Library, whose corner-stone was laid by the Duke of Connaught in 1913.

The Provincial Museum displays so important an assemblage of objects native to the Pacific Northwest that tourists whose stay is short will spend their time more instructively examining the contents of this treasure-house than climbing to the dome of the Parliament Buildings for a view no matter how charming, or motoring in the park. The wise will remain long enough to do all three. The Government has collected since 1886 a vast number of examples of Indian crafts — ceremonial blankets, dance instruments and head-dresses, feast dishes and funeral masks; utensils of wood, jade and horn graven with traditional designs of eagle, beaver, killer-whale and raven; fire-making apparatus; heraldic or totem poles; communal house and mortuary models; carved and inlaid cradles, coffins, and chests for the storing of robes and paraphernalia; chiefs' "copper," which represented wealth; nose-pins and labrets; fish hooks and clubs, fish traps and nets, cod and halibut lines of twisted spruce or kelp; hunting appliances, stone tools, bone knives; baskets of split spruce

root and matting of woven cedar bark, and sleeping and wall-mats of rushes; canoes with vertical cut-water and stone anchor; seal hunters' boxes to hold ammunition and tackle; looms for the weaving of cloaks of cedar bark or wool; games, including "dolls" carved to represent animals or mythical beings; brass and copper ornaments; hiaqua, or tubular "money-shells . . . collected alive or soon after the death of the mollusc . . . fished for by means of a special apparatus . . . in the quiet waters of the fjords of the west coast (of the island), notably between Nootka and Kyuquot," and used as an article of trade, "not only on the Pacific Coast from California to Alaska, but also . . . far inland beyond the Rocky Mountains."

Here are blankets made by river tribes of dog's hair and wild goat's wool. The process of blanket-making by Salishan women is thus described in the Guide to the Anthropological Collection of the Museum:

> The dried skins of native white-haired dogs, or of the mountain goat being ready, a quantity of burnt diatomaceous earth is crumbled over the woolly hair and well-beaten in with sword-shaped sticks of maple, so as to absorb the grease and allow the threads of wool to bind well during spinning. The wool is then removed with knives, or pulled out after moistening the skins and "sweating" them to loosen the roots. It is now made up into loose threads, by rolling either on the actual thigh, or on an artificial one, covered with sheeting. Two baskets are filled with the thread, and from each is taken an end to be twisted together by means of large spinning wheels, which seem to have invariably been made of the large-leaved maple, many of them well-carved with designs of the protecting spirit of the owner. To get sufficient tension, the combined threads before being attached to the spinning apparatus, are passed over a beam, or through a perforated stone or carved bird, fastened to the end of the loom.

British Columbia mammals, birds, shells and

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MIRROR LAKE, ONE OF THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS, ABOVE LAKE LOUISE

fishes are realistically exhibited in the Provincial Museum of Natural History and Ethnology, in a wing of the Parliament Buildings. Witness the white bear, the Big-Horn sheep, the Northwest Coast heron, the pied-bill grebe groups, arranged with native background. The salmon's life is shown from eggs to fish, and all the many varieties of Pacific salmon are represented in the Fisheries Department.

Little Saanich Mountain, near Victoria, a short drive by motor-road, has been selected by the Provincial authorities for the new Astronomical Observatory, which is to shelter the largest reflecting telescope in the world.

Victoria is the transportation centre for a number of by-trips that would easily consume a month if justice were done them all. Electric cars reach Oak Bay and the Golf Links (4 m.); the former naval station at Esquimalt (5 m.); Deep Cove (25 m.), and points on Saanich Inlet. The tranquil shore and forest retreat at Brentwood (12 m.), has already been given some notice under "Hotels," Chapter XIII. The Inlet creates a long water playground where one canoes, bathes or fishes in salt water as calmly as on a country creek. Delightful social conditions prevail of which the inn is the focal point. By favour of the manager, entrance may be gained to a near-by garden estate which speaks more effectively than words of the mild temper of the Saanich Peninsula climate, and its influence on growing things. Brentwood is an objective point on one of the main motor tours of the Island.[3]

Locally popular water-trips within a short distance of Victoria have as their goal Cordova Bay,

[3] See under "Motorways," Chapter XII.

Mayne Island, and "the Gorge," which is to Victoria boatmen what the Northwest Arm is to Haligonians. Indian canoe races are run in this tide-ripped inlet on Dominion holidays.

Victoria is the southern terminus of three steam railways. The Victoria and Sidney road runs 16 miles north through Saanichton to Sidney, where there is a colony of pleasant people given to country sports. The new Canadian Northern line serves the west coast as far as the head of Alberni Canal and crosses the Island to the east coast.

Trains leave the unpretentious station of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, a subsidiary of the C. P. R., for Malahat, Shawnigan Lake (26 m.), Duncan (40 m.), Cowichan Lake,[4] Ladysmith, Nanaimo (72 m.), Wellington, Qualicum Beach 102 m.),[5] Courtenay (140 m.),[5] Cameron Lake (108 m.),[5] and Port Alberni (134 m.).[5] The rails of the main line follow for the first 20 miles the general direction of the notoriously beautiful Island Highway, climbing among thickly clad hills and surprising intermittent views of Saanich Inlet and the Gulf Islands.

Shawnigan Lake, 5 miles off the Malahat Drive, is directly accessible from the railway. Indeed the first platform of the two lake stations leads directly to the entrance of Strathcona Lodge. Beyond the entrance, one traverses the broad drawing-rooms with their East Indian draperies, descends from the verandah to the lawn, and passing the prideful patch of the Chinese gardener, arrives at the launch landing. The lake, long, winding, and surrounded by a high ridge of hills,

[4] Twice a week.
[5] Three times a week.

is a veritable paradise of leafy banks and smooth waters that many little cottages survey from contented crannies among the trees.

Motorists may return from Shawnigan Lake to Victoria via Sooke Lake, or go on in the direction of the railway to Duncan, 40 miles north of Victoria, and 22 miles east of Cowichan Lake.

Duncan is the market centre for a region of dairy farms, fruit lands, deep woods, mines, and fishing waters that gives pleasant homes to an increasing population from Canada and over-seas, and attracts vacationists all the year. Strangers are welcome to visit the grounds of Cedar Chine, the estate of the Honourable R. M. Palmer, former Deputy-Minister of Agriculture in British Columbia, which skill and taste have evolved from the forest.

It is said on good authority that the enormous dimensions attained by the Douglas fir, the cedar and hemlock of Vancouver Island " are unequalled by any trees occupying corresponding latitudes in other countries." A certain big tree which stands by the road at Westholme, 7 miles beyond Duncan, is worth staying over a train to see.

Nanaimo (pronounced Na-nī-mo) has been a coal mining centre since 1850, when seams were discovered through following directions given by Indians. During the early period of development, coal was sold to San Francisco at $28 a ton, a " strong rich coal, full of sulphurous matter." Under the régime of the Hudson's Bay Company there was a trading post here.

Omnibuses meet trains and convey passenger to the dock of the triple turbine screw steamer *Patricia,* which makes two round trips every weekday between Nanaimo and Vancouver. For those

inclined to seasickness this is the best route in rough weather, as the crossing time is only about a third of that from Victoria to Vancouver.

At Parksville Junction the rails turn off to Qualicum Beach whose alluring features are a sunny white strand two miles long, temperate water for bathing, a sheltered course for yachting, an 18-hole course for golfing, excellent fishing and shooting, extensive mountain views and an exceptionally attractive hotel.

The next point of interest beyond Qualicum ("much fish") is Campbell River, reached part way by rail, or all the way by motor, or by steamer from Island or mainland ports. Eventually the railroad will continue beyond this famous fishing resort to the Pacific end of the Island, traversing a territory 150 miles long now given over for the most part to a vast timber land and the beasts and rangers that inhabit it. Scattered through this domain are several peaks 6000 to 7500 feet in altitude, Mt. Victoria being the highest. Campbell River is the gateway to Strathcona Park, the virgin reserve through which the Government is laying roads for the future enjoyment of the people.

Cameron Lake is 13 miles northwest of Parksville Junction, near the base of Mt. Arrowsmith (5960 ft.), a peak as effective, if not so tall, as many a more famous mountain. By launch from the Chalet you can border the lake's gentle coves, fair cliffs and looming firs, and reach a beach from which five minutes' scramble through ferns and wood-fall will bring you to the three-mile lane of glorious trees which is one of the Island's chief lures for the tourist. If you are going on to Alberni by motor you will thread this silent lane of

nature where pillars stand erectly and with surpassing symmetry more than two hundred feet above the road. They stand so close, these royal firs and cedars, five to nine feet in diameter, that the very atmosphere takes on the reflected green of their foliage. The forest is inexpressibly beautiful, but there are flies in the ointment — clouds of mosquitoes — of whose attacks one is more than usually impatient because they distract peaceful contemplation. The most ardent tree-worshipper cannot remain beauty-struck under the surgery of the most diligent of pests. So a car is advised for the pilgrimage — one that can go faster than wings.

Fishermen, motorists, and climbers of Arrowsmith form the majority of the guests at Cameron Lake. But other visitors find themselves very happy basking among the shade trees on its beach, paddling over its serene surface, visiting neighbouring camps. They enjoy the simple tasty dishes prepared by the tiny inn's English cook, and the cosy chintz-ness of the wee sitting-room, and at night sleep in a tent or a balconied bedroom made cool by lake and mountain breezes.

Alberni, 20 miles over a ridge beyond Cameron Lake, by rail or road, is nearer the east coast than the west, yet down the canal of the same name one may sail in three hours to the open Pacific through Barkley Sound. Port Alberni, the new town, is the terminus of the railway. Sproat Lake and Great Central Lake attract fishermen and tourists by automobile, who pursue the road from Alberni 12 miles to reach the latter resort.

Great Central Lake, 26 miles long, is surrounded by typical island forests and has an outlook on a range of glacier peaks to the north. The Ark, a

floating anglers' hotel, provides plain but exceedingly novel entertainment for the transient.

Port Alberni is a call-port on the route of the steamer which leaves Victoria twice a month for Holberg, at the northern end of the Island. The round trip is made in six days via Juan de Fuca Straits and the Pacific. Inlets and protected sea channels are numerous, but the trip is not likely to prove agreeable to bad sailors, unless the weather is altogether favourable.

At Bamfield, the first important stop west of Victoria, is the station of the Australian cable, "longest single stretch in the world." On Alberni Canal are native villages and a whaling station, one of three on the Island. A Provincial booklet reports 1100 whales caught in a recent year, and "manufactured" by the Pacific Whale Company. The value of the catch was $536,000. Whale meat and pickled whale's tails, so Heaton's manual informs, are exported to Japan. We learn also that the sulphur bottom is the most common species, that its average weight is 60 tons and its value over $500. Hump-backs and fin-backs are smaller. There is great rejoicing when a "right" whale succumbs to harpoon or prussic acid bomb, for one of ordinary size is worth several thousand dollars.

Clayoquot is notable for the amount of rain which descends upon it, in occasional years as much as twelve feet. It also has fine mountain and forest scenery. Indeed this whole west coast reminds one of Newfoundland's southern fjords, though the Pacific isle is greener and less forbidding. Beyond Nootka Sound there is another whale factory at Kyuquot, which we think

rivals Kwakiutl in eccentric Indian spelling. Rounding Cape Cook, the little steamer breasts the Pacific undefended by island wave-breaks, and continues to the Scandinavian settlement of Holberg, its westward destination.

Nootka has greater significance than any other one name in the history of the Pacific Northwest. Perez, first of the discoverers to sail into the far north from California, entered the sound in 1774, and marked it for settlement by the Spanish, and from its banks Heceta and Quadra took sweeping possession of all the coast for their sovereign, Charles the Third. In 1780 a Spanish fort was planted at Friendly Cove. Nootka Island was the first port in North America touched by Cook and Vancouver, and was later very nearly the cause of war between Spain and England. In this harbour traders from all the world congregated during the years when a beaver skin secured from an Island Indian for a kettle or a pound of shot, twelve buttons or a string of fish hooks could be sold in China for twenty to thirty dollars. In the year of Vancouver's second voyage to Nootka (1792), seventeen ships, sloops, brigs and schooners from London, Bristol, Bengal, Canton, Boston, New York and Lisbon were engaged in commerce on this coast — the beaver traders' El Dorado. Until the end of the nineteenth century's first decade Nootka Sound was the best known harbour on the Northwest seaboard.

In 1803, and again in 1811 the crews of two American vessels were massacred in Nootka waters by Indians. The villainy of the natives who attacked the *Tonquin*, which had brought Astor's men to the mouth of the Columbia in the latter year, was speedily avenged by the clerk of the

Tonquin, who blew up the ship's magazine when the savages crowded on board the day following the massacre.

The first tragedy in Nootka harbour is dramatically narrated in a little volume printed at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1815, and put forth as the personal reminiscence of the "Adventures and Sufferings of John R. Jewitt, Only Survivor of the Crew of the Ship *Boston*, During a Captivity of Nearly Three Years Among the Savages of Nootka Sound." Jewitt, when a youth of nineteen sailed with the captain of the *Boston* from "The Downs," England, direct for the Vancouver Island port, with a cargo of "English cloths, Dutch blankets, looking-glasses, beads, knives, razors, sugar, rum, ammunition, cutlasses, pistols, muskets and fowling-pieces." After a voyage of six and a half months around the Horn the vessel anchored off Friendly Cove in March, 1803. The Nootka Chief, Maquinna, came aboard dressed "in a mantle of the black sea otter skin" with a belt of yellow fabric made from bark. He and his attendants dined with the *Boston's* crew, particularly enjoying bread dipped in molasses, and offering salmon and ducks in exchange. One day Captain Salter loaned Maquinna a fowling-piece. Upon its being returned slightly broken, the captain expressed displeasure, whereat the chief took offense. When next he came out to the ship he wore a wooden mask, the head of a wild beast. The day after, Jewitt being below heard a commotion, ran on deck, and found the Indians slaughtering his mates. He himself was caught by the hair and lifted from his feet, but the hair "being short, and the ribbon with which it was tied slipping," he fell from the sav-

age's hold into the steerage, and thus escaped by the length of a ribbon decapitation with an axe already wet with blood. Soon there arose over the quiet harbour of Nootka a barbarous song of triumph and yells from naked fiends who danced upon a deck rolling with the heads of their victims.

When Jewitt was finally discovered he was spared at the command of Maquinna, because as an armourer he was skilled in mending muskets and making daggers and knives. At the triumphal feast in Friendly Cove, all dined on "dried clams and train oil." The following day Jewitt, having obtained permission to return on an errand to the *Boston*, still riding in the sound, he found the ship's sail-maker, John Thompson, who had secreted himself in the hold. Declaring that Thompson was his father, the youth influenced Maquinna to spare the elder man's life.

At the time of their captivity there were twenty houses on the hill above Friendly Cove "on the ground occupied by the Spaniards when they kept a garrison here." Jewitt's diary records the ceremonies, costumes and living conditions of the Nootkas of that period. Once he conversed with a chief who as a boy remembered the arrival of Captain Cook's ships, saying the natives thought them "two monstrous birds swimming towards them with wings expanded."

Jewitt accompanied his captors on errands of war, and married under Maquinna's compulsion the daughter of A-i-tiz-zart, a neighbouring chief. Few ships dared enter the harbour because of the *Boston's* fate. It was not until the brig *Lydia* arrived in July, 1805, that by strategy Jewitt secured the release of himself and his companion.

On returning down the coast, they entered the

mouth of the Columbia River and heard from the inhabitants of the recent departure from Fort Clatsop of "Captains Clark and Lewis, for the United States of America," and saw medals they had given the natives.

At Nootka may be seen a remarkable allegorical monument to the great grandson of Chief Maquinna, who, in Vancouver's time, was lord over a great portion of the Island's west coast.

CHAPTER XVI

VANCOUVER TO REVELSTOKE BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC, WITH EXCURSIONS INTO SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA THROUGH THE OKANAGAN, ARROW AND KOOTENAY LAKES. TO MACLEOD BY THE CROW'S NEST PASS

Vancouver — Mission — Agassiz — Hope — Yale — North Bend — Lytton — Spence's Bridge — Ashcroft — Kamloops — Sicamous — Revelstoke — Nelson — Kootenay Landing — Cranbrook — Fernie — Macleod.

* *
*

During the tourist season, travellers by the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver to Calgary have a choice of three daily transcontinental trains.[1] The Imperial Limited leaves at night, passes through the Fraser and Thompson River Canyons in the dark, and through the mountains as far as Field in the day-time. Passengers by the Transcanada start in the morning, and view the valley and gorges before night falls. They miss the Selkirk scenery about Glacier and Roger's Pass

[1] For equipment, time, route, etc., see "Transportation," Chapter XII, and fine print preceding "Vancouver Island," Chapter XV. C. P. R. steamers from Seattle and Victoria make close connection with trains of the same line leaving Vancouver.

The 24 hour system is in use on the C. P. R. between Vancouver and Fort William, Ontario; hours from noon to midnight are numbered 12 to 24 o'clock. To reduce to the figures of the clock subtract 12. Thus, 21:30 — 12 = 9:30 P. M.

Pacific Time changes to Mountain Time (an hour later) at Field.

(this if they are going direct without stop-over), but from Golden on to Field, Lake Louise, Banff and Calgary there is daylight for the mountain views. The Soo-Pacific Express is operated over the C. P. R. rails independent of the Imperial Limited in the summer-time, and gives a daily afternoon service from Vancouver. From this train much of the valley and canyon scenery, and all of the best mountain scenery (Revelstoke to Banff), is disclosed in the daylight.

Passengers leaving Vancouver in the morning by the Transcanada frequently stay the night at Sicamous (335 m.), and proceed the next morning by the Imperial Limited to Revelstoke, Glacier or Field (510 m.). Another night may be spent at Field, and the remainder of the run through the Rockies to Lake Louise and Banff completed the following day. By this procedure the entire scenic portion of the main route can be seen to best advantage.

By consulting the time-table, tourists stopping at the various mountain resorts can arrange intermediate day trips by using at their convenience the foregoing trains, through tickets being interchangeable.

Between Vancouver and Mission Junction the journey is diverted by glimpses of Burrard Inlet and broad views of the Fraser coursing its last miles to the sea. Pitt Lake is visible from Westminster Junction. A multitude of hills, capped by Mt. Baker, roll to the south and the north. Ambitious townsites, mapped far beyond their population, reach on either side the track, and rich farms fill the space between. Travellers go-

ing to Seattle turn off the C. P. R. lines at Mission.[2]

Chilliwack, 30 miles beyond, at the end of the British Columbia Electric Railway from Vancouver, is across the Fraser from Agassiz station. In this region of rich pastures over 500,000 pounds of butter are annually produced. Agassiz is the point of departure for the hot springs and fishing resort on Lake Harrison, a long body of water stretched at the base of Mt. Che-am which once had a visit from that ardent angler, the author of *Kim.*

From Agassiz the river swerves northward and the rails follow, mounting gradually. At Hope, the trans-province motor-road leaves the valley and proceeds to Princeton, Okanagan Lake and the Kootenay Country. The Kettle Valley Railway, operating in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, has recently completed a short route to southern British Columbia.

Hope – Penticton, at the foot of Okanagan Lake, via Princeton, 180 miles, three times a week. The scenery through the mountains has some bold and beautiful aspects — switch-back climbs, wide views from high elevations, gorges, waterfalls, agricultural valleys newly settled, and, near Penticton, sloping orchards bordering the lake. At Princeton, passengers leave the train *en masse,* rattle through the main street of the Western-looking lumber and mining town in a free omnibus and dine with more or less haste on roast meats and sundry kinds of pie. Thus sustained, the journey via omnibus and train is renewed to Penticton, 70 miles distant. (See under "Okanagan Lake," this chapter.)

By Great Northern Railway, there is direct rail access to Spokane, 300 miles to the south, via Keremeos, Oroville and Marcus.

[2] See paragraph, "Vancouver – Seattle," in fine print preceding "Vancouver Island," Chapter XV.

Yale, named for a redoubtable little adventurer who traded on the Upper Fraser a century and more ago, lay in the path of the gold-seekers who first surged up this valley in the late fifties. Those were boisterous days at Fort Yale. Festivities were enlivened by pistol arguments and broken heads. Duels begun with rifles at forty paces, were finished with bowie knives. The river was thronged with freight boats. Provisions were at an exorbitant price. New Westminster, a hundred miles away, was the centre of supply, and to reach the Cariboo goldfields another three hundred miles must be traversed afoot or by perilous canoe.

In 1863 Royal Engineers began to build the Cariboo Road north from Yale. Remnants of the trail discarded since the railway came are visible all the way to Lytton, "clinging to the mountain like basket-work stuck on a huge wall." At Spuzzum the old road reaches the opposite bank by a slender hanging bridge. Arrived at this point we have entered the gorge of the Fraser, where the river battles with the granite of mountainous cliffs, and the rails are laid on shelves of rock and disappear at intervals through protruding buttresses, about which the water gnaws and foams.

On a night in June, 1808, Simon Fraser and his crew of "Nor'westers" camped at Spuzzum on the way to the sea from Fort McLeod, "first fur post west of the Rockies." Thus far he had descended the great river of the north, thinking it the famed Columbia. A day's journey further on he came to the realisation that his six weeks' canoe journey, fraught with daily hazards, had been upon a stream which turned Pacific-wards much to the north of the Columbia — was indeed

one hitherto unknown to white men, though thickly settled along its banks with treacherous Lillooets and Shuswaps.

The towns on this part of the river have still their quota of salmon-fishing Indians whose meek brown faces appear on the platform eager for customers. Occasionally they find takers for a ten-pound salmon at two or three cents a pound. These are the sons of savages who "swarmed like hornets" around Fraser's camp, so that "every man kept guard with back to tree and musket in hand."

Beyond Spuzzum the grandeur of the river passage increases as ragged walls draw closer. The channel is clogged with fallen débris. From Hell Gate to Boston Bar the car windows survey its rapids and frowning black heights at an elevation of 200 feet. In the spring the outpouring of the mountains raises the water here to a point half way up to the rails.

North Bend, midway through the canyon, greets the crag-awed traveller with fountains and velvet lawns blue-bordered with tiny flowers. The hotel principally entertains guests bent upon sport, but affords pleasant accommodation for tourists attracted by the vigour of the surroundings.

For still another 25 miles the railway conforms to the splendid turnings of the stream as it corkscrews a path through the obstinate barriers of the upper Coast Range. On the opposite side from the Canadian Pacific track gleams the steel of the Canadian Northern. The roar of the river, the shriek of the train fill the rock and forest-faced valley with an echoing tumult. The climb is steady to Keefers and Lytton. From here the ascent of the stream is made by road to the town

of Lillooet, also reached by the Pacific Great Eastern from Vancouver. Rails draw away from the Fraser to the east, and plunge into yet another gorge. Fraser named the river we now follow for David Thompson, the surveyor in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, who at the time of his associate's explorations was tracing the Columbia from beyond the Selkirks to its mouth.

The effectiveness of the Thompson Canyon is due to its depth and restricted span, but more especially to the vividness of the cliffs which hem the hurtling flood of the river, and to their extraordinary sculpturing. Between the towns of Thompson and Spatsum the spectacle is at its height. Half-way to the latter station the dreary village of Spence's Bridge intervenes between the track and the river.

South from Spence's Bridge a fork of the Canadian Pacific extends to Merritt (40 m.) and Nicola (47 m.) in the high rolling country of the Nicola Valley, where farming and stock raising are successfully pursued. One of the noted cattle ranches of the Province is in this region. Merritt is the northern terminus of the Kettle Valley Railway to Penticton, this upper extension joining the road from Hope about 30 miles to the south. In the heart of an excellent fishing and shooting district, Merritt is also on the motor route between Ashcroft and Hope, and Ashcroft and Penticton.

Beyond Spence's Bridge the rails thread a glooming alley whose scant width is shared by the agitated river. The shadows grow deeper as the Black Canyon contracts. The tops of the cliffs are hundreds of feet above the bed. The sunlight that bathes the bare hills about Ashcroft is in welcome contrast. Through the gorge of the Thompson we have reached the east side of the range. Ashcroft is in the dry belt in the centre

MT. BALL, NEAR BANFF, ALBERTA

of the Province. Here water is so much a thing of commerce that the columns of local newspapers are filled with announcements that a certain ranching company, or Yenzabaro Moriyama, or John Jones purposes to divert and use a stipulated number of miners inches or cubic feet from a named stream for irrigation, and advising that objections to the application for license so to divert must be filed with the Comptroller of Water Rights within thirty days after first publication of the notice.

When the caravans came this way by road for the Cariboo mines, Ashcroft was surrounded by dust and bunch grass. Thanks to irrigation, some of its desolation has been redeemed by the planting of farms and orchards.

The motor stage to Barkerville (287 m.) offers an excursion to the adventurous scarcely to be equalled elsewhere on the continent. Stops are made in the Fraser Valley at Clinton, "150-mile House," Soda Creek, and Quesnel before reaching Barkerville, the first gold camp in 1858, and still the centre of activities. As in the Yukon, some of the argonauts who went in at the first report of "colour" have never cared to come out. Mining conditions have changed. The individual has surrendered to the corporate miner. The frenzied hordes have long since gone, but the veterans who are left have tales to tell that would illuminate many a page if set down by a skilful hand.

Prospecting in the summer of 1915 was resumed with some semblance of aforetime enthusiasm when it was discovered that gold fields supposedly exhausted still held rich stores. Some had been abandoned because of their inaccessibility and these also are now opening up, due to facilities for transportation offered by the Grand Trunk Pacific. Williams Creek, the Bonanza Creek of this district, and contiguous meadows and streams are yielding startling returns under the persuasion of modern machinery.

The prize nugget taken from the Cariboo country was picked up on Lightning Creek in August, 1864, and weighed thirty ounces.

Prince George, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, is connected with Soda Creek by river steamer.

The Cariboo hunting range has been touched upon under "Sports," Chapter XIII.

The thirstiness of the Kamloops belt is relieved by the refreshing expanse of Kamloops Lake which makes a 20-mile crescent beside the rails beyond Ashcroft. The sizeable town of Kamloops marks the former site of an important Hudson's Bay Company fort. Northwest from this point the Canadian Northern ascends to the Rockies and crosses them through Yellowhead Pass, en route to Edmonton. (Kamloops – Edmonton, 258 m., via Mt. Robson and Jasper Park.)

The North and South Thompson have their junction at the east end of the lake. From Kamloops, a launch trip of 54 miles may be taken by following the river through Shuswap Lake and Salmon Arm to Sicamous.

Sicamous is a cross-roads station for rail and waterways which lead in many directions, and to pleasant places. There is no village, nor is there room for one between the cliffs and the inland fjord called Salmon Arm, which with Shuswap Lake and Adams Lake compose a branching lyre of waters embosomed amid the northern hills. Trout, duck, grouse, caribou and deer invite the sportsman to distant research through these tapering inlets enclosed between the North Thompson and the Columbia Rivers. The Sicamous boat livery provides the means for days of enjoyment.

The railway hotel is cool and dainty with verandahs overhanging the water, and gay window boxes and green and white hangings to make it homelike. The pleasantest rooms are at the back, above the water and away from the noise of pass-

ing trains. As the house is usually crowded, rooms should be reserved in advance.

Okanagan Lake.

A tourist trip with certain phases of interest begins at Sicamous by branch train, follows Mara Lake and the Shuswap River south as far as Okanagan Landing (50 m.) via Enderby and Vernon, and continues 76 miles through Okanagan Lake to Penticton by Canadian Pacific steamer. Leaving the head of the lake about two in the afternoon, the journey is ended at eight, or a little later on "flag days." The comfortable stern-wheeler touches first the right, then the left bank in performing its week-day service to the estates and settlements which have as their cause for being the peach, the plum, the cherry and the apple tree. Some sand-coloured hills which are in effective contrast with very blue sky and jade-like water have their level tops or "benches" speckled with orchards. Where no fruit trees grow, there are scattered groves of evergreens on burned, moistureless bluffs. The lower half of the lake shows grey prairie weed tufting putty-coloured cliffs. Occasionally a hill of beautiful formation is composed of violet-coloured rock. Or a knoll with yellow carpet has trees filing over a succession of humps and down, like a train of dusty marchers, into the crevices. There are no mountain streams, but a slight accumulation of moisture in ravines is indicated by a brightening of the tints of trees and herbage, and slender tricklings from storage reservoirs streak the parched hillside with pale green.

At Kelowna there are beaches, an aquatic club and a shady parklet that have an out-of-the-way,

foreign air. All the feminine population comes down in white dresses to meet the steamer — dresses bought with crops of apricots, tobacco and apples, for of such diverse products are these irrigated acres capable. This district has won cups, medals and money prizes at fruit shows in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

Peachland is across the lake on the high west bank. The next landing below is Summerland, where many orchards are owned by bachelor "remittance men," and retired lawyers and merchants. A number of miniature, terraced estates are in exceptionally pleasing taste. Baron Shaughnessy of Montreal and Ashford is an orchardist at sunny Summerland.

Naramata has two hotels frequented by visitors in search of cultured and peaceful environment. Eleven miles to the south lies Penticton on a sandy flat facing up the lake. In 1906 it had one hundred inhabitants. During the past ten years its population has increased twenty-five fold. Fruit shipments now average 160 carloads a year compared with 8 carloads in 1911. Surrounding slopes present an unbroken spread of orchard, with here and there a new bungalow. So great is the zeal for neighbouring fruit lands that $200 an acre is readily obtained for pine-grown benches. Cleared and stocked, an acre is expected to bear in six years fruit worth $2000 a season. This, if fire blight does not attack over-watered apple trees, or peach-curl does not reduce the peach crop, or cherries are not affected by scanty pollination.

Penticton specialises on peaches, but Bing and Lambert cherries (meaty red mouthfuls), huge apricots, muscat and Flame Tokay grapes, ap-

ples, plums and nectarines are shipped in great quantities. Water is "laid on" in the orchards at a cost of $3 a year per acre.

The Hotel Incola ("Foot of the Lake") was erected by railroad interests in 1912. Near-by is a club for water sports whose privileges are available to visitors for a fee of 25 cents a day. Good hard clay roads with a topping of shale lead among the hills above the lake; south to Okanagan Falls (14 m.); and on through the Similkameen district to the boundary, 50 miles away. Auto stages run to British Columbia and Washington towns.[3]

Penticton is distant 135 miles from Midway by the newly opened Kettle Valley Railway, which joins Hope, on the main C. P. R. line, to the Kootenay country. Hope – Penticton – Midway, 215 miles. Trains leave Penticton early in the morning of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and arrive in eight hours at Midway, where immediate connection is made over a branch of the C. P. R. to West Robson (100 m.), at the foot of the Arrow Lakes. From this point daily steamers will leave in the summer, according to the latest advice, for Arrowhead, 125 miles by water to the north. (West Robson to Nelson by rail, 27 miles; to Rossland, 20 miles.)

Those who make the Okanagan Lake excursion will find this a most enjoyable way of returning to the main line at Revelstoke, 45 miles east of Sicamous. The Kettle Valley route has remarkable features, in themselves worth a trip into the southern part of the Province. The line climbs above the east bank of Okanagan Lake for 45

[3] For route between Penticton and Oroville, see following "Lake Chelan," Chapter VIII.

miles between Penticton and Kelowna Siding. Beyond the Arlington Lakes awaits an astonishing prospect from Hydraulic Summit over far-reaching crests and the long "rough water" extending north and south. The way by C. P. R. from Midway is through mineral-laden hills and gorges to the Columbia.

Sicamous — Revelstoke.

The main line between Sicamous and Revelstoke runs for 16 miles beside the Eagle River to Craigellachie, a spot historic in Canadian chronicles because at this point the Government-built road from the coast joined the Canadian Pacific line from the east. Lord Strathcona, then Donald Smith, wielded the sledge that united the transcontinental links.

Revelstoke, at an elevation of 1500 feet, lies in a broad plain beyond Eagle Pass, which provides a favourable crossing through the Gold Range to the Columbia Valley. This most important railway and commercial centre between Vancouver and Calgary is putting forth strong claims as a pivotal point for tourist excursions. For a region of so great attraction and accessibility it has been surprisingly little advertised. In another part of the continent where glacial domes, mighty canyons, and mountain-rimmed lakes 100 miles in length are less a matter of course, Begbie and Mt. Revelstoke, the Columbia's gorge, and the great water-course to the south would be publicised to all the world as features of pre-eminent interest.

Begbie is the guardian spirit of the plain. From street, or hotel verandah, or river garden one looks up more than 7000 feet to its triple

crown. Other summits form a white-ridged barrier with slopes robed in evergreens encroaching upon the trim borders of the little city. Every avenue has its culminating vista. From the road behind the Hotel Revelstoke, ascent may be made by motorway to the crest of the forested monarch that watches on the north. The experience of being lifted in sharp spirals above the wide, enclosed and level valley with a new view at every curve of the seventeen-mile drive, brings a sense of exhilaration unique among motor climbs. This is one of the indescribable excursions of Western Canada which no transcontinental tourist should forego. The summit is a billowy tract of balsams, lupin, daisy and Indian paint-brush, of waterfalls and lakes, 7000 feet above sea level. At this altitude all the mountain glory is disclosed which spreads from the apex of the Columbia's Big Bend to the Arrow Lakes, and from the Gold Range to the Selkirks. For the shelter of tourists and mountaineers a small chalet is provided in this newly proclaimed National Park.

Long before wheels mounted the flank of the peak, people from the town came by trail to revel in its contrasted visions of flowered slopes, forests, ice fields and young streams. One who climbed by the aid of a certain buckskin pony, Mrs. Coursier, mistress of "Ballynahinch" on the Columbia's banks, has with art rarely excelled imprinted these scenes in water colours.

With the friendly aid of the tourist committee organised in 1915 by the Revelstoke branch of the Canadian Women's Club, other excursions in the vicinity may be arranged. The Canyon Drive by the fast sweeping flood of the Columbia is supplemented by a ramble in a forest gorge to Silver

Tip Falls, fed by Gordon Glacier. Driving east from the town, past the junction of the Columbia and the Illecillewaet, and past fresh-cleared patches planted by Chinese, Scandinavian, Swiss, English, Scotch and Irish gardeners, the narrower stream is followed beneath the brow of Begbie and Macpherson to the box canyon it has forged through the rock.

See Chapter XVII for description of main line route, Revelstoke – Calgary.

Through the Arrow and Kootenay Lakes to Kootenay Landing, and by the Crow's Nest Pass to Macleod.[4]

The "swollen, rolling, milky" Columbia having ascended from its source to a wilderness of northern passes and gathered the waters from the great ice sea below Jasper Park, comes south again and for a space of more than a hundred miles loses its name and identity in flowing through the glacial trough of the Arrow Lakes. A hundred years ago, we are told by a chronicler of the river's story, it was "the peculiar joy of the *voyageurs*, after having toiled over the snowy and wind-swept Athabasca Pass and buffeted the foamy descent of Death Rapids, to reach the Arrow Lakes and lazily paddle down their tranquil deeps." The explanation of the name is somewhat vague. In the time of the Indians, bundles of arrows were discovered stuck in the banks at the upper end of the first lake. How or why, the record does not state.

Travellers who have elected to go east through

[4] See "Tours," Chapter XII.

the lakes and over Crow's Nest Pass transfer at Revelstoke, and with day excursionists proceed to the bank of the expanded river by morning train. Arrowhead is an hour and a half's ride south of the main line. The steamer waits at the wharf beside the rails. When passengers and freight have come aboard, the prow gently cuts the green flow, and the trip down lake is begun.

Embarked on such a stream as this one recalls, perforce, boastful phrases as to certain rivers, lakes and mountains of the East. The Atlantic seaboard's showiest water and boldest hills are scenic baubles in comparison. The best the Hudson can do is surpassed at every bend. Surmount Storm King with soaring prongs of snow and pile still higher prongs behind. Narrow the Hudson, make its bed more tortuous, tint its rocks and water with a vivid brush, and you will approximate the glamour of the upper Lake of the Arrows. At its head a river plunges in from the vast Illecillewaet névé below Sir Donald, and discharges its vial of absinthe hue into the whitened waters of the Columbia, powerful consort of distant glaciers. The colour is mystical, green like no other green.

At Halcyon Hot Springs guests have a broadside view on Halcyon Peak, whose hoary cap is a mile and a half above the lake shore, and two miles above the sea. As the steamer draws away, the king summit plays will-o'-the-wisp with the shaggy, beast-haunted ridges that wait upon it. One subtle composition is succeeded by another. Each vista is lost only to be forgotten in one still finer. New crests step into view or etch themselves faintly in the far background. On the

shore, projecting battlements are linked by secluded coves, forests open wide their sanctuary to our silent gaze. . . . .

From Nakusp, trade town for acres of fruit farms, a 60-mile rail line crosses a mountainous interior peninsula, bounded by the Arrow Lakes and Kootenay Lake and on the south by the Kootenay River. The route is via Rosebery to Kaslo, a centre of orchards and silver-lead mines near Kootenay Lake.

Below Nakusp round-sided conical hills on one bank and out-thrust prows on the other diminish the width of the channel to a crooked thread that unites the north lake with the south. When the path broadens we are among softer reaches where snows disappear and mountain cliffs descend in height.

A voyage of enchantment draws to a close at twilight. At the foot of the lake (West Robson) [5] the Kootenay River, flowing west from its expanded valley, the Kootenay Lake, joins the Columbia and mingled with the latter's tide for the third time crosses the boundary of the United States.

South from Castlegar, across the river from West Robson, a rail extension of the C. P. R. winds 30 miles to Rossland along the west bank of the Columbia. Mines of fabulous wealth are hidden in the adjoining hills. At Trail, 7 miles from Rossland, a smelter employing several hundred men refines silver and lead, treats copper, and makes lead pipe. Rossland is the supply centre for immense gold, silver and copper operations, including the Le Roi Group, the Le Roi No. 2, the War Eagle, Centre Star, and Richmond Consolidated Group. Le Roi founded the wealth of many Spokane

[5] Excursionists returning to Revelstoke by the same steamer remain on board (lower berth, $1.50; cabin for two, $2.50), and begin the northbound trip at 11 P. M. (daily in summer), arriving in Revelstoke the next afternoon. Round trip fare, $10. Excellent meals, 75 cents and $1.

millionaires. In the centre of the town is a monument to "Father Pat," the Reverend Henry Irvine, Anglican missionary and rector of St. George's, who died in 1902 at the age of forty-one. An Oxford graduate, he was noted for his quickness of wit and fists, for his generosity, and self-sacrifice. During the height of the discoveries excitement he frequently walked miles into the mountains to minister to those who needed him.

Rossland lies on a branch of the road which connects Spokane with Nelson, and is 5 miles from the boundary.

For an hour the train runs from West Robson to Nelson along the banks of the hoydenish Kootenay, black-green in colour and remarkable for its cascades and continual agitation. Occasionally fertile flats spread between the road and the deep rush of the stream, which falls 200 feet in the 25-mile passage.

As darkness slowly descends one descries groups at the little flag stations that suggest Russia. Even in the half-light, head kerchiefs, full skirts, broad hips and faces are unmistakably Slav. The brakeman explains. These are Doukhobor lands. Thousands of acres are under cultivation. Fruit and grain are marketed on the communal system, and the Prophet is the wily treasurer. Besides farms and gardens there is a successful jam factory near Brilliant. Each workman receives lodging, sustenance and clothes, but the religious and business chief controls all expenditures.

South Slocan is the point of departure for trains which leave every week-day morning for Slocan City, 32 miles north. A C. P. R. steamer connects at the terminus for a 23-mile trip of striking beauty through Slocan Lake to Rosebery. Over this little-travelled by-way one may return to the Arrow Lakes by train from Rosebery to Nakusp, or reach upper Kootenay Lake at Kaslo. This is a region of interest both to the sight-seer and angler.

The splendid torrent of Bonnington Falls is faintly visible to the right as we draw on to Nel-

son. Travellers who return this way see the rapids and crescent plunge in the daylight. Those who know the Columbia and its tributaries proclaim it the finest waterfall of the entire system, with the exception of the Snake River Falls at Shoshone, Idaho. Power is generated here for the operation of mines at Rossland and elsewhere.

The Silver King mine on the heights above Nelson has yielded over $10,000,000 worth of ore since discovery about fifteen years ago. The total value of the gold, silver, copper, lead, coal, zinc and marble annual output of the Kootenay and Boundary districts, of which Nelson is the capital, is estimated at $25,000,000. The Dominion has established an electric zinc smelter at Nelson for the separation of the alloy from gold, silver and copper ore with which it is commonly associated.

The city is commandingly situated on a slope overlooking the broad gorge of the Kootenay. Hundreds of motor-boats are owned in the neighbourhood, and all kinds of aquatics are popular.

Passengers by train usually spend the night on the connecting C. P. R. steamer, which early the following morning leaves Nelson for Procter and Balfour (32 m.). Between these two settlements the West Arm of Kootenay Lake opens from the magnificent glacier-wrought excavation which is filled with the waters of the northward-flowing Kootenay River. As in the Arrow Lakes, this lake is merely a river broadened out.

The new Canadian Pacific hotel on the exposed hillside above Balfour faces the Arm (which is the river turning west) and overlooks on the east the long body of Lake Kootenay, which extends for over a hundred miles above and below the

THE SKEENA RIVER, ON THE LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY, EAST OF PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

mouth of the branching stream. Few who wander this southern maze of alpine lakes and rivers to reach the East, or come this way to the Pacific, ignore the hospitality of the Kootenay Lake Hotel which so invitingly offers its porches and look-outs, its tennis courts and exquisite rooms for the pleasure of tourist and sportsman. This is a region of hot noons and cool nights, and lazy hours pass quickly. Trails by water and land explore the lake's wild shores. Famed pools provide angling for devotees of the rod, and launch and rowboat are for hire at the landing. Several mountains are within convenient climbing distance. All about are frosted summits with altitudes of 7000 to 9000 feet, which look east and north to the still higher summits of the Selkirks.

The steamer ride up the lake to Kaslo and Lardo reveals scenic effects surpassing even those of the upper Arrow. Boats from Nelson give a service every week-day to Kaslo, and twice a week to Lardo. By rail, and steamer on Trout Lake one enters from Lardo deep into the fastnesses between the Selkirks and the south-coursing Columbia. From Kaslo the circuit back to the main transcontinental line may be completed via rail (three times a week) to Nakusp and Arrow Lake steamer (probably daily in summer) to Revelstoke. The circular tour, Revelstoke – Nelson – Balfour (24 hours) — Kaslo – Nakusp – Revelstoke can be made in two and a half to four days, according to connections at Nelson, Balfour and Kaslo, and comprehends the best scenery in southern British Columbia.

Through passengers continue early in the morn-

ing from Balfour down the lake to Kootenay Landing (2½ hrs.) and there make connection with the Crow's Nest Pass express. The line passes through Creston, Yakh, Cranbrook, Colvalli, Caithness, Elko, Fernie, Michel, over the Rockies beneath Crow's Nest Mountain, and so to Macleod (250 m.), on the way to Lethbridge, Dunmore (392 m.) and St. Paul (1370 m.). Vancouver – Revelstoke – Kootenay Landing – Macleod – Dunmore – St. Paul, 2000 miles.

The tedium of the miles between Kootenay Landing and Yakh is distracted by the sight of orchards, truck gardens and berry fields about Creston,[6] by the gorge of the Goat River, and the ascent to the pass through the Selkirks. Yakh is at the junction of the Canadian Pacific – Spokane International route to Washington.[7]

At Cranbrook we have descended the east slope of the range and arrive on a broad, high prairie bounded by the Selkirks and the Rockies. Rich mines and a noted hunting and fishing region are tributary to this important farm and railway community. Good motor-roads radiate in several directions. The one of greatest interest to tourists leads up the valley to Lake Windermere and Golden, with views of both ranges and the newborn Columbia and Kootenay Rivers to beguile the way.

The rail line through the valley to Golden branches at Colvalli, beyond the Kootenay River bridge. Here the river is on its way to the boundary, which is crossed at Gateway, Montana.

[6] Great Northern to Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. See closing paragraphs of Chapter X.

[7] The route via Kingsgate is indicated in Note 3, Chapter X.

Making a great loop, the stream re-enters British Columbia below Kootenay Landing, 100 miles to the west. These erratic waters therefore traverse the international border three times — twice under the appellation of the Kootenay River, and once when merged with the Columbia.

Caithness and Elko are portals to Montana and Glacier National Park, via Canadian Pacific and Great Northern rails.[8]

The close-walled valley of the Elk River makes a path among majestic snow-caps which the track ascends to Fernie (3300 ft.). This is one of the notable coal-producing districts of the continent. Over a million and a half tons are mined annually, and 2000 men are in the employ of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. Fernie gives proof of its energy in its good hotels, handsome public buildings and hospitals, athletic clubs and factories. Hunters go north into the mountains from this point, or from Michel, for big game, especially goats and sheep.

The abrupt pinnacles above Fernie have their replicas in the sharp steep summits which add splendour to the zigzag climb to Crow's Nest Pass (4427 ft.), 35 miles to the east. Above this particular vertebra of the continent's backbone and above Crow's Nest Lake towers aloof and in singular majesty the pillar of Crow's Nest Mountain. Its altitude (9125 ft.) is not exceptional in this ocean of peaks, but it has a personality which none who look on it soon forget. Turtle Mountain, east of the Divide, is in brusque contrast—an angular lift of rock with a broken spire at the top that discourages encroachment.

[8] See Note 4, Chapter X; also under "Transportation and Routes," Chapter XII, thirteenth paragraph.

The railway, and the Government motor-road, which parallels it a short distance north, descend from the Provincial boundary line and run down grade in the direction of Old Man River, through Alberta coal mining towns and across numberless racing creeks and brooks to the plateau below the foothills, wheron is situate Macleod. The ranges hereabouts feed the cattle which supply Canada and countries far beyond with beef. Macleod, site of the first station of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, has had fame for forty years as a typical "cow town."

From the plains we look back to the Indians' "Crest of the World," where in their belief Wacondah, master of life, dwelt in the "Land of Souls."

On the border of Alberta and Montana lies the smallest of the Dominion National Parks, enclosing the Waterton Lakes. It is reached from Macleod by road, but more conveniently from Pincher, a rail station 30 miles west of Macleod. Pincher is about the same distance north of this Rocky Mountain tract, from which there is trail connection with the upper borders of Glacier National Park. There is a hotel on the north lake and comfortable arrangements have been made for the entertainment of the increasing numbers of tourists and fishermen who each year seek out this corner of Alberta, as beautiful as it is remote.

Macleod – Calgary, via Canadian Pacific, 108 miles. At Dunmore, 140 miles east of Macleod, the Crow's Nest Route joins the main line of the Canadian Pacific.
Macleod – Calgary – Edmonton, 300 miles.

CHAPTER XVII

REVELSTOKE TO CALGARY THROUGH THE SELKIRKS AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, WITH AN EXCURSION INTO THE WINDERMERE VALLEY

Revelstoke — Glacier — Golden — Field — Lake Louise — Banff — Calgary.

* *
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Within the embrace of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers is confined the tumult of peaks defined as the Selkirk and the Purcell Ranges. The apex formed by the rails of the Canadian Pacific does not include the Purcell Range, which borders the natal valley of the rivers further south. But the master summits of the Selkirks — a system "more massive than the Rockies . . . whose . . . assemblage of peaks show no arrangement along definite lines," are involved in a stupendous whirlpool that seethes above the railway and carries in its eddies immense glaciers, and gorges narrow and large of terrific depth.

East of the inter-mountain trench of the Columbia – Kootenay Valley the Rockies rise tier on tier above lesser ranges, and above profound valleys, which have been designated by an imaginative writer, "inverted elevations."

The North American Cordillera [1] is a collocation of granite giants corresponding to the Andes of

[1] See quotation from Outram, under "Mountaineering," Chapter XIII.

the southern continent, and trending parallel with the coast as far north as the Arctic regions. The Building of the Mountains is lucidly expounded in a "*Guide to the Geology of the Canadian National Parks*," published by the Dominion Government.

"Since no one has seen mountain ranges in actual process of formation the manner in which they are built must be deduced from a study of their structure.

"The Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks along the railway lines are built out of thick series of sedimentary strata which must have been laid down originally one on top of the other in the sea in a horizontal or approximately horizontal attitude. The first step in the formation of the mountains then was the accumulation of these sediments in a sea which covered the present site of the mountains, and the floor of which was gradually subsiding. The position of this sea was determined as far back as the Cambrian period, and from that time down to the end of Cretaceous it received sedimentary material mainly from a land area on the west until a thickness of over 50,000 feet of material was laid down and afterwards consolidated into rock.

"The second stage in the building of the mountains was the upheaval of this thick mass of strata into a series of parallel folds striking slightly west of north. This was produced by lateral compression directed from the Pacific side and acting very slowly but with enormous force. As the compressing force increased, the folds were arched higher and became more tightly crowded together until they were either overturned, or broken and thrust one over the other towards the

east. The greatest disturbance in the strata of the Rocky Mountains appears to be in the eastern ranges and as one goes eastward to the prairies this disturbance decreases until it dies out altogether.

"The elevation of the Rockies is believed to have taken place at the beginning of the Tertiary period. Its subsequent history is a record of erosion and denudation.

"The mountains are not now in the shape that they would have been left if upheaval had been the only agent concerned in their formation. But it is evident that their ridges, peaks, and valleys have been carved out of other forms by the agencies of denudation.

"As upheaval is a slow process, denudation must have begun its work as soon as the crests of the folds made their appearance above the sea, so that the mountains probably never had the full height which the strata, if free from denudation, would have given them.

"The agents of denudation are running water, frost, wind and glaciers, and by these the ridges are carved into various shapes, valleys eroded out, and a general destruction of the ranges is carried out. For a long time the effect of denudation is to increase the ruggedness of the mountains and this is the stage at which the history of the Rocky Mountains now is. As time goes on however they will be worn lower and lower until they are eventually reduced to the level of the plains. Geologically speaking the wearing down of a mountain range to the level of the plain takes place in a comparatively short time, but from a human point of view the process is exceedingly slow.

"During the Glacial period the Canadian Cor-

dillera is believed to have been covered by an ice cap much as that which covers Greenland or the Antarctic continent at the present day. Through this ice cap only the higher peaks of the mountain ranges projected. The evidence that has been obtained by a study of the record left by this ice cap shows that it extended from the 48th to the 63rd parallels of latitude or a distance of about 1200 miles, and covered the region from the Rockies to the Coast Range. . . .

"Elevation of the whole Canadian Cordilleran region above the level that it now has is believed to have been one of the causes at least which brought on the conditions of a glacial period. . . . Whatever the cause the Canadian Cordillera appears to have become at this time the condenser of the moisture from the Pacific. Precipitation occurred upon it mainly in the form of snow and was so much in excess of the influence of the heat of the summer that the snow was not melted, but accumulated from year to year. Glaciers probably formed first in the higher mountains of the Coast Range, but eventually almost the whole of the region became covered and buried beneath glacier ice. The direction of the ice flow was first along the valleys, but at a later date when the Cordillera became completely buried, a general movement northward as well as southward was started from a central point about the head waters of the Stikine and Skeena rivers. . . .

"Notwithstanding its great size the main ice cap, because of its slow rate of movement, was not as active an agent for the erosion of the rocks as the more swiftly moving valley glaciers. It was however active enough to erode and carry

away the decomposed and disintegrated surface of the bed rock and deposit this material on its outer edges as terminal moraines. Its traces are to be seen in the rounding, smoothing, and striation of rock knobs and a general levelling of the surface, by erosion as well as by filling up of hollows and irregularities.

"The valley glaciers on the other hand were more active as eroding agents, both because of their more rapid movement and their occupying lines of more concentrated flow. By the aid of rock fragments carried along the bottom of the glaciers they were able to broaden and deepen to valleys, and by this means to produce hanging valleys . . . and to gouge out the cirques which are now occupied by those many beautiful rock-bound lakes so common throughout the Cordillera. . . .

"The present-day glaciers, which lie at the head of many of the valleys, both in the Rockies and the Selkirks, are merely the shrunken remnants of the greater glaciers of the Glacial period. . . .

"Not a great deal has been done since the final disappearance of the ice sheet to modify the shape of the land surface as left by it. The most striking changes have been effected by the rivers in cutting down their valleys through the glacial deposits left in them on the retreat of the ice."

Revelstoke — Glacier.

At Albert Canyon, we come upon what are said to be the oldest rocks of the whole Canadian system. The Illecillewaet River, through whose valley the ascent of the Selkirks is begun from Revelstoke, breaks apart a barrier at a place 20

miles east, and pours with the impetuosity of a freshet far below the over-hanging platform at which the train makes pause.

Sir Donald (10,808 ft.) crowns the pageant of the "many-headed multitude" that waits above Ross Peak. By this galaxy we gauge what lies beyond. With dexterous loops and double loops the road forges up the slope and 20 miles east of Albert Canyon arrives at Glacier (4086 ft.).

At the bottom of a bewildering basin there is barely room for the track, the rambling hotel, and a green grass plot with fountains of glacial spray. A belt of trees dips to the east. Above it, so near that the breath of the ice comes cold, is the prodigious terrace of the Great Glacier, spread out below Sir Donald with its ridge against the clouds. The Childs and Miles Glaciers near Cordova, Alaska, are the only other ice tongues of importance that approach so near to a North American railway. To the Childs Glacier a shot can be fired from the car window. To the snout of the Illecillewaet, a trail less than two miles long leads from the hotel door.

On the path, changing views unfold of the high-wrought pinnacles which mark the brim of the basin—Sir Donald, "a superb prism shooting its slender apex far above all its royal mates," Uto of the sheer crest, Eagle, Avalanche and MacDonald toward the north, Mt. Cheops across the valley below the ragged cohort of the Hermit Range, of which Rogers (10,536 ft.) is chief, and Mt. Abbott, the green background of the inn.

The retreat of the glacier from its valley has since 1887 been recorded with more or less regularity; likewise the varying ratio of its flow.

Miss Mary Vaux of Philadelphia and her brothers George Vaux, Jr., and the late William Vaux, prepared a great part of the scientific data now available on the subject. It is asserted that a large rock to the left of the trail was as recently as 1899 "firmly imbedded in the glacier." Between August, 1890, and August, 1898, " the total amount of this retreat up the valley had been 452 feet, or an average of 56 feet per year. During the succeeding five years, ending in 1903, the average recession per year was about 35 feet. Then a marked change occurred, for till August, 1904, the recession was reduced to about five feet and for 1905 the amount was only about two and one-half feet. Since then the recession has varied from year to year, that for the year ending in August, 1913, having again increased to about seventy-four feet. The future of this glacier tongue will be observed with much interest. Predictions as to its future action seem quite impossible."

An instructive day may be spent upon the ice in the company of the Swiss guide attached to the hotel, studying " tables " and seracs, the course of moraines,[2] and other glacial manifestations.

Mt. Sir Donald is climbed several times a season with and without guides. Leroy Jeffers of New York, a mountaineer with dozens of ascents to his credit in the United States and Canada, holds the hour record for the climb to Sir Donald's apex and back. In the year 1914, Mr. Jeffers left Glacier House at two on a summer morning,

[2] In this connection read the exposition on glaciers quoted from Dr. Coleman in Chapter XI.

climbed by the northwest face to the summit in seven hours, and returned to the hotel in time for a one o'clock luncheon.

Howard Palmer, in the chapter, "Mount Sir Donald and its Neighbors," relates in his *Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks* the essential features of the routes of ascent. By the northwesterly arête these are the rock conditions near the top as described by this indomitable and gifted climber.

"Instead of more or less well-defined ledges, the face now presented an array of projecting rocky points. Our advance, therefore, resolved itself into a series of strides from one protuberance to another. As a counter-irritant to the possibly disconcerting effect of a glance into the abyss below, the *deus ex machina* had craftily fashioned the only handholds (the next higher set of points) at the awkward level of one's own head, so that our gymnastics as we worked our way across out onto the face, must have strongly resembled a cross between the antics of a monkey, swinging from branch to branch in a tropical forest, and the motions of a man getting over a stream on stepping-stones. Fortunately the rocks were not icy, although at this altitude they were well sugared with snow. A particularly precarious bit of work occurred at the end of the traverse, when it became necessary to strike directly upward towards the ridge. . . . Feuz had to make repeated trials before he could locate a satisfactory route."

The summit was reached "eight hours from the col." The view from the crow's nest of Sir Donald, as photographed by Palmer, embraces a rolling sea of argent billows to the limits of the range,

and afar among the Purcells and the Rockies. Miles to the north, just under the great curve of the Columbia, Mt. Sir Sandford (11,600 ft.), King of the Selkirks, rules alone. "The most prominent single feature of the prospect," says the author, "is easily the Illecillewaet névé with its ten square miles of shining unbroken snow, and shattered ice stream, crawling ponderously into the valley."

Besides the pony trail to the Great Glacier, other paths have been built to points comparatively near-by in this dazzling 470-acre Dominion park. Half a day is consumed in the saddle on the Asulkan Glacier trail with its super-views of precipice and snow monarchs above a wooded wild-flower valley. One of the eminent outlooks of the Selkirks is obtained from Asulkan Pass (7700 ft.), which is reached without great difficulty on horse-back, but entails several hours' climbing.

The finest field of view accessible from Glacier by trail is at Roger's Pass, on the Selkirk Divide. A trip much simpler, but with its special reward, is made in three hours to Cascade Summerhouse and back. From the hotel, the pavilion and near-by cataract are visible a thousand feet above against the flank of Mt. Avalanche. The traveller who breaks the continental journey at Glacier will need a week of sunny days (a boon not often granted in the storm-ridden Selkirks) to achieve even the neighbouring "primer trips," as they are termed by an alpine steeple-jack disdainful of tourist excursions.

The Nakimu Caves of Glacier Dominion Park, discovered a dozen years ago by a Revelstoke hunter, comprise a series of subterranean tunnels on the north slope of Mt. Cheops above the valley

of the Cougar, a vale pre-eminently typical of the Selkirks " in scenery, geology, natural history and botany." The caves are distant but 5 miles from the hotel by carriage-road and saddle trail. For their extent, origin, architecture and decoration they are each year the object of increasing interest. The three main arteries are the Gopher Bridge Series, the Mill Bridge Series and the Gorge Series. The first-named group of underground corridors is formed by Cougar Creek dropping, like a lesser Guadiana, through a hole in the earth, to emerge some distance further on from a secret errand 30 feet below the surface of the valley. A. O. Wheeler, topographer and chronicler of the Selkirks,[3] and explorer of the caves, describes in a vivid way his pioneer expedition into this series of thoroughfares by the light of acetylene bicycle lamps and an ignited magnesium wire.

". . . Standing on a narrow ledge that overhangs a black abyss, the eye is first drawn by a subterranean waterfall heard roaring immediately on the left. It appears to pour from a dark opening above it. Below, between black walls of rock, may be seen the foam-flecked torrent hurtling down the incline until lost in dense shadows. Overhead, fantastic spurs and shapes reach out into the blackness and the entire surroundings are so weird and uncanny that it is easy to imagine Dante seated upon one of these spurs deriving impressions for his inferno. As the brilliant light goes out the thick darkness makes itself felt, and

[3] See *The Selkirk Range,* published by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, and *The Selkirk Mountains,* a *Guide for Mountain Pilgrims and Climbers,* published by the Stovel Company, Winnipeg, Man.

BABINE INDIANS SPEARING SALMON ON THE BULKLEY RIVER, NEAR HAZELTON, B. C.

instinctively you feel to see if Charon is not standing beside you. This subterranean stream, with its unearthly surroundings, is somewhat suggestive of the Styx, and incidentally supplied the name 'Avernus' for the cavern of the waterfall."

A second time this creek rampant of haunting habits vanishes from above ground to bore a way through the earth, but at this stage a depth three times greater than that of the upper series is attained.

" . . . Cougar Creek in its flow beneath Mill bridge passes through the Auditorium, and as it falls 75 feet in a distance of 200 feet, from its entrance beneath Mill bridge to the Auditorium, the chamber is replete with its roar. . . . Faint daylight enters through the passageway of the waters and serves to make the surroundings look dim and mysterious. The frosts of winter also reach this spot, and in the spring stalactites and stalagmites, formed of huge icicles, are seen in columnar groups surrounding the dashing waters and extending some distance into the chamber itself. In this particular spot disintegration has created much havoc and the walls no longer show the marks of water erosion, while the floor is heaped with rock débris fallen from the ceiling. The passageway, however, that connects it with the surface is still intact as a sample of the power of water erosion. It is composed of a series of potholes, connected one with the other by short narrow passages.

" . . . The exit of Cougar Creek from Mill bridge takes place at the bottom of a narrow crack, or gorge, running at right angles to the general direction of the stream. The Gorge is 300 feet in length, about 50 feet wide, and is

spanned by two natural rock bridges. . . . On emerging from its subterranean course beneath Mill bridge, the creek flows through the Gorge 80 feet below the floor of the valley. At the lower or north end is the opening that leads to the largest and most interesting of the series of passageways forming the Nakimu Caves. The Gorge forms a very striking feature of the external scenery, and several places are accessible from which views may be had into its depths that are wild and impressive in the extreme. The opening is a dome-shaped break in the wall forming the north end. Into this the stream tumbles with wild fury over a confusion of huge fragments of rock piled up in the passageway. It creates leaps and falls and a dissemination of spray that makes the opening to the outer world, as seen from below, appear through a luminous mist. The aperture is some thirty feet wide and about the same height."

Surrounded by eerie echoing walls are the chambers described by their explorers as the Dropping Cave, the Witches' Ball-room, the Pit, the Marbleway, the Art Gallery, the Gimlet, the Carbonate Grotto, "hung with rock shelves, and spotted with lime incrustations," the Judgment Hall, the White Grotto, and the Bridal Chamber, so named for "the purity of its lime draperies and the general beauty of its floral decorations."

Concerning the age of the caves, Mr. W. S. Ayres, the engineer commissioned by the Dominion to report on the phenomena, believes the marble formations belong to the Devonian period, and estimates that 38,000 years have so far been consumed in eroding the channels.

C. H. Deutschman, discoverer of the "Grum-

bling Caves," and an adventurer credited with an important share in their development, is custodian of the natural wonder, and may be addressed at Glacier, B. C., concerning camping arrangements at the Government cabin and mountain excursions north of the railway, of which the grandest is the one to Baloo Pass.

Glacier — Golden.

The railway leaves the path of the Illecillewaet River at Glacier. The original route follows Bear Creek and surmounts the range by Roger's Pass. Look well upon the visage of Tupper and MacDonald, you who travel this road before 1917, and upon the hooded phalanx arrayed on north and south. Print deep this memory of titan walls that narrow the east gate of the Selkirks, and the acute slopes of green valleys in shine and shadow beneath glittering glaciers. . . . These words will not long be written when an engineers' *tour de force* will rob the Selkirk journey of its excelling view. With the economical object of eliminating pusher engines, snow ploughs and miles of snow sheds, and reducing the length and degree of maximum grade, the railway is expending $12,000,000 to lay a double track from the loop near Glacier down an incline for 5 miles through the interior of MacDonald, hundreds of feet below the summit track, and up the valley to Six Mile Creek. The bore is said to exceed by three-fourths of a mile the longest existing tunnel in America. It will decrease the summit elevation of the line's Selkirk division from 4330 feet to 3791 feet, and shorten the route four and a half miles. "In short," says an engineering magazine, "one of the most costly sections of the whole system, from

an operating point of view, will be entirely eliminated." But a mere tourist may be allowed his little plaint.

However, backward views will inspire as the train issues from the portal and climbs by the Beaver River across a succession of steep-bedded creeks — Stony, Surprise, Cedar, Mountain, all pitching down the parapet of the Hermit Range to meet the transverse stream.

At Beavermouth we again greet the Columbia, confined here by the lower rungs of the Selkirks and the main range in a cribbed and cabined passage, whose eastward opening swings wide upon the Rockies. The station of Beavermouth is the furthest to the north of any on the Canadian Pacific line. The direction from here to Golden is southward, while for nearly 400 miles the trend has been toward the north.

The chalets at Edelweiss are as Swiss as the name. For years Canadian Pacific guides from the little kingdom of mountaineers returned each year to their villages across the water, but now, due to the railway's provision, they form a contented colony with their families among pleasant acres a mile west of Golden.

Golden is at the meeting of the Kicking Horse River with the Columbia. Sportsmen know it as an outfitting base for big game hunting. Tourists alight here who are going by the Kootenay Central branch through the "Columbia trench" to Lake Windermere and the Crow's Nest line.

For route, Golden – Field see after the following heading.

The Windermere Valley.

The excursion south of the main line to Lake Windermere was until late years made exclu-

sively by river steamer. A train now leaves Golden on Mountain Time twice a week (Tuesday and Friday) for Athalmer station, where it arrives in less than five hours. A Government motor-road also runs the length of the valley.

Broad green flats are surmounted on both sides of the Columbia's lagoon-like channel by the foot ranges of the two great mountain chains, which climb to immensely high summits. The champions of the Purcell Range cluster beyond the west bank, Bruce, Farnham, Jumbo, Delphine, are all over 11,000 feet in altitude above the sea, and more than 8000 feet above the river. The scenery is especially remarkable for its contrast between these silvery crests, the lazy stream in its winding, tranquil bed, and the well stocked ranches which occupy shore and hillside. The railway company has cleared the land about new townsites and offers settlers irrigated fruit farms in ten-acre blocks ready for planting.

Windermere Lake is a body of water ten miles long and two miles wide, which is joined with Upper Columbia Lake, the actual source of the river. At the north end of Windermere is Athalmer station with a near-by hotel where sportsmen and tourists meet. From Invermere there is a hunting trail up Toby Creek to Earl Grey Pass, under Mt. Gleason (10,537 ft.), and through the verdant canyon of Hamill Creek to the head of Kootenay Lake. Iron Mountain, back of Invermere, is reached by the interesting Horse Thief trail. A historic relic at Windermere, visited by many who come through the valley, is the grass-grown trench of Upper Kootenay House, erected in 1810 by David Thompson, explorer of the river.

The lately built motorway from Windermere to Banff penetrates the mountains by way of Sinclair Hot Springs and Sinclair Creek, where the road is forced between bright-coloured cliffs, 100 feet high. At Sinclair Pass, streams drain both east and west. The valleys of the Columbia and the Kootenay are visible from the ridge (4850 ft.). Descending the east slope, the Kootenay is followed for 12 miles. North of this point is the Ottertail Range where it has its source. Past the mouth of Simpson River and Tokum Creek the ascent is made to Vermilion Pass (5650 ft.) through the canyon of Vermilion River. Toward the south is a trilogy of 10,000-foot mountains, of which Ball (10,825 ft.) is the most conspicuous. This road of many wonders meets the railway below Castle Mountain and skirting the Vermilion Lakes arrives at Banff, a day's journey from the Columbia River.

The railway, Golden – Athalmer – Colvalli (166 m.), continues south through the sunny Kootenay Valley. At Canal Flats near Upper Columbia Lake, the river comes in from the north, flows within a mile and a half of the Columbia (which after hundreds of miles of divergent journeying it joins near the foot of the Arrow Lakes), and at Colvalli is crossed by the Crow's Nest line.[4]

Either by rail or excellent highroad the journey from Windermere Lake may proceed to Macleod and Calgary, or to Cranbrook, west of Colvalli, from which point the West Kootenay District is accessible by the southern railway and steamer route.

[4] See description following "Revelstoke," Chapter XVI.

Golden — Field.

The canyon of the Kicking Horse, an expressive name whose origin has nothing to do with the river's tumultuous action, forms a resonant corridor for the passage of the rails between the Van Horne and Beaverfoot Mountains. Beyond Palliser the road coils about Mt. Hunter and reaches the plinth of the splendid Ottertail group, whose capsheaf is the triple-spired Goodsir (11,676 ft.). Mt. Chancellor and Mt. Vaux are in the immediate foreground to the south.

Nearing Field the valley broadens out, and stately vistas open on the left from the Van Horne slopes to the basin of the President Range, in which is hidden Emerald Lake. The Kicking Horse flows over a flat bed that below the hamlet is in summer but sparsely covered, and may in some seasons be followed a good distance on foot. Above this level floor of sand and drift-wood and the vacillating stream which changes its course every year, lifts the rock of Mt. Stephen (10,520 ft.), colossal in stature and untrammelled about the base with inferior heights to diminish the effect of its ponderous soaring. With Mt. Stephen rising from its back yard, the hotel, grandmother of the mountain inns, looks directly across to Mts. Burgess and Field, each with an elevation above the verandah of close on a mile. Occasionally goats are seen at evening on Burgess.

Mt. Stephen is the highest peak skirted by the rails of the Canadian Pacific. Outram says it is "the most climbed mountain in the Canadian Switzerland, with Mt. Sir Donald, in the adjacent Selkirk Range, an easy second." As mentioned

in the paragraphs on "Mountaineering," Chapter XIII, it was first ascended by a member of the Dominion Land Survey in 1887. The climb to the top and back usually consumes about ten hours.

Travellers arriving at Field in the morning can accomplish the drive to Emerald Lake before luncheon, and if in haste, return to Field and leave early in the afternoon for Yoho Valley. The night express leaves at a convenient hour, going both east and west. But it is advisable to spend at least a night at Field or Emerald Lake, or in the Yoho Valley camp. One cannot too highly extol the wonder of these trips. The Yoho drive is longer and more fearsome, but the excursion to Emerald Lake is after its own kind equally fine, and neither trip should be omitted from the trans-continental itinerary.[5]

The road to the Yoho Valley (22 m. return; stage fare, $2.50) crosses the bridge below the station and turning up the Kicking Horse, passes beneath a rocky wall heavily overlaid with dead-fall, moss and boulders. A little way up-stream Stephen's glacier comes into view, and the turrets of Cathedral Mountain, which throughout most of the drive are seen at one or another angle. The shacks of a galena mine grasp the precarious ledges of Mt. Stephen, and the chutes are also visible down which the ore is sent. The river increases in turbulence, and is chalky-white from glacial deposits. At the 5-mile post the carriage-

[5] The tariff of rides and drives from the C. P. R. stations is given in detail in the railway pamphlet, "Resorts in the Canadian Rockies," and in the Brewster folders. The rates vary according to the road, the means of conveyance and the number in the party, and are never exorbitant.

road overlooks the joining of the Kicking Horse and the Yoho, one as mad as the other.

From the maelstrom of the rivers the way leads north beside the Yoho, which for a great part of its plunging course is chafed by encumbering rocks into a very fury of leaps and falls.

As the road begins a sharp ascent, the chasm deepens. Tremendous cliffs are on either side. The roar of the river rumbles through the gorge like the bellow of a diapason. Walls are so sheer that to lay a path wide enough for wheels a ledge has been artificially constructed, and as this doubles back and forth to reach a higher grade imperial vistas are glimpsed ahead and in retrospect. At the top of the thrilling spiral the river has dropped out of sight, and one alights and descends a by-path to get a far-down view of it.

About 8 miles from Field the scene has so changed in character that meadow-banks of wild forget-me-nots and crimson paint-brush, white violets, columbine, yellow daisies and purple asters tempt one to stray afield. If a copy of Mrs. Henshaw's book on the mountain flora of Canada is at hand, a most delightful hour may be spent in this natural garden studying the flowers she so beautifully illustrates and explains.

Toward the end of the drive, the road is again forced near the brim of the river's abyss. Spruce trees 80 to 100 feet tall rise straight as pillars and make a dark alley for the carriage. Frequently white peaks show above the forest spires. Brooks race under culverts to meet the Yoho, and in June and July veins on the mountain sides are streaked with heavy lines of melted snow.

The Takakkaw ("It is Wonderful") Cascade is the glory of the valley. In three main descents

it falls 1100 feet from the forefoot of Daly Glacier. Spray rises like smoke out of the boiling caverns, and strews the side of the yellowish rock with little streams. By walking over a rustic bridge and crossing a rather rough, though level space, one can pay homage at the very foot of the torrent.

The best view of its glacial source is from the trail behind the stationary camp, which is most advantageously situated facing the falls.

Mountaineers use the camp as a base for expeditions. Excursionists stay a night here who are making the three-day or two-day carriage and pony trip via Emerald Lake and the Valley from Field, whose total cost for transportation and living expenses is about $7 a day per person. Guides are not required, but may be secured at Field. A smaller camp is situated at the upper end of the valley.

The carriage road extends a mile beyond the bridge of the falls. The drive should by all means be continued to the end for the view of Yoho Glacier, enthroned 8 miles beyond at the head of the valley, and for the rainbow on Takakkaw, if it is afternoon. The glacier, with its remarkable arch, and Twin Falls, whose name describes them, must be visited by trail.

On the way to Emerald Lake (14 m. return; stage fare, $2) a short detour reveals the Kicking Horse performing characteristic caracoles in an impeded channel. Beneath the regal gaze of Mt. Stephen it most unceremoniously dips beneath a flinty arch and tumbles among pot-holes to another level — "a fine display of lashing spray and turbulent disorder." The rapids and the Natural Bridge with up-reared mountain

background would be a head-line feature in any region but this munificent Northwest. Here it is suggested as a casual side trip.

"Snow-peak Avenue" is a long spruce road with mountains at each end. By it one comes in an hour to a lake girt by a ring of mountains — a jewel dropped in a bowl with jaggèd nacreous rim. Early in the summer, avalanches plunge with loud report from the slopes and falling into the lake pale the customarily deep hue of the water.

At the back of the Chalet are Mt. Burgess and Mt. Field, which we see here from the north. Between Burgess and Wapta is the superb vantage-point of Burgess Pass, from which all the conspicuous units of the clustering ranges can be identified. Michael Peak is above the trail to Yoho Pass. The latter joins the saddle route from Field over Burgess Pass to the head of Yoho Valley. To the left of Emerald Lake Chalet are the majestic shapes named President (10,287 ft.) and Vice President (10,049 ft.) which with Emerald Peak complete the gorgeous circle.

There are those who prefer the broader field of vision at Emerald Lake to the flawless but restricted prospect at Lake Louise. As a place to stay Emerald Lake is more agreeable because, selfish reason, fewer people come here, and the precious vistas of the lake are more intrinsically one's own.

The Ottertail Road along the grass-grown bed of a former C. P. R. grade west of Field brings one into intimate relation with flower patches, rangers' cabins, busybody streams, scurrying wild things — within the enveloping splendour of the steepled Ottertail Range and the purplish, burned-over slopes of the Van Horne summits.

W. D. Wilcox, F. R. G. S., author of *The Rockies of Canada,* names Lake O'Hara "in all the mountain wilderness the most complete picture of natural beauty. To me," he says, "the dominant impression at O'Hara Lake is tranquillity and peace. Secluded in a deep pocket of the mountains, an almost perpetual calm prevails, the wind when it blows is gentle, and even the sound of falling rock and crashing avalanche is rare. The stream, beside whose brawling course you have ascended the valley, yields finally to this persistent spell and, at the vestibule of one of the finest spots in all Nature's realm, becomes hushed in a shallow pool. . . .

"Of all the finer lakes O'Hara presents the greatest variety of pleasing views," asserts Mr. Wilcox, and describes it in mid-summer haze and angry storm. A short walk from the meadow where Colonel O'Hara first camped in 1887, "lies McArthur Lake. Nearly two miles long, it is one of the largest lakes in the mountains at such high altitude, which is approximately 7300 feet above sea level. There are absolutely no trees or shrubs in the valley where lies the lake, so that the effect is thoroughly Arctic. A glacier enters the water at the upper end and even till the end of July or later, there are usually cakes of ice drifting over the lake. The water is exceedingly clear, and there is no apparent difference between its colour and that of the sky."

Pony trails are ascended from both Field and Lake Louise to reach green O'Hara Lake and blue Lake McArthur just under the Divide south of Hector. Some who make the trip go to Hector by rail and continue to the lakes by ponies which have been despatched in advance. Cataract

Brook, headwater of the Kicking Horse, is followed from the railway. There are good camping-grounds both below and above O'Hara. From either side the Great Divide the excursion ordinarily consumes about three days.

Field — Lake Louise.

The heroic breadth of the scene about Field is best appreciated as the railway executes a series of distracting evolutions in climbing from river base to the garret of the continent. By spiral tunnels, and gigantic twistings and crossings that defy all points of the compass, a fifty per cent. grade reduction has recently been achieved. Twice the train turns completely around inside two different mountains, four times it passes over bridges, and on three road beds at different elevations it makes its way to the summit.

Hector, which has its name from one of the explorers of the Canadian Pacific route, and the first president of the company, is 5199 feet up in the world on the water-parting of the chain. An arch of boughs announces the Great Divide. Immediately we scan the rather level tract for a stream to give visible proof that here the fate of waters is decided. And suddenly, near Stephen, some one discovers twin rills divorced by the continental tilt turning in opposite directions. Says a parson mountaineer (it is surprising how many parsons have been eminent mountaineers), "A fraction of an inch to one side or the other at this 'parting of the ways' determines the future course of many a little drop; thousands of miles sum up the distance of their goals. A moment in the balance, the slightest swerve, an influ-

ence almost imperceptible, and the decision is irrevocable."

The Lakes in the Clouds are three. The first is Lake Louise, at an elevation of 5645 feet. First in its beauty, it is a matter for congratulation that it is also the easiest to come to. A citified tram ascends from the railway platform through three miles of deer forest, over which hover the ghostly crowns of Fairview and Temple. At the top of the road, a woodland curtain suddenly drawn shows us what we have climbed to see — a pool with the hues of turquoise in its matrix, a wall of white, a half-moon of cliffs that reflect evanescent rose-brown scarfs across the mirror — Lake Louise! Were a scene painter gifted with an Urban sense of line and a Leonard Davis knowledge of alpine colour commanded to do a stage set, he could not surpass the symmetry and immaculate tints of this tableau. The white back-drop is the Victoria Glacier. High tree-covered scarps enclose it at the base but spread apart to give a wide view on the embankment of ice. Where the hotel is placed, directly facing the glacier across the round dream-lake, there is room on the shore for a few dark pencilled evergreens, an emerald lawn, and many paths with borders of Iceland poppies that add to the colourful picture their dyes of lemon and orange.

The hotel buildings are of conglomerate architecture. The older of two main sections is in the style of a country inn. A new structure is of concrete with towers somewhat Spanish in mode, and quite incongruous in this place. The chalets standing a little apart offer a homely refuge from the surge of new arrivals in the larger buildings,

MT. ROBSON, MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, FROM GRAND FORKS VALLEY, WEST OF JASPER PARK

where lounge and sun parlour, porch and recreation salon resound all day with chattering praises of the lake. The total capacity of the hotel is about six hundred. Many visitors, whose schedule is fixed, throng up the mountain-side, hastily impress the view, row or walk around the shore to look on Mt. Lefroy abutting Victoria, take the drive to Moraine Lake or follow the breath-shortening trail to Louise's sister pools, and before night-fall, or early in the morning, are off to Banff or Field.

The road to Moraine Lake in the Valley of the Ten Peaks is the only one that extends from Lake Louise to the realm beyond its walls, except the wagon-road that was until recently the sole means of access from the station. But of trails there are almost as many as there are passes and valleys among the mountains of this immediate region.

Stages leave twice a day for Moraine Lake (fare, $2.50). The road for the first part of the 9 miles goes up and down between tall trees that limit the outlook to narrow vistas directly ahead or behind. A far finer way to reach the same goal is by pony trail to Saddleback, with its supreme pictures near at hand and far down the Bow Valley, thence through Paradise Valley with a detour to one of the most remarkable of all waterfalls, the " Giants' Steps," and so around the slopes of Mt. Temple (11,626 ft.) and beneath the eaves of other two-mile summits to the ten-towered rampart, whose melting snows feed the oval lake at its base.

The carriage road, 6000 feet below Temple's " gabled top," emerges at last from a screening forest of gloomy spruce to run out on a stunning estrade, which surveys the Bow River's high-

sentinelled valley, and gives an uninterrupted look-off to the heights that shut in Banff. The wheels follow what is in effect a cliff with towering treeless bulk on one hand, and a spacious gorge below. A marmot whistles from his rock, gophers pop in and out of their holes, a rabbit runs before the horses' feet, and "last week," the driver from Ayrshire tells you, a bear crossed with leisurely amble this identical place.

The Valley of the Peaks, at the foot of a long incline of broken stone, is as depressingly formidable a work-shop of Nature as the Rockies can show. The débris of glacial carving, heaped in high knolls at the edge of the lake, "was shattered and thrown down many centuries ago by an earthquake, transported for a distance, and rudely piled up by a glacier," in the opinion of Mr. Wilcox, whose chronicles and photographs first made this region known. Aloft on a sombre precipice is a bastion of chiselled-out rock called the Tower of Babel. Stretched in a semi-curve from this astoundingly realistic formation is the ridged and tortured, goat-inhabited wall whose ten incised, sky-piercing wedges give the desolate vale its name.

In the midst of this chill and haunting melancholy there is a little tea-house with tents adjoining, where people stay if they are lured by the fishing in Moraine Lake or in Consolation Lake, sequestered high up under the Tower. From this camp trails may also be essayed to Boom Lake, to Wenkchemna Lake and Pass, to Larch Valley and Sentinel Pass.

The trails from Lake Louise to Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes (called the "Goat's Looking-Glass" by the Indians), to the Little Beehive and Mt. St. Piran, lead to altitudes exhaustive in their pros-

pects, and in some persons productive of mountain sickness in its varied and distressing forms. The lake furthest up in the clouds is within a few feet of 7000 feet elevation. Practise walks and rides are advisable before this excursion is taken.

A Swiss guide will demonstrate glacial forms on Victoria, 4 miles distant from the hotel by foot-path, or accompany climbers up its flank, or to the brow of Lefroy, Aberdeen, the Mitre, especially known for its "crag-work," Hungabee, Deltaform, Temple, Biddle. Temple was first climbed in 1894 by S. E. S. Allen, L. F. Frissell and W. D. Wilcox. Collie and Fay made the virgin ascent of Victoria three years later. These two renowned mountaineers with several companions and a Swiss guide reached the apex of Lefroy two days before the climb on Mt. Victoria. Outram gives a chapter in his book on the Rockies to "The Tragedy of Mt. Lefroy"—the accident which in August, 1896, resulted in the horrifying death of Philip Abbott, a climber of notable skill, and a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston.

A trip recommended by trail guides is the one to Ptarmigan Lakes, a net-work of water above timber-line 10 miles north of Lake Louise. A curiosity of the Ptarmigan Valley is a fossil bed of shell-fish. This expedition may be extended to the Pipestone River (3 days), where there is excellent camping-ground and Cut-throat fishing near "Jim" Brewster's ranch. This great range, 8 miles long and 3 miles wide in the valley, "draws up" the mountain where Brewster-bred horses and ponies feed. The trail swings on to the Sawback Lakes via Panther River and Cascade Creek, and by way of Mt. Edith Pass reaches Banff. The

total distance, 110 miles, may be covered in ten days. Variations of the same route permit of a return to Lake Louise in shorter time.

The twenty-day excursion from Lake Louise to Jasper Park is designated by Jim Simpson and Conrad Kain as one of the two or three "big trips" of the Canadian Rockies. Brief reference has already been made to this rail to rail route under "Sports — Mountaineering," Chapter XIII. Also to camp equipment and cost of other trips. The Bow River is followed to its source among beautiful lakes and glaciers. Beyond the boundary of the Rocky Mountains Park, goat and sheep may be hunted. Glaciers many square miles in extent are sighted in the vicinity of Hector or Lower Bow Lake. Over Bow Pass is Waterfall Lake, surrounded by mountains 10,000 feet high, belted first with forest, then with rock, then with snow. All through here the Alberta forests are very fine. Descending to the Saskatchewan River one of the grandest scenes is at the junction of its three forks, 60 miles from Lake Louise station. This is the domain dominated by Mt. Forbes (12,100 ft.) and the Freshfield group (11,000 ft.). Mt. Lyell (11,950 ft.) and Mt. Bryce (11,750 ft.) lie to the north. Mt. Columbia (12,500 ft.), crowning the immense ice-fields of the Saskatchewan's West Branch, is the second highest peak of the Rockies and was first climbed in 1902 by Sir James Outram and a Swiss guide.

The North Branch is the one followed toward Maligne Lake. Any one wanting a thrill can swim it on horseback, says Simpson. A side trip is made from a camp established 15 miles up the Branch to Wilcox Pass (8300 ft.), a long open stretch of alpland, near which bands of mountain sheep are seen in summer. Beyond Nigel Pass, the trail party descends the Brazeau River and ascends by Indian paths through the big game range about Jonas Creek. Across the boundary of Jasper Park a creek shows the way to Maligne Lake, 20 miles from Jasper Park station, and by many thought to be the most impressively beautiful lake in the Rockies. Elevation, 5000 feet; distance from Lake Louise, 120 miles.

Lake Louise — Banff.

Between Lake Louise station and Banff, the mountains withdraw a little distance from the valley, and manœuvre in shining legions about a

welcome plain. The aërial spectacle is enhanced, and at the same moment a sense of relief pervades the traveller, who without a mile's surcease in ten hours' riding has been overwhelmed, crowded upon by titanic views. Those who have journeyed the by-paths from the resorts on the way have increased by days this mountain orgy. Complete enjoyment has been alloyed by the conviction that one was not enjoying and appreciating enough. There were not hours, perhaps, to sense all that the eyes beheld, and dissatisfaction has sometimes arisen with individual capacity to gauge the full measure of beauty because the scale of sumptuousness was over-weighed, the feast was too lavish.

Coming from the west, one arrives in Banff with scenic indigestion. With positive relief he sees the too-eager summits draw off a little and decrease in height. Mountains there are in plenty about Banff, and of most dignified size, but glaciers and arrogant walls give way for a river, not too restless, to flow among pastures browsed by a comforting cow — occupied also by timber wolves and grizzlies, but these well caged. The first paved avenue seen since leaving Golden opens a way through a brisk little town. Curio windows and cinema theatres, postal card shops, vine-covered cottages, galloping, woolly-trousered guides, a man with golf clubs running an automobile, give a certain satisfaction to our peak-surfeited eyes. The village occupies an open space at the foot of stolid Cascade Mountain, which with capricious Mt. Edith blocks the north view. Rundle of the whitened prow and green-robed Sulphur Mountain form the arena's main east and south bulwark. Standing alone, and in such position that it gives a tower view both up

and down the Bow River is Tunnel Mountain, almost in the village.

Banff, irrelevantly named for a Scottish town, is the only resort on this side the sea that rivals the attractions of Swiss tourist centres. Amid an environment of varied and ever satisfying grandeur, there is one conspicuously good hotel, besides several of medium class, there are superlative motor-roads, carriage drives, walks and pony trails, a river and exquisite lakes for power-boating, rowing and canoeing, picturesque facilities for tennis and golfing, extra fine fishing and every sort of winter sport, luxurious pools for outdoor, glass-enclosed, hot and cold baths, opportunities for mountain climbing adapted to both novice and expert, unsurpassable camping-grounds within a few miles' radius, big game hunting at no great distance, and for one's amusement and education a splendid natural history museum, a zoölogical garden of Rocky Mountain animals and birds, and a paddock of bison, moose, deer, sheep and goats on the edge of the orderly, thoroughly charming little town.

The crowds which come and go make a stir in the streets, and here there is plenty of room for all who are abroad. Surreys, stages and tally-hos dash back and forth to the hotels. Scarlet-jacketed Mounted Police, guides and outfitters in typical costume, add a Western note. Range ponies trot along the river-bank or up the mountain roads with happy children on their backs, or, escorted by a tanned young "wrangler," file knowingly through the streets packed with camp equipment. Knickerbockered pedestrians, groups of alpinists with stocks and well nailed shoes, canoeists with their paddles, photographers

equipped for distant expeditions, scientists, surveyors, hunters, artists, writers, tourists here for a day and gone, contribute individuality to the everyday life of this mountain Eden.

At Banff, not an element is lacking for an exhilarating vacation, and everything one does is amid scenes so inspiring that the mind is uplifted and the feet made light. The Government and the railway are never done improving and beautifying this principal section of the Rocky Mountains Park, whose establishment very nearly coincided with the completion of the Canadian Pacific road, and whose area comprises 1800 square miles of mountain, alpland and valley extending from the Kananaskis Range below Banff, to Bow Pass, north of Lake Louise. Previous to 1887 the Bow Valley was scarcely known except to Indians, traders and railroad builders. In 1841, an English missionary, the Reverend R. T. Rundle, camped for a month at the foot of Cascade Mountain, and this first prolonged visit of a pleasure-seeker in the neighbourhood of Banff is commemorated in the name of the 9800-foot terminal of a range which, strongly based but ever so graciously pinnacled, rises abruptly above the Bow River at its junction with the Spray.

The town, the museum and gardens are placed on the north side of the Bow. A new bridge spanning the river enters the grounds of the Sanitarium Hotel. This was the first guest-house in Banff. Though rather old-fashioned, it is chosen by many for its proximity to the village, and its convenient situation in relation to walks and river excursions. The Sanitarium (which is in no sense what its name implies) occupies a shady rise facing across the village toward the grim, scarred

pile of Cascade (9796 ft.), up which it is proposed to build an incline railway.

A road continues a mile up-hill from the bridge to the great stone structure of the Canadian Pacific Banff Springs Hotel, an establishment of international fame. Situated at the base of Sulphur Mountain, it overlooks to the east a composition of mountain scenery as harmonious in its way as that surrounding Lake Louise. The Bow River descends in a noisy waterfall below the broad terrace and is joined directly in front of the hotel by the Spray. Together they flow down the centre foreground and pass through a natural gate formed by the rending of Rundle from Tunnel Mountain. Beyond is a transverse pyramidal wall surmounted by the brow of Mt. Aylmer (10,365 ft.), highest of all the Banff coterie.

Below the terrace are the palatially equipped baths, the warm sulphur plunge and cold water swimming pool provided by a prodigal management. A nine-hole golf course is laid out on the river-bank between the rock portals.

Behind the mammoth hostelry, well up on the mountain-side, there are other bath houses at an elevation of 5550 feet, and a modest hotel where guests are received. Here the hot sulphur water may be seen cascading down a yellowed channel from its spring. The bridle trail to the Government Observatory on the summit of Sulphur Mountain (12 m.) leaves the road at Grand View Villa and ascends 2000 feet.

Descending the road to the Alpine Club House,[6] through a forest of white spruce and lodge-pole pine, Cascade Mountain, Aylmer, Stony Squaw Mountain and Mt. Edith come more prominently

[6] See under "Sports — Mountaineering," Chapter XIII.

into the picture. Rundle is at the right, and up the river to the left is the Bourgeau Range. This view with those from Grand View Villa and the Canadian Pacific Hotel, from the bridge, and from Tunnel Mountain, are the most comprehensive to be obtained in the immediate environs of beautiful Banff.

The visitor who stays but a day or two, and he is unfortunate who cannot remain at least a week, is recommended to spend part of the day in walking, part in driving or riding, and the evening on the river and the Vermilion Lakes. Besides the walks already outlined are those which lead to Bow Falls from the bridge, and from the bridge up the valley to the costly baths lately constructed by the Government. Adjoining is a curious cave, whose phenomena are expounded by a patriarchal guide.

Near the bridge and the boat livery is a shop where game heads and birds of the Rockies are exposed in such profusion and variety as to form a most interesting museum. Here one may see a timber wolf skin, 7 feet 6 inches long from nose to tip of tail, and also (if it has not been sold since the summer of 1915) a wolf of the same species which before it was caught had killed 16 horses. The taxidermist at the Sign of the Goat Curio Shop is Charles Prior, a pupil of the late Rowland Ward and member of a family known in England, Australia and America for their knowledge of natural history and their skill in animal preservation.

Across the river is the Dominion museum, whose exhibits are most illuminatingly explained in the handbook gratuitously distributed. Admission is free, and the hours are from nine to six daily.

The two floors of the attractive little building are devoted to an exposition of mounted mammals, fish, reptiles, amphibians, shell-fish, insects, plants, minerals, rocks, fossils (some of them from Cascade Mountain), antiquities and Indian crafts of the Rocky Mountains of Alberta and British Columbia.

Down a lane between the museum and the barracks of the Royal North-West Mounted Police is a fascinating community of live monkeys, bears, foxes, wolves, coyotes, lynx, panthers or pumas, badgers, martens, porcupines, gophers, marmots, hawks, eagles, Canada geese, pheasants and pea fowls. One is apt to forget that there are other things to do in Banff and linger here by the hour. The restless Polar bear has an invariably interested group before his pool, but most absorbing of all are the beasts native to the country.

Below the station, two miles from the museum, is the paddock wherein are herded the buffalo, or more properly bison, purchased in 1906 by the Dominion Government from the Allard-Pablo ranch in Montana. On the Flathead range, individual experiment, inaugurated by an Indian, increased during twenty-three years a herd of thirty-six head to eleven hundred; "a fact," says the author of an interesting pamphlet concerning the breeding, round-up and sale of these Flathead buffalo, "which proves how rapidly nature may, in a measure, restore the noble animals decimated by wanton slaughter, and removes largely the fear generally felt for the ultimate extinction of the buffalo. If such can be accomplished by private enterprise, simply protecting nature, surely the efforts of a paternal government may be confidently expected to be even more eminently success-

ful, especially when an ideal range has been provided. The herd will undoubtedly increase to a degree which will make the extinction of the buffalo a very remote possibility. The Canadian Government has anticipated this, and is providing pasturage ample for 10,000 head.

"An idea of the average increase is given by a careful computation that about half the cows give birth to calves every year, while twin calves are evidently not uncommon, inasmuch as in one herd of 100 head corralled last fall, there were two cows each having their two calves at foot, thus affording positive proof of the fecundity of their species.

"The percentage of loss among the calves is not heavy, averaging about the same, or even lower than ordinary range stock. They are invariably strong and vigorous, and instances are known to the herders of a buffalo calf being on its feet thirty seconds after being born and actually showing fight while yet scarcely twenty minutes old."

Visitors may enter the corrals and observe at close hand the buffalo, young and old, and several specimens of Rocky Mountain goats and sheep,[7] elk, deer, moose, Persian sheep, Four-Horned sheep, Angora goats and yak.

A favourite drive by coach (fare $1.50–$2) includes "the Corkscrew" on the side of Tunnel Mountain, the animal paddock, a traverse of the village, the Bridge View and the Government baths. The excursion to Lake Minnewanka is popular because it combines a drive of 18 miles (return) with a 22-mile launch ride on the "Devil's Lake," beneath imposing cliffs. (Inclusive fare

[7] See Hornaday's description of the native goat and sheep under "Sports — Hunting," Chapter XIII.

from village $2, from C. P. R. hotel, $2.50. See Note 4, this chapter.) Other pleasant drives embrace the views from Mt. Edith, a "loop" of the Bow Valley, the valley and canyon of the Spray River, and Sun Dance Canyon. The last, which is featured in one of Ralph Connor's late novels of Western life, is 3 miles beyond the Government Baths ("Cave and Basin").

The water excursions at Banff have been comparatively little publicised for reasons affected by local transportation conditions. Yet in all the Canadian Rocky Mountain tour there is no trip by river-boat just like the one from the bridge to the head of Bow navigation. Thirty-passenger launches leave the Mather landing at 10:30, 3 and 4:30 each day for the hour and a half run. Fare 75 cents. A twilight trip (50 cents) is made each evening, beginning at 8 o'clock. Going upriver, different aspects of the mountains loom at each curve of the stream, and appear the more striking because one's eyes are raised from a low bank to elevations a mile above the river. Astern to the east is the broadside of Rundle, then Peechee and the Fairholme Range behind Tunnel Mountain. Ahead and to the right is the Sawbank Range with the "Sleeping Duke" on his catafalque striped with white. Mt. Edith, a haughty crag, lifts its thumb of rock from behind a barrier, and beyond is the mighty donjon and parapet of Castle Mountain. Occasionally, needle pines stand straight against a distant background of rock and snow. These trees of the Rockies are so eminently suited to the pictures they adorn. Clouds roll high, setting peaks on rounded mountains. From their nest in the top of a hollowed trunk young owls look down with

ON A ROCKY MOUNTAIN TRAIL

uncurious gaze at the gliding boat. As the river winds, lake effects are obtained between curves; familiar mountains drop bafflingly from sight, then rise again like gleaming phantoms to mock us from another quarter. Where the launch turns there is excellent fishing-water. Parties can be put off here and called for later in the day. There are also camps and camp-grounds to hire in this vicinity.

These water scenes that enchant us in the day, put upon us a still more potent spell when the day is fading. Push off in row-boat or canoe at the first dimming of the sun's afterglow. Between sunset and summer dark you will have a long two hours in this northern latitude. Over a glassy course let the oars or paddle take you up the Bow, then into the Echo River where the grassy banks draw closer. A mile and a half from the bridge, enter the narrow leaf-hung alley of Willow Creek. The tinkle of a cow-bell . . . musk-rats swimming . . . the mountain world shut out. . . . Here is a strange transition. Near your home town there are little passage-ways just like this where boughs no higher than your head obscure the sky. . . . At the end of the alley is the first of four lakes called Vermilion for the hue that sometimes tinges them by reflection from the rocks. Flat sedgy banks, reed-grown reaches — and when one turns there is Rundle's pointed eminence, and at the boat-side, if no breeze stirs the water, its pure image. Above the fourth lake is a precipice where the Big-Horn sheep are often seen.

The mountain summits lose their sunset dyes and change to steel-white, then to blue haze. Gradually, as the blue deepens, there is no form below the snow, and crests hang in mystic suspension,

at one with the atmosphere, above "the great world's altar-stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

The late train comes in, the coyotes in the zoo howl their echo to the engine's shriek. The new moon shows its horn above the rounded outline of Sulphur's flank. And so falls a night in Banff.

Brewster's men, or Simpson, or Unwin, or Wilson (son of Tom, "father of all the guides") will advise as to pleasure trips of several days' duration on pony-back.[8] One of the best is to the Spray Lakes, 30 miles south. Going to Assiniboine the trail can be followed out by Simpson Pass and back by Spray Pass (100 miles return). A ten-day trip of unparagoned delight, according to the best-versed guides, is the one to Assiniboine, the supreme monolith of the southern Canadian Rockies. Within the vision of this lonely peak, whose altitude above the sea is 11,860 feet and whose difficult summit was first attained by Outram and two Swiss guides in 1901, are hundreds of lakes, and miles of alpland paved with wild flowers whose species alone are almost without number. Only Outram's and Wilcox's books describe the Assiniboine country. Other scenic stars of this southern paradise beyond Spray Lakes are the Kananaskis Lakes, almost unknown to tourists, but accessible by fairly good trail of fire and game wardens. Beyond the lakes and Assiniboine there is a wonderful 60-mile excursion to be made through the big game district and forests of the Elk River, near the British Columbia border to Michel, on the Crow's Nest Route.

[8] See following "Mountaineering," under "Sports," Chapter XIII, for general information concerning camping expeditions.

The route of the new motorway over Vermilion and Sinclair Passes, between Banff and the Windermere Valley is given under "Windermere Valley," following "Golden," this chapter.

Banff — Calgary.

Following the foot of Cascade Mountain the railway passes east through what is known as the "Cascade trough" as far as the coal mining town of Bankhead. West of the Gap the Bow River flows through a broad valley over-shadowed by Peechee and the Fairholme group. Above Canmore curious rock pillars are to be noted, known as "hoodoos." "These are remnants of glacial material," a geologist tells us, "that have resisted the erosive action of rain and wind, often by the aid of a boulder which now caps the hoodoo." At Exshaw, 25 miles from Banff, beyond the Gap or gorge-like exit of the Bow from the Rocky Mountains Park, is a limestone quarry and cement plant. At Kananaskis we have left the main range of the Rockies, demarked here by precipitous walls, and soon hear but cannot see the cataract of the Bow where it drops over a horseshoe ledge of conglomerate. Cochrane, 59 miles east of Banff, is at the gate of the prairie, from which the steeps of the Rockies are upreared like gigantic fortifications. Calgary is 23 miles beyond in the midst of a plain which rolls north, south and east — a sea of grass and grain.

Calgary is the oldest and the largest of Alberta's municipalities. It grew from 5000 to 85,000 in ten years, and until caught in a morass of financial depression, due principally to over-speculation in city lots and oil wells, was among the richest cities of Canada. Frenchmen estab-

lished a fort here on the Bow in 1752. The present city dates its history from 1875 when the Canadian Pacific Railway sponsored its future. It was named for the Scotch birth-town of Colonel Macleod, chief of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. All public utilities are municipally owned. On Bow Island is a natural gas field which supplies cheap illumination. East of Calgary at Bassano, is the great dam built by the railway to further the irrigation of Southern Alberta prairies so that wheat and still more wheat may be grown.

The Palliser Hotel, adjoining the station, and the Hudson's Bay Company store are the chief, nay the only "sights" in Calgary. From the roof of the triple-winged and extravagantly beautiful hotel one can see in clear weather the white ridge of the Rockies. The Calgary Herald Building is another good vantage-point, and a broad view of the Bow is obtained from Crescent Heights, the most pretentious residence quarter.

Calgary – Medicine Hat (180 m.) – Dunmore, 188 miles. At Dunmore the Crow's Nest Pass Route (see end of Chapter XVI) joins the main railway. Calgary – Dunmore – Moose Jaw (438 m., junction of the main line with the Soo-Pacific route to St. Paul) – Regina (480 m.) – Brandon (704 m.) – Winnipeg (837 m.) – Fort William (1256 m.) – Toronto (2069 m.) – Montreal, 2248 miles, in 3¼ days.

Medicine Hat has its heat, light and power from gas wells owned by the city, and is known to fame as the town Kipling said "was born lucky, with all hell for its basement." Kipling was there in 1890 and again in 1907. When it was proposed to change the appellative of "the Hat" to one less conspicuous for its oddity, he wrote a forceful and witty argument favouring the retention of the old name. Said he, "It echoes the old Cree and Blackfoot tradition of red mystery and romance. . . . The very name is an asset. . . . It has no duplicate in the world; it makes men ask questions . . . above all it is the lawful, original, sweat-and-dust-won name of the city." And they left it Medicine Hat.

Calgary – Edmonton, 194 miles in 7 hours by Canadian

Pacific, via Red Deer. By Grand Trunk Pacific, 242 miles in 10 hours, via Mirror and Tofield.

Didsbury, 48 miles north of Calgary, is the nearest station to the fossil beds of the Red Deer Canyon, 90 miles east, which Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History has recently spent six years in exploring. Clam shells and mammal jaws and teeth were found which are believed to be of a geological period begun 3,000,000 years ago, and some of which are said to be "new to science." The Alberta prairies have enriched the museum by tons of fossils and several complete skeletons of dinosaurs.

CHAPTER XVIII

PRINCE RUPERT, WITH EXCURSIONS UP THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST AND TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS. PRINCE RUPERT — EDMONTON

Prince Rupert — Hazelton — Prince George — Mt. Robson — Jasper — Edmonton.

* *
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Prince Rupert.[1]

A PHOTOGRAPH of Prince Rupert made in 1908 shows a clearing on the shore of its winding harbour, and a scattered shack or two in sight of snow-laden hills. Two years before, the waterfront of the future city on Kaien Island had been surveyed, the landing party stepping from their boat into muskeg " up to their thighs " and facing a thicket of immense trees through which they had to " hack their way ashore, fighting the scrub with the axe, and floundering in three or four feet of bog." A rough wharf was put together, squatters flocked in — and were promptly ejected, for this was the Government's land and the Grand Trunk Pacific's. By 1909 the joint landlords were ready for purchasers. Lots were offered at auction and found takers to the value of more than a million dollars at the first sale. Most of the lots had bulky occupants in the form of house-

[1] See under " Transportation " and " Tours," Chapter XII, and " Vancouver — Prince Rupert," preceding " Vancouver Island," Chapter XV; also description of coast trip following " Vancouver," same chapter.

high boulders and solid mounds and walls of rock which nothing short of dynamite would dislodge. But between the water-front and a ridge two miles back a shelving ledge was laboriously hewn on which the semblance of a town took shape. "Down by the water-side," says F. A. Talbot in his *New Garden of Canada*, published by Cassell in 1911, "the mountain shoulder was being blown away in huge chunks to provide a perfectly level plane upon which a magnificent terminal station could be erected, together with hotels, sidings, and all the paraphernalia of a modern port handling merchandise from and for all parts of the world. The splitting roar of dynamite was heard from early morn to late at night." Warned by a siren of an imminent blast, "workmen would be seen tumbling across the ragged ground. . . . A few seconds of intense silence. Then a violent shivering under foot, and a tremendous bellow, accompanied by plumes of smoke, dust and débris rising gracefully in the air. . . . Dodging rocks as they descended was an exhilarating pastime. . . . Riddled houses and shops were the penalties exacted for being in a hurry to settle down in the new hub of commerce before the fabric had been fashioned."

In the meantime, while Prince Rupert's foundation was being carved out of a granite hill, a furore of speculation waged. Extravagant reports seeped to the outer world of prices paid for thin-soiled ridges worth nothing an acre before the railway survey, and the feverish ratio of their increase. A San Francisco barber built a shop in 1909 on a lot bought on installments, for which three years later he flouted an offer of $50,000. Mysterious strangers came in on the Vancouver

boat, scattered speculative thousands over the townsite, took their deeds, and sailed away. Land fetched in a few months after purchase many-fold its original price. In November, 1911, the Grand Trunk Pacific placed parcels on the market which sold for $600,000, and the streets were not yet laid. A year later the town had a population of 6000.

In April, 1914, the first through train arrived in Prince Rupert from Winnipeg, and tri-weekly expresses now give the newest Pacific port regular rail connection with the East. But in the year that crowned Prince Rupert's dreams, the world war burst, and with it, the real estate balloon. The heights of optimism are supplanted now by a plodding hopefulness in the steep ungainly town — a town remarkable in its present stage of progress only for its harbour, deep, wide and 14 miles long, for its commanding outlook, and for its numbers of beautiless buildings, rainy days, and vagrant dogs.

The railway has completed a drydock at a cost of nearly $3,000,000 which can handle a ship having a displacement of 20,000 tons and a length of 600 feet, drawing 30 feet of water, and where every sort of ship repairing can be done, and fishing and other boats up to a length of 200 feet can be built. With the hinterland's development, heavy wheat, ore and lumber shipments are anticipated. Expectations as to Oriental traffic await fulfillment. At present fish is the staple of trade. The establishment of huge storage plants and branch fisheries by firms of wide connection have augmented Prince Rupert's hope that, if it is not to rival Vancouver, Seattle and San Francisco as a shipping centre, it may at least capture and

hold an enviable position as a port of entry and distributing point for salmon, halibut, cod and herring caught in the teeming waters of northern British Columbia. Millions of pounds of frozen fish are hauled by the Grand Trunk Pacific each year. The total quantity of "green" fish landed at Prince Rupert in an average twelve-month is valued at nearly $2,000,000.

This part of the coast has an average maximum summer temperature of 77°; in winter the thermometer rarely falls below freezing, except for a few hours on occasional days. The rainfall averages 105 inches in a year, and the snowfall, less than 2 inches.

The most attractive short excursions from Prince Rupert are those by steamer up Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal.[2] The Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Union Steamship lines have regular sailings to Anyox at the head of Observatory Inlet. The fortnightly steamer of the last-named company serves Stewart, at the north end of Portland Canal. The distinguishing feature of both these inland salt-water journeys is the superb fjord scenery culminating in snow-limned crags of the Coast Range, which lift a mile above the upper stretches of the long sea arms. The approach to both inlets is by way of Chatham Sound, in view of a splendid cyclorama of distant bluish heights. Metlakahtla, 4 miles from Prince Rupert, recalls the labours of Father Duncan, who at New Metlakahtla, Alaska, founded an Indian colony and barred from it all white settlers "for the good of

[2] See under "Railways and Steamers in the Canadian Northwest," and closing paragraphs of "Tours," Chapter XII.

his charges." At the plotting of the village, corner lots were in such clamorous demand that the peace of the infant settlement was menaced. Whereupon the diplomatic missionary ordained that there should be four lots only on each square of land, and thus he put an end to rivalry. Port Simpson, near the Alaska boundary, is the historic site of a Hudson's Bay fort founded in 1833 by the "Gentlemen Adventurers," following the establishment of trading posts and Indian defenses on Puget Sound, at the mouth of the Fraser, and on Vancouver Island. The population at Port Simpson, nearest British Columbia port to the Orient, consists of nine times as many Indians as Whites.

The steamer proceeding to Anyox passes the mouth of the Nass River, which rises near the source of the Skeena River and is reputed for its mineral wealth. Numerous small boats hold Japanese and Indian salmon fishermen. For their catch they receive ten cents a fish regardless of size. Half-way up Observatory Inlet, peaks appear above the bordering crags with nests of azure-tinted ice lying in the hollows. Across the head of the 30-mile channel stretches a barrier high crested with white. To the left of the steamer, smoke rising lazily above the trees destroys the illusion of remoteness which up to this moment has enhanced the trip. Around a bend leading west from the main inlet are wharves, a settlement sharing a hillside with new-felled stumps, and higher up the slope, the smelter of the Granby Mining and Smelting Company. Within the recesses of the mountain above the bay is one of the richest treasures of copper in North America. On the dock on a certain July day in

ALBERTA
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50
Railways thus
EDMONTON
VICTORIA
STRATHCONA
RED DEER
CALGARY
MACLEOD
MEDICINE HAT
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
SASKATCHEWAN
BRITISH COLUMBIA
UNITED STATES
Peace River Landing
Dunvegan
Lesser Slave Lake
Athabasca Landing
Edmonton
Red Deer
Calgary
Medicine Hat
Lethbridge
Macleod
Banff
Jasper House
Revelstoke
Fernie
Cranbrook
Nelson
Longitude West from Greenwich
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1915 were ranged edge to edge 2250 ingots weighing 320 pounds each, and valued at $135,000. The smelter has a capacity of 2500 ingots a day, and each ingot represents ten tons of copper ore. Six hundred workmen are employed in this out-of-the-way niche of the Coast Range.

Portland Canal is narrower and longer than Observatory Inlet, and the crags which barely give way for the sea to enter push higher and range in deeper rows than do those of the parallel waterway on the east. From ocean level one looks to the apex of mountains which thrust 5000 to 7600 feet toward the sky. This passage, marking for 50 miles or more the division between the Province and the most southerly part of Alaska, gives entrance to still another store-house of minerals — gold, silver, copper, lead, in unknown quantities. Stewart, the centre of half a dozen important operations, is a modern camp with electric lights, telephone, waterworks, hospital, schools and hotels, and is the terminus of a Canadian Northern spur that runs to the mines.

The route up the Stikine River through northern British Columbia, and to Atlin, B. C., via Alaska ports, has been outlined in the final paragraph under "Tours," Chapter XII. These excursions, in the judgment of many travellers, are superior in scenery to any of similar nature on the coast. Though in British Columbia, they are usually taken in connection with the Alaska trip. Something of the big game ranges about Telegraph Creek (Cassiar) and Lake Atlin has been said under "Sports – Hunting," Chapter XIII. The Cassiar gold-fields were the scene a generation ago of a rush comparable to that of the

Klondyke. About the time of the Yukon stampede, valuable mines were discovered near Atlin, and recently many remunerative properties have again been opened up. The Engineer Mine, on the extraordinarily beautiful steamer route between Cariboo, Y. T., and Lake Atlin, is one of the phenomenal gold deposits of the world, individual specimens assaying at the rate of thousands of dollars per ton. Skagway, port of entry for Atlin, is a two-day sail north of Prince Rupert. Wrangell, at the mouth of the Stikine, is half-way between Prince Rupert and Skagway.

Queen Charlotte Islands.

A fortnightly steamer of the Union Steamship Company calls at Prince Rupert en route to and from the Queen Charlotte Islands on the northerly run from Vancouver. The passage through Dixon Entrance to Massett on the north coast of Graham Island consumes less than half a day. Passengers may remain a few hours in the interesting Haida town while the steamer proceeds up an inlet which penetrates for 18 miles into this largest island of the Queen Charlotte group, and in the centre widens into a tidal lake about 12 miles in length. Graham Island is separated from the long broken spit of Moresby Island by Skidegate Channel. Returning to Prince Rupert the steamer discharges and loads cargo and crosses Hecate Strait to the port of Skidegate. Other landings are made during the two or three-day tour of the mountainous archipelago, comprised of 150 islands and islets, but tourist interest centres chiefly at Massett, the capital of the fast disappearing Haida nation. The islands were discovered by Perez in 1774 and later vis-

ited by Dixon and Vancouver. In 1840 there were 7000 Haidas and thirty villages; by 1865 the population had decreased to 5000 and only about 1000 of this brave, war-like, clever and likely-looking race remain, "due to wars, small-pox, and a change from old to new ways." Like all seaboard Indians who for centuries have spent much time in canoeing, their legs are short and their arms long. Their skin is comparatively fair because of the temperate sun-rays on Queen Charlotte Islands, and light hair is occasionally seen. A volume recently published by Dutton, *In the Wake of the War Canoe*, by the Venerable W. H. Collison, Archdeacon of Metlakahtla, dwells in an exceedingly readable manner upon conditions among the "piratical head-hunting Haidas" forty-five years ago, and gives an account of their evangelisation.

Massett has about 400 inhabitants, who dwell in modern frame buildings. In quaint contrast there are a great number of remarkable totem poles, most intricately and skilfully carved.[3] The principal industries are fishing and canoe building. The making of jewellery, barbaric in design, and the carving of slate totem poles for the tourist trade is a profitable occupation. Yan, one of many abandoned villages, is across the inlet from Massett, and is visited for its totem poles and ruined community houses. Mr. Nigel Sherwood of Massett informs the author, "the Indian of to-day despises these relics of the past and I have seen great axe-marks, showing that kindling wood is sometimes taken from the totem poles to heat the mid-day meal while groups are working in near-by gardens."

[3] See under "Alert Bay," following "Vancouver," Chapter XV.

New Massett is 3 miles south of Old Massett. Along the inlet are other villages populated by white men attracted by the fishing and the agricultural wealth of Graham Island. In the neighbourhood of Massett Inlet and Langara Island are the most prolific halibut banks known.

Passing up the inlet to Port Clements characteristic views are disclosed of snow ranges and dense, almost unbroken forests of extremely large spruce, hemlock, cedar and yellow cedar trees. In the jungle beyond Port Clements and Yagwun there are no habitations, but black bear and salmon abound.

On the east shore of Graham Island is Juskutlah, 35 miles from Massett, "a little known, but truly wonderful place connected with Massett Inlet by a single channel of about twenty chains in width. The inlet forms a lake of about 8 miles by 4, and the tides flowing in or out through the narrow entrance are a splendid sight and sound." "Here," says Mr. Sherwood, "camping-places are ideal, and the fishing and shooting practically untouched." Many bays and mountain-rimmed channels open to the canoeist a great region on the west coast "still in its primeval loveliness and loneliness."

At Naden Harbor, 15 miles from Old Massett, there is a whaling station, a cannery, and a deserted Haida village with interesting totems. Langara Island, off the northwestern coast of Graham Island, presents lively fishing scenes in summer, the fish being caught with trolling line, and hundreds of eager anglers assembling at a time.

Surf-bathing, cycling, tennis, horse-back riding and motoring are enjoyed along the sandy coast

between Massett and Rose Spit, and duck shooting is unrivalled among inland ponds.

In the district about Tow Hill, cattle abandoned many years ago are hunted by settlers as wild game. The soil of Graham Island is adjudged better than that of Vancouver Island, and rich beyond description in potential yield. Timber, fur-bearing animals, precious minerals, coal, slate, copper, iron and commercial clays are among other resources of the islands which await development. The climate is exceedingly temperate and favourable to the early maturing of vegetables and flowers. Roses bloom till Christmas in Massett gardens.

Skidegate has some good totem poles and lesser relics of Indian occupation. Moresby Island is mountainous and luxuriantly forested. The entire archipelago presents a labyrinth of inlets, coves, lakes and rivers with some rolling meadows and fertile valleys, the whole crowned by heights which ascend from 500 to 6000 feet. Unpretentious hotels exist at the principal ports, and the Government Agents of Graham and Moresby Islands will assist intending tourists and sportsmen in making holiday plans.

Prince Rupert [4]— Jasper.

The journey from the coast over the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific is an adventure into new lands which carries with it a novel and pleasurable thrill. The terminus is recently built, the villages en route but lately wrested from the

[4] Prince Rupert – Hazelton (176 m.) – Endako (351 m.) – Prince George (465 m.) – McBride (611 m.) – Mt. Robson (667 m.) – Jasper (719 m.) – Miette Hot Springs (748 m.) – Edson (823 m.) – Edmonton, 953 miles. By tri-weekly express in 2 days.

Indian to make a white man's stopping-place. Construction camps, empty but still intact, suggest how lately the track was laid over which we progress amid forests unhewn, peaks un-named and as yet scarce sung, tracts unploughed which shall feed future thousands, rivers never until now skirted by a railroad.

For a hundred and fifty miles the snow-born Skeena is our journey's companion — a river of vigorous mien which breaks into rapids, contracts to high walled gorges, or flows with spacious tranquillity among low islands and among the grassy banks of broad intervales. Dr. D. D. Cairnes of the Dominion Geological Survey remarks the steep and craggy character of the summits which follow above the lower reaches of the river, but believes they have been "toned down by the moving ice of the Glacial period." Where the railway crosses the Coast Range the width is approximately 60 miles. Quoting Dr. Cairnes: "The valley of the Skeena, where it cuts the Coast Range, is a deep, steep-sided trough, precisely similar to the fjord-like depressions filled with salt water so prevalent along the coast. It has however, been gradually silted up by the river down to about Mile post 40, and is bottomed with alluvial flats and islands. Above the mouth of the Kitsumgallum its character changes. The valley above this, at the end of the Glacial period was floored for some distance by estuarine, and farther up by glacial deposits, and in place of depositing its load the river is scouring out, and along most of its course is sunk in a secondary valley.

"... The district at the height of the Glacial period was covered everywhere up to an elevation

of about 6000 feet by a great confluent ice sheet. The general movement of the ice east of the Coast Range was southerly, but a huge stream, as shown by numerous strong groovings along the mountain slopes, poured westward to the sea down the valley of the Skeena.

At the close of the Glacial period, the district was depressed, and Skeena valley was occupied by a long arm of the sea which extended through the Coast Range into the Interior region. Since then there has been a gradual elevation of at least 500 feet, the sea has retreated and the mouth of the river has progressed steadily down the valley. . . .

"East of the Kitsumgallum valley a second wide range of high nameless mountains, mostly built of schist and granite, is crossed. These connect to the south with the Coast Range and may be considered a spur from it. After passing them the dry interior district is reached, and a change in the topography is immediately noted. The valleys of the Skeena and its tributaries become much wider, are frequently terraced, and the relief is expressed in long even ridges, or in isolated groups of high peaks mostly built of upturned Jurassic and Cretaceous strata surrounding granite cores."

The river valley is entered opposite Port Essington, where until Prince Rupert's rise a Hudson's Bay post flourished. The estuary is alive with fishing-craft, mostly manned by natives and Orientals, who find a market for their catch at numerous canneries situated on islands and mainland. The Skeena salmon industry is now said to exceed that of the Fraser in importance. Besides fish,

fresh and frozen, several hundred thousand cases of canned salmon are despatched in a year to ports all over the globe. The "iron chink," employed for heading and cleaning the fish, substitutes hand labour in these preliminary processes, while other knowing machines cut and pack them with fascinating precision. The season lasts about five months.

Beyond Sockeye the river loses its estuarial character and heights forested almost to their rounded tops stand well above the shore. In boldness and altitude the precipices increase as the train approaches the Kwinitsa River's mouth. Snow lies heavier on the mountain shoulders. Rocks show glacial scoring. From Kwinitsa and Salvus beautiful peaks adorn valleys which open at right angles to the Skeena, with a single white-hooded watchman standing guard at some distant curve of the tributary stream. The action of the tides is noticeable as far as the sixtieth mile, but from Kwinitsa east the water is fresh. Small glaciers are descried on the face of the range opposite Exstew. The river, maintaining a uniform breadth of about a mile, "swings from bank to bank washing alternately the slopes on either side" — slopes of hemlock, fir, towering cedar and broad-girthed Sitka spruce tangled about the base with a thicket of saplings and Devil's Club. Opposite Shames and extending to the Kitselas Canyon the rocks of the south bank resemble a baronial defence with parapet, keep, barbizan, portcullis, ranged a mile in the air. Above the Kitsumgallum Valley the Coast Range descends in height.

Before the railway came, Hudson's Bay Company stern-wheelers gave precarious transport

between Port Essington and Hazelton, head of Skeena navigation. Subtle currents, changing channels, fluctuating water gauge, rocks and vicious rapids tormented the navigator of the upper course. Talbot in his entertaining book, written when the flat-bottom "alligator" boats were still in service, relates a typical experience in the Kitselas Canyon, "the Scylla and Charybdis of the Skeena." Running down-river, approach to the mile-long passage between 100-foot walls was announced "by the officer coming round and inquiring if any one desired to get off to avoid its passage. This canyon," the author explains, "has captured so many vessels, and has built up such a death-roll, that many people prefer to land at the upper entrance and walk across country over the well-beaten portage to Kitselas. Sometimes the boats cannot go through at all — to make the attempt would be certain death. . . .

"Above the canyon the river is about 150 yards wide . . . then a spur from the range makes a dart and cuts across the waterway, narrowing it down to a mere ditch, and littering its bottom with sharp rocks. . . . The speed of the water is terrific. 'Sometimes it rattles through here at about twenty miles an hour,' remarks one of the crew. . . .

"The passage of this bad piece of water is a master-piece of navigation. . . . The prow swings into the jaws bristling with black teeth, which appear ready to crush the frail humanity-laden shell. . . . Everything is strained to the utmost; if anything gives, 'thar's goin' to be an unrehearsed somersault into hell,' as one of the sourdoughs aboard growled." Then, as a narrow fissure was negotiated where the *Mount Royal*

was smashed in two, and every one watched breathlessly the present manœuvre, the sourdough was heard again, "'Git yar checks ready, boys. All ready to hand in? Oh, we've cheated the old shedevil again!' as the telegraph rang out, the boat came round, cleared the bend and bounced through the rest of the gorge, with sundry knocks against the walls, at full speed."

"Hard Scrubble" and the "Hornet's Nest" were other dreaded "streaks of hell" which in days not long back made hull-patching on the Skeena "one of the busiest and most regular of occupations." But in the new evolution, steel rails transport sourdough and settler, tourist and even the canoe-wise Indian; the "river juggling" steamboat captain has for all time disappeared from the Skeena.

Between Pacific and Dorreen, 125 miles east of Prince Rupert, three very high mountains group in a glorious trinity. The peak which appears for a moment within the surplice of the foothills southeast of Dorreen, and is lost at the bend of the track, is Sir Robert, recently named by the Dominion Geographic Board for the Premier of Canada. The ice stream, a mile in width, which floods the mountain-side with tints of greenish white, is to be henceforth known as Borden Glacier.

Beyond Dorreen a snowy crest rises like a splendid wraith from behind a burned-over ridge. One peak becomes two, and two are succeeded by five other cusps on a soaring palisade turned obliquely to the curving stream. Outlined against a broad snow-field in the middle foreground is a little mountain symmetrically pointed, which rests at the feet of the taller Seven Sisters like a younger

child posed in a family group. Here we have crossed the Cascade Range and according to geologists' analysis are among the upturned rocks of the Interior region. Approaching the Indian village of Kitwanga the track follows a peculiar grey range wrinkled and folded like the hide of elephants. To the right of the rails, half a dozen boldly carved totem poles and a cemetery notable for its elaborate grave-houses announces Kitwanga, where dwell members of the ancient Kitishan tribe. The dialect they speak differs from that of the Tsimpsians and Haidas. Immured for centuries in this remote realm, the white man's advent was vigorously resented by these villagers and their neighbours. The railway surveyors were run off the land and pursued their mission only after some dramatic scenes with the protesting Kitwangans. Salvation Army lasses and contact with modern conditions as introduced by the railway have brought a measure of civilisation. Occasionally, as the train draws on, the window frames fascinating *genre* studies of root-gatherers digging by a brook, heads bound in red or yellow kerchiefs, or fagot-bearers, often very old and grizzled, coming slowly through a wood bent beneath an overladen basket.

The next important view above the narrowing river is a long battlement uplifted in two daring pikes. A little way on, a most picturesque Indian settlement appears across the river from the railway. The bank is picketed with a row of cottonwood heraldry poles, and there is the usual colony of graves fenced and roofed in, with traditional tokens exposed under the ornamental shelter.

The Skeena is seen now on the left. Heavily

timbered tracts give way to open woodlands of Northern Birch. At Tramville is an aërial ore-carrier that runs through the trees to a mountain of copper owned by the Montana Development Company. The ore is shipped to Prince Rupert by the Grand Trunk Pacific and from there by barge to the Granby smelter. Twenty carloads leave the mine every day. Across the valley are other mines of copper, silver and lead, now possible of development because of the newly arrived railway.

The Babine Range shows to the north before reaching Hazelton, which sits on a wide flat 3 miles down from the railroad. Fur traders outfitted here and gold-seekers have for 50 years passed over this trail. This old town had made history before cities which now flourish in the south had cut their municipal eye-teeth. Mining and farming have usurped interest in peltries, just as the steamboat supplanted the canoes of the fur brigades, and the railway has done away with the steamboat. Four hundred miles to the north is Telegraph Creek, and more than half as far again, Lake Atlin. Some day a road will join Hazelton to the Yukon.

The track turns away from the Skeena, which has its source in the north near the headwaters of the Stikine, and enters the valley of the raging Bulkley at Hazelton. On the southwest the castellated range known as the Rochers Déboulés rises 7000 feet above the meeting of the rivers. As altogether charming a scene as the Skeena offers is of these cloud-wreathed rocks viewed from the gate of the inflowing Bulkley, with Indian canoes lying on a pebbly beach and a ter-

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MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

race of trees making a dark velvet band against the weather-scarred pile.

New Hazelton, a hamlet by the rail-side, is young, but not too young to be writ in the thrilling annals of the far Northwest. Two or three years ago the treasure of its bank, a modest branch of the Union Bank of Canada, tempted "Bohunk" robbers, whom the natives vaguely define as Russians. In banking hours they gained entrance, secured $16,000 and got away before the astonished cashier could alarm the citizens. A year had scarcely passed when a second foray was attempted, also in daylight, and also with success, though this time only a few thousands lay at hand. Making their exit the bold Bohunks fired a volley to scare off the townsfolk. But undaunted, the New Hazeltonians, who had been sleeping on their guns since the previous attack, seized arms, scurried behind protecting stumps, and let fly a rain of bullets. Two of the bandits they wounded. One died. But the man with the money made his way to the hills and was never caught. There are no scarlet-coats in British Columbia.

The gorge through which the Bulkley runs like a mill-race resembles in its siding of smooth, even slabs a well constructed canal lock with chiselled masonry. Two bridges cross the wild gap, one a modern affair lately built by the Province, the other an ingenious wooden footway contrived by Indians on the cantilever principle, with projecting timbers supported on the brow of the precipitous banks meeting in a crazy central span. Lashings of supple twigs hold the miracle together.

Moricetown, named for a missionary to the Cerrier Indians, spells salmon. The fish running inland to spawn crowd from the Skeena through the canyons and riffles of the Bulkley, and at the boulder-strewn passage below Moricetown are halted by a formidable cataract. The more agile leap it, but the great mass of the gleaming batallions arrived here on their summer pilgrimage tumble back and fall a prey to the deft gaff of Indians poised on an over-hanging rock or wooden scaffolding. Eye-witnesses declare the fish are impaled in mid-air by Babine experts, and as fast as the spear can shoot out.

The Bulkley Valley contains leagues of undulating fields capable of producing oats, barley, timothy (2½ tons to the acre), and every sort of farm produce. Hot summers and long days give ideal maturing conditions, and the soil, loam on a clay sub-soil, is so fertile that settlers' tales of quick profits read like gold miners' narratives. Smithers is the market-town of this agrarian paradise. Four miles west is the uncommonly lovely lake called Kathlyn, whose shore is barricaded by the interfolding ice-hung pyramids of Hudson's Bay Mountain.

Beyond Smithers, at Mile 235, the railway overlooks the junction of the Bulkley with the torrential Telkwa. The latter's short path through the mountains on the south is inlaid with minerals, and littered with the claims of hopeful prospectors whose chances for future fortunes are, like those of ranchers and lumbermen, greatly augmented by the coming of the railway. The southern valley of the Bulkley grows huge and delicious berries, immense turnips and potatoes, cabbages and parsnips, and spreading fields of

luxuriant oats and hay. Two Scotchmen, settled here a dozen years, have many hundreds of prolific acres under cultivation. In the Fraser Lake and Endako River Districts is a vast pasturage where cattle and horses feed all winter. East of Fraser Lake is the level Nechako Valley which only needed the scream of the engine to wake it to life.

Prince George presides at the joining of the Nechako and the Upper Fraser. Going east, one arrives here in the morning to discover the waters flowing with the train, a divide having been crossed in the night. Prince George has as good cause as any town in this agricultural kingdom to expect a thriving future. Its citizens put it stronger than that. They cite the coming of the Pacific Great Eastern by way of Lillooet, Soda Creek and Quesnel from Vancouver, and the uniting at this point of two trunk lines and two rivers. The Cariboo mines are only a hundred miles south. Stages and Fraser River steamers now serve them. An expansive area but awaits the railway and the plough to burst into blooming. And Prince George will be the outlet through which the harvest of wheat and gold will reach the East. The town shines cheerfully in its new paint. While the train pauses a quarter of an hour one has time to walk up the main street, and resolves to fix this promenade in his memory so that when Prince George attains its growth as the interior metropolis of northern British Columbia, he may recall how it looked in short dresses.

Old Fort George, erected in 1807, was the post to which New Caledonia traders pushed on by canoe when they had ridden from Kamloops to Alexandria and left their horses at the latter sta-

tion until they returned with their treasure of furs. Beyond Fort George they paddled the Stuart River to Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, and to Fort McLeod, Fraser Fort, Babine and Connolly, which commanded the beaver marshes and the maze of lakes and forests between the Kispiox River and the Parsnip, an area as large as Germany. It was here, a historian of the Northwest tell us, "Simon Fraser, the discoverer, had planted the flag of the fur trader and established posts in the land that reminded him of Scottish highlands." In times of Indian treaty, or when Sir George Simpson, Governor of the allied Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies, arrived on a visit of inspection, Fort St. James, "capital of this mountain kingdom," wore "an air of military pomp, the sentinel going on duty at 9 P. M. and with monotonous tread calling out 'all's well' every half hour till 5:30 A. M., when a rifle is fired to signal all hands up."

At Stuart Lake was stationed between the years 1822 to 1823, the youth, James Douglas. "He who was to become titled governor of British Columbia, had now to keep the books, trade with the Indians, fish through ice with bare hands, haul sleighloads of furs through snowdrifts waist deep — in a word, do whatever his hand found to do, and do it with his might." Here, at the age of twenty-one, Douglas, who was of West Indian Creole and Scotch parentage, married a girl part Indian, "according to the rites of the Company — which simply consisted of open avowal and entry on the books." During one of many rugged dramas played at Fort St. James, Douglas' bride snatched at the hand of a savage whose dagger was already poised to thrust her husband's

heart, and knowing the ways of Indians was able with gifts of clothing and tobacco to divert him and his tribesmen from their murderous purpose.

Fifteen years before Fraser set out from Fort George to explore the great river south to its mouth, Alexander Mackenzie passed this way on his epic journey to the Pacific, which he first saw near Cape Menzies, south of Prince Rupert. Where the Bad River comes in east of Prince George we are reminded of the furious passage recorded by Mackenzie through the rapids of this wicked stream, the link between the Parsnip and the Fraser.

All day we run through the canyons and beside the terraced banks of the Fraser, flowing among the western foothills of the Rockies. To pole a boat up the turbid stream from Fort George to the present station of McBride used to consume as many days as the engine now needs hours to cover the 150 rail miles, which have however a much more direct course than the river. McBride is a few miles west of the boundary of Mt. Robson Park. Late in the afternoon the river valley takes on a new interest. The Rockies are at hand. . . . The railway rides higher on its wall, the stream makes its way in a deeper bed. At Tête Jaune Cache, where the old canoe and land trail meet, and the Canadian Northern comes up from the south, we have climbed from sea level to an elevation of 2400 feet by a road smooth as a skating floor and with only a nominal grade, despite a consistent ascent for 650 miles.

To the north there wheels a cohort of grenadiers in sun-gilded helmets whose file and counter-file shield from view the captain of them all, Mt. Robson. So might a chief seek seclusion among

his troops until the majestic moment fixed for his appearance. The ranks recede as the train follows along the cliff. Our eagerness increases. . . . At last the gleaming bulk of Robson's crown starts up with splendid vigour, then rapidly is unsheathed, until, between the little stations of Albreda and Swiftwater, the massif throws off its attending summits and exposes its full stature, with base upon a broad plane of river-flats and clustering evergreens. Look from the ledge down into the vale, then let the eyes measure steep by steep the stupendous shape, its vertical ridges projecting like the flying buttresses of a transept, its swelling dome, 10,000 feet above the river, ribbed with lateral white bands, and its deep rock basins filled with snow. Behold Robson "immeasurably supreme," with apex the loftiest in the Dominion and sides perpetually paved with ice. If the clouds in this meeting-place of storms have withheld their curtain, and from foot to cap the monarch shows himself — then one commands here the finest single view of a Rocky Mountain, for frame, for form and altitude.

Mount Robson station is the place where campers and mountaineers descend who are going up the Grand Fork Valley by the 17-mile trail which admits one to close intimacy with the wonders about Robson Pass. A parkland between Robson (13,700 ft.) and Mt. Whitehorn (11,101 ft.) extends for 5 miles through the river valley beyond Lake Helena. Bedecked with forty falls which cast their sheen upon the mural precipices in leaping lines of white, this part of the upward journey is a magnificent prelude to Berg Lake, the source of the Grand Fork, and to views from the pass of Mt. Resplendent, Whitehorn, The

Dome, Helmet, Rearguard, Lynx, Mumm, Kain, and other summits of wildest splendour. When the Tumbling Glacier casts its pinnacled shafts of ice into the lake at the foot of Robson the tranquillity of the water is sometimes disturbed for half an hour and waves rise to the crags like sea billows.

Beyond the pass is Lake Adolphus, remarkable for colossal out-standing sentinels with conical peaks and glaciated wedges that express the ultimate in rock power.

Mountaineers avow this Robson-land [5] the finest field of sport in the Rockies, the main peaks requiring skilful climbing on all sides. Dr. Coleman, an ex-president of the Alpine Club of Canada, thinks "from some low mountains to the northwest there is perhaps the most splendid view in North America of mountains, glaciers and lakes. The blue seracs of the Tumbling Glacier seem to be rushing down thousands of feet from the Helmet and the main peak of Robson to plunge into Berg lake, which doubles them by reflection. To the left the main glacier, starting in great icefalls on the northeast of the peak, sweeps a curve of five or six miles round the dark rocks of the Rearguard. Behind the main glacier toward the south rises the unbroken snow slope of Mt. Resplendent ending with a projecting cornice of snow at 11,000 feet. . . .

"There are other striking mountains in the region, such as Mt. Geikie to the south of the Yellowhead Pass and the Whitehorn to the north,

[5] For mention of some ascents, see under "Sports — Mountaineering," Chapter XIII.

Consult the Brewster Company at Jasper, Alberta, concerning excursions in Mt. Robson Park.

though none rival Mt. Robson itself; but much remains for exploration and it will be years before this northern region of the Rockies, all the Alberta side of which is in Jasper Park, is thoroughly known and mapped."

The awesome beauty of Robson's slow gliding toboggan of ice, of milky blue lakes enclosed by slopes whose fantastic domes and minarets rise sheer 5000 to 9000 feet, of a river dropping in full stream down a granite battlement, is enhanced by contrast with winsome woodlands, with thickets of flowering bushes, with mossy bosks, and wide flowing meadows of pink and mauve and blue and lavender that glow unabashed amid the stern grandeur of granite and ice that is here held inviolate for all time by a protecting Government.

Beyond Resplendent we bid the Fraser a somewhat sentimental farewell. If we have travelled in its boisterous company along the southern route, we have by now been diverted by its moods for several hundred swift passing miles. Moose Lake replaces its gleam below our window. As we ascend the last rise to Yellowhead (3720 ft.), lowest of the Rocky Mountain passes crossed by a railroad, a great lake of the same name, one of the sources of the Fraser, lies on our way, and at the continental ridge the Miette River turns with us down the slope. It is interesting to note that the route through the Rockies via Yellowhead Pass now followed by the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern was originally chosen by the Canadian Pacific, but in 1883 was abandoned in favour of the Kicking Horse Pass. The Yellowhead was one of the earliest traverses

THE FIRST CATHEDRAL OF ST. ALBERT, NEAR EDMONTON

Erected by Father Lacombe on the Frontier of Northwestern Canada, Sixty Years Ago.

known to the doughty fur-seekers who journeyed back and forth between the Athabasca and Columbia Valleys. The significant peaks of the Athabasca Pass, directly south of Yellowhead and Mt. Geikie (11,000 ft.), are Brown and Hooker, each about 9000 feet high. Wilcox relates that for many years these were believed to excel all North American summits in altitude. In the *The Rockies of Canada*, he tells the story of a *voyageur* who in 1817 crossed the Athabasca Pass with Ross Cox on the return from Astoria, and who, contemplating in silence the prospect from this outlook, exclaimed with vehemence: "I'll take my oath, my dear friends, that God Almighty never made such a place." David Douglas, the botanist, not the Hudson's Bay factor, named Brown and Hooker ten years later and recorded that the height of the former "does not appear to be less than 16,000 or 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. The view from the summit is of too awful a cast to afford pleasure."

"Jasper's House" was originally a way-station for travellers across the mountains. Three miserable log huts were used by "comers and goers" — Indians, *voyageurs*, and traders, men, women and children. Jasper was the inn-keeper and "Tête Jaune," Yellowhead, a huge red-haired Indian, who in Jasper's employ used to carry his furs over this trail and hide them at the place still called the "cache," until the time was opportune for their shipment by canoe down the Fraser. The Jasper House of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Henry House of the Northwesters were the frequented trading posts of the Athabasca River. The latter was on the bank opposite the mouth

of the Maligne River. Twenty-five miles to the northeast, scattered relics still exist of the older company's occupancy.

The Divide marks the boundary between the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta, and between Mt. Robson Park and Jasper Park. On either side the railway from the Pass to Parkgate the Dominion has set aside territory to the extent of 4400 square miles for a national reserve, which in scenic attraction and in wealth of hot springs rivals the Rocky Mountains Park. The principal thoroughfare of the recently created public recreation ground is the valley of the Athabasca River. On the banks of this fabled stream is Jasper station, seat of the Park's direction, and rendezvous of tourists.

Three miles from the station by road, or two miles by trail, is a charmingly environed and well-appointed tent settlement. Here on the edge of a little lake of wondrous hues the visitor finds informal accommodation thoroughly in harmony with the wilderness which he has come to see. Sunny foot-trails lead to lake-girdled knolls that show the broad valley and the lustrous range disposed above it. The mountain, which in height and symmetry transcends all others visible on the south, bears by official edict the name of Edith Cavell, the Englishwoman who at Brussels, on October 12, 1915, gave her life for her country's cause. Previous to the pronouncement of the Geographic Board early in 1916, the Cavell monument had been confusingly known as "the Jasper Park Mt. Geikie." Rightfully, the latter name belongs to the 11,000-foot crest on the Divide south of Yellowhead Pass. It was the

peak now called Cavell which Professor Holway and Dr. Gilmour conquered in August, 1915.

North of the tent colony is Pyramid Mountain, reached by a 4-mile wagon-road which terminates on the edge of a lake of tinted reflections.

Another road to the north, but trending east, brings us by an inspiring 6-mile climb to the eccentric gorge of the Maligne River, which has no equal among tourist haunts. The river of strange habits has taken its rise far to the south below Mt. Brazeau, has passed beneath the Ramparts and entered Maligne Lake, from Maligne Lake it has expanded into Medicine Lake, and contracting again, draws near to its end in the Athabasca. Where we come upon it through the forest, the Government has erected a shelter, and two bridges, neither of which is more than a few feet long. Under these insignificant spans, which form advantageous platforms from which to witness its seething, chiselling, resounding descent, the maddened river grinds its way through a barrier suddenly thrown across its course. The display by the upper foot-bridge is impressive for evidences of water's centrifugal force. Rocks are hollowed like a dead stump, are turned out like basins from a potter's wheel, are grooved and gored with circular markings. Down this extraordinary terrace the water dashes, swirling in and out of tiny coves, leaping from ledge to ledge in the narrowing channel, burrowing always deeper in the rock. At the lower bridge the river is compressed through a spout from which it emits a roaring, straight-hung gush of spray that gouges out a cauldron far below. Deeper grows the flume as the fall gains force and weight, and closer draw the walls until one standing on the brink

can no longer see the frantic plunging but only hear the clangour that ascends 130 feet or more from the depths of the gloomy fissure. Boulders rolled over the edge carom from side to side for seconds before they reach the bed. Enticed by the wizardry of the stream which before our eyes has sunk into a granite hill, we pursue the inclined cleft down a grassy slope, and there suddenly readjusting the focus of our vision and of our mental range, look as from a great stadium on a reach of infinite breadth and height that embraces the Valley of the Athabasca and the grandees above the Divide. An unparalleled transition, which leaves a permanent mark on the memory.

These marvels and many more the traveller sees who takes the trail for Medicine Lake and its still more sumptuous neighbour, the lake called Maligne.

The round trip from Tent Town to Medicine Lake consumes two days, and the total cost in parties of one or two persons is $18 each, including horses, camp equipment, provisions and guides. The ratio of cost decreases in proportion to the number of " guests " in the party.

Via Medicine Lake and return through Shovel Pass the excursion to Maligne Lake requires five days. Cost, $45 each person in parties of one or two, or $25 each in parties of more than five.

A trip for which six days must be allotted continues northeast from Medicine Lake to Jack Lake and Rocky Canyon — by many considered the most rewarding trail expedition in this part of the Rockies.

The author is indebted to Mr. Jack Brewster,

Jasper, for assistance in compiling detailed description of the foregoing routes.

Medicine Lake.

Medicine Lake is distant about 18 miles from Tent Town. Travelling by Government wagon-road about 6 miles to Maligne Gorge, the traveller thereafter enters the Maligne Valley with the Colin Range on his left, and the Maligne Range on his right. Taking the mountain trail he follows the Maligne River, and passes the Lesser Canyon, 4 miles above the Maligne Gorge. Here the scenery changes; tall pines and moss-covered ground make a pretty picture. Emerging from this miniature park with Medicine Lake, 4 miles long and 1 mile wide, coming into view, a beautiful panorama is presented. On the shore of the lake the Government has erected another log shelter, about 16 miles from Tent Town. A peculiarity of this lake is that there is apparently no outlet, the Maligne River here disappearing through a subterranean channel; this is always a source of interest to geologists. On the left of the lake the mountains rise sheer from the water, while on the right the green slopes running up into the mountain sheep pastures are in direct contrast to the rugged grandeur of the mountains on the opposite side.

Maligne Lake and Return by Shovel Pass.

From the Medicine Lake shelter the trail follows along the east shore of the lake through magnificent timber which here runs down to the high water mark, yet the trail is so close to the lake that it is constantly in view, and on a calm day one gets wonderful mountain reflections.

From the south end of Medicine Lake the trail follows up the east bank of the Maligne River, which, in its own quite peculiar way, grows larger the nearer to its source it gets. Maligne Lake, about 10 miles from Medicine, is not visible from the trail until it literally bursts into view in all its incomparable grandeur. The lake itself is about 18 miles long and varies from two miles wide down to 200 feet at Seymour Narrows, about half way up the lake. On both sides the shores are timbered to the water's edge, while on the east side are the wonderful Opal Mountains. No one who has once seen them, and especially their reflection in the lake as the sun is setting on a calm summer's evening can even think of any other name as being fit for them. Every colour of the rainbow in every imaginable tint is shown.

On both sides of the lake are glaciers reaching almost to the water. As a perfect example of all that is most wonderful and beautiful in mountain and lake scenery, it seems to be universally admitted that Maligne Lake is unequalled, certainly unexcelled in any part of the world.

The first to give this opinion was Mrs. Mary T. S. Schäffer who records in *Old Indian Trails* the impression of her party, the first of the white race, so far as is known, to see this lake of the glowing turreted shores. In 1908 an informal expedition set forth from Lake Louise to discover the whereabouts of a mysterious, unmapped lake somewhere to the north which Indians had reported.[6] When at last the lake was found, not by Mrs. Schäffer as usually stated, but by a masculine member of the party whom she designates as "K.," plans were immediately matured for a sail upon it. The craft was a raft. The seats, bags of flour and bundles of blankets. "In about an hour," writes Mrs. Schäffer, "there burst upon us that which, all in our little company agreed, was the finest view any of us had ever beheld in the Rockies. This was a tremendous assertion, for, of that band of six of us, we all knew many valleys in that country, and each counted his miles of travel through them by thousands."

Leaving the lake we ford to the west bank of the Maligne River and turning to the left work our way over Shovel Pass, alt. 8800 ft. (approx.), through the Maligne Range, and across green open summits, ideal grazing ground for mountain sheep. From the summit the traveller can see two lakes, at over 1000 ft. above timber line, which gives some idea of the height of the Pass. The Pass derives its name from a party who while crossing the summit were forced to dig their way through the snow by means of improvised wooden shovels. A short distance after crossing the summit, we turn sharply to the left, which brings into sudden view the Athabasca River Valley, lying some 4000 ft. below, and camp at timber line. Leaving there the next day some three hours brings us to Buffalo Prairie, an old Indian camping ground; from here we have a magnificent view of Mount Cavell, 11,033 ft., and Mount Hardisty, 10,000 ft. The distance from Tent Town to this point up the Athabasca River is only 10 miles.

Jack Lake and Rocky Canyon.

On leaving the Government shelter at Medicine Lake, we pass along the left hand shore of the lake, and leaving the

[6] For description of the trail between Lake Louise and Maligne Lake, see fine print following "Lake Louise," Chapter XVII.

Maligne River turn into a narrow winding valley which leads to Jack Lake. The mountains on the right side of this valley rise to a height of some 8000 ft., while the formation on the left side of the valley is entirely different, the mountains showing effects of the vast upheaval that at some time must have taken place. From here the trail continues through a forest of green timber to Jack Lake, at the far end of which camp is made. From here a magnificent view of snow-capped mountains and glaciers can be seen. The fishing in the lake is of the very best (lake trout and Dolly Varden).

Leaving Jack Lake we follow down the stream which drains the lake, and where excellent fishing can also be had, to the Rocky River, and proceed down the river some 5 miles to camp. The next day takes us down the valley, from whence many beautiful view points are reached, and at night camp is made near the upper end of the Rocky Canyon, and mountain sheep licks.

On the following day we pass along the edge of the Rocky River Canyon. This is 500 ft. deep and 3 miles long, and is one of the finest canyons in Canada. Entering the main valley early in the afternoon we arrive at the G. T. P. station of Hawes, and reach Tent Town the following day, travelling up the east side of the Athabasca River.

The trail of a two-day trip to Athabasca Falls crosses Buffalo Prairie and the Valley of the Lakes, passes the base of Mt. Cavell and reaches the falls at the base of Mt. Hardisty, "the greatest goat-breeding spot in the Rockies." At the falls the river is but 40 feet wide and plunges 100 feet into a fine canyon. The night is spent at one of the Park Chalets, and the next day the trail is pursued down the west bank of the river to the crossing of the Whirlpool River, which has the unsavoury reputation of being the most treacherous creek in the mountains. The return to Jasper is by way of the Miette Bridge.

A voyage of uncommon experiences employs canoes to go down the Athabasca River to Hinton (60 m.) or Whitecourt (170 m.), en route to Edmonton. Fellow-guests of the author at Jasper in the autumn of 1915, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Cobb of Boston, give the following engaging report of this canoe run through the wilds:

From Jasper to the head of Jasper Lake is a half day's run, and very beautiful with Mt. Cavell behind, the Maligne Valley on the right, and the Snaring River Valley on the

left. The river is swift and exciting, but not at all dangerous. One of the finest sights is the northwest side of Pyramid Mountain, a mass of ice and snow, in sharp contrast to the bare, sun-baked, southern exposure seen from farther up the river. The September foliage was wonderful — all the aspens had turned bright yellow, and as these trees grow only in protected places on the mountainsides, every valley seemed brimming with molten gold, coursing down between the gray rocks to empty onto the lower slopes where gold and green mingled in the rolling foothills.

Jasper Lake, which we crossed the next day, was broad and shallow, with sand bars, making navigation difficult even for canoes; it was hard work, but the view of Roche Miette, which stands up boldly at the lower end of the lake, is splendid. Then comes a two hours' run of swift water into the head of Brulé Lake; the forest here is of large, hard-wood trees, with Roche Miette ever towering behind. Brulé Lake is much like Jasper Lake, but if anything more beautiful, especially as one looks back from the far end. There we camped, and had a gorgeous sunset and full moon, which after dark shone ghostlike on the snow-fields of Roche Miette — the last real mountain we saw, for the next day the river plunged into the evergreen forests of the foothills, and thereafter we could only see the "backbone of the continent" by climbing up from the river to some high bank or butte. The water from the foot of Brulé Lake to Hinton is fast, and in places exciting to run, but only one place is at all dangerous, and that is where the Canadian Northern crosses the river at a sharp turn. Here the water boils under the trestle and around the piers, but by keeping close to the right bank we made the passage with only a slight wetting from spray. At Hinton the Athabasca has changed its character from a mountain torrent, to a swift river of the foothills, running between high clay banks, in places raw and naked where the current has undermined them, but in general thickly covered with small timber. Back from the river are undulating hills with occasional plateaux, most of which are unfortunately burned over, making a terrible tangle of deadfall and young growth.

At Hinton, therefore, I would advise most people to end their trip, making the sixty odd miles of river in three or four days. Beyond this point the Athabasca turns away from civilisation, and runs through unbroken wilderness to the settlement at Whitecourt where we "pulled out." The one hundred and ten miles of river between Hinton and Whitecourt was swift, but easily navigable, except for a series of short choppy "pitches," where high waves made some danger. These are about ten or fifteen miles above

the point where the river is crossed by the trail from Edson to Grand Prairie.

For a hunter this trip below Hinton would be worth while during the open season on moose, for these animals abound, and seem quite fearless. We approached one big bull to within sixty yards; we also saw two bears, one of which we wounded but lost in the forest. Of small game there was a most surprising dearth; we saw only two flocks of duck during the whole trip, not more than fifteen grouse, and few rabbits. In fact, anyone relying on the country for his meat might easily have starved. The natives said it was a particularly bad year for grouse, and the scarcity of ducks was doubtless due to the fact that they stayed in the upland sloughs, back from the river. In November, when these still-waters are frozen, the ducks are said to resort to the river in plenty, but when one takes into consideration the thousands of ducks to be seen a hundred or two miles farther east in the prairie country, it seems strange that so few were observed along this river. Small forest birds were almost as scarce as game — in fact between Hinton and Whitecourt we saw only a few Chickadees, Kinglets and Juncos, so from an ornithologist's point of view, this wilderness was barren indeed.

Whitecourt was a characteristic frontier town of homesteads, and the fifty-six mile drive into the railroad at Sangudo was interesting. This country, too, was heavily wooded, wild and abounding in moose, but desolate and monotonous beyond description.

Jasper [7] — Miette Hot Springs — Edson — Edmonton.

Eight miles east of Jasper the rails pass the site of Henry House on a low bench above the Athabasca, and an hour's run further on, the abandoned graves of Jasper House are sighted beside Jasper Lake. The territory lying between the

[7] Going either way between Jasper Park and Edmonton (234 m.), passengers by Grand Trunk Pacific tri-weekly expresses cover most of the journey after dark, trains leaving both stations about ten at night. The Canadian Northern transcontinental, which follows up the Thompson River from Kamloops and parallels the G. T. P. from near Tête Jaune (Cache) to Edmonton, passes over the route between Jasper and Alberta in the day, and gives a service three times a week.

once busy posts witnessed many a lawless struggle between the rival fur gatherers a century ago. Jasper Lake (the broadened stream of the Athabasca) and Fish Lake provide beautiful views either side the track between Interlaken and the station at Hawes. In retrospect the lakes make a rare picture with the savage pinnacles of the Fiddle Back Range rearing to the westward. Beyond Hawes the Rocky River and the wide-branching Stoney River come in from the south and the north. Between their confluence with the main stream and Miette Hot Springs station, the Athabasca meanders into half a dozen rambling channels, broken by islands, and over-watched by the serrated pile of Roche Miette (7500 ft.). At Pocahontas station travellers sometimes alight to follow the bridle path built by the Government to the canyon of the curiously out-poured Punch Bowl Falls, 3500 feet from the railway. Here the formation in the cliff is not unlike that surrounding the fall in Maligne Gorge.

The Miette Hot Springs are in the hills 10 miles south of Brulé Lake. At present they are reached by trail through the valley of Fiddle Creek. The canyon of the creek is in itself an attraction, being walled high with rugged precipices and marked by a turbulent disorder of rocks and pebbles. Eventually the sulphur springs, three in number, whose waters are almost tasteless and are said to be of higher temperature than those at Banff, will be developed by the Government and the railway, and imposing baths, sanitaria and hotels will rise on this sequestered height beneath the frown of Roche Miette.

Skirting Brulé Lake — the Athabasca in still another manifestation — Parkgate is approached be-

THE LOUNGE OF THE MC DONALD HOTEL, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Grand Trunk Pacific System

tween Roche à Perdrix and Boule Roche Mountain.

At the fortieth mile post from Jasper the Park bounds are crossed. Beyond Hinton the Athabasca swerves to the north, the train descends an incline to Edson, continues down grade across a green plateau, borders Chip Lake and Wabamun,[8] a favourite water-course of Alberta holiday-makers, and ten hours out from Jasper draws into Edmonton, perched high on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

Edmonton is that *rara avis*, a frontier town good to look at. Fine hills well timbered, stately bluffs, a far-famed river, are its scenic attributes. As a phenomenally fast growing centre of trade its streets show a lively prosperity — shops are good, buildings pretentious, a delectable hostelry graces the river-bank, residential avenues are adorned with tasteful and ambitious homes, and river-side boulevards are a-whirr with motor wheels. Moreover, Edmonton has culture. It is no prouder of its wholesale trade and expanding industries than of its Provincial University, its several secular institutions and its thirty public schools. Two possessions held dear by Edmontonians are "Janey Canuck" (Mrs. Arthur Murphy) and Mrs. Nellie McClung, known far beyond the Saskatchewan as sympathetic interpreters of Canadian border life.

And romance Edmonton has, stored in archives of the fur traders who stood sponsor at its christening. Below the handsome Parliament Build-

[8] Here the Canadian Northern turns northeast and a few miles further on makes its entry into Edmonton by way of St. Albert.

ings, near the north side of the great bridge that crosses to Strathcona, is the hexagonal structure of white-washed logs, which symbolises the ancient régime, when "pickets and bastions and battlemented gateways" guarded this route to the mountains by way of the Saskatchewan. Both the fur companies had collecting stations on these banks. The eighteenth-century relic now used as a Provincial store-house was the Hudson's Bay headquarters where pelts were gathered for despatch to Fort Garry. At that time, fox skins were rated at twenty-five to fifty cents each.

Paul Kane, an American artist who travelled the western plains in the fifties, and wrote a book of his wanderings which now has great value in the eyes of bibliophiles, found at Edmonton House half a century ago "about a hundred and thirty people, who all live within the pickets of the fort." The motley assemblage was composed of factors, clerks, canoe travellers, Cree and Assiniboine traders, and Indian or half-breed squaws who spent their days making moccasins and clothing, and converting dried buffalo meat into "pim-mikon." The buffalo was hunted with ash spears ten feet long having iron heads, and with bows and arrows. Kane, in approaching Edmonton, saw the buffalo in "immense numbers . . . we saw nothing else but these animals covering the plains as far as the eye could reach, and so numerous were they that at times they impeded our progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation." [9]

[9] These were not the progenitors of the thousand head of buffalo, "the largest herd in the world," which the Government has fenced in and fire-guarded at Buffalo Park, half a mile south of Wainwright, a station 126 miles east of Edmonton. The Wainwright herd is related to that at

The Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Frères, among the oldest established fur manufacturers on any continent, have their Northwestern headquarters at Edmonton. If entry can be gained to the ware-rooms, the tourist will find much to interest him in the methods of handling and shipping raw and dressed pelts. Revillon Brothers issue gratuitously a fascinating quintette of booklets covering the firm's history and the conduct of its far north trading posts, served by light-draft river boats, flat six-oared freight boats, and horse and dog sledges. Other subjects briefly treated are fur-trapping in the north, the selection of furs, and their dressing and dyeing. Concerning the art of dressing, the following quotation is made:

> In the raw-skin stage, a few weeks or months before, these same skins were anything but inviting. The leather was harsh and stained, the fur matted and soiled and the odour so unpleasant that few but accustomed handlers of furs would be willing to touch them. To reclaim for the human wearer the natural beauty of a skin, as it appears on the living animal, requires many skilled operations. . . . A typical illustration of the way fine skins are dressed is furnished by the process of treating mink skins, from the time they reach the dressing establishment till they are ready to make up.
>
> The skins come in with the leather side turned out just as the trapper has stripped them from the animal. Skinning is itself a process requiring skill and experience as many an amateur trapper securing his first prize has found out to his cost.
>
> The mink skins are first scraped to rid them of bits of dried flesh and then given a preliminary treading in the foot tubs with butter, to supply more oil in which mink skins are somewhat deficient. With oily skins, like skunk, this preliminary treading is omitted.
>
> Treading skins in tubs is a picturesque and laborious process used from very early times, but no easier and

Banff, and was transported from the Flathead plains of Montana.

equally satisfactory method for leathering fine furs has ever been found to supersede it. The strongly made wooden tubs, reaching about waist high, stand in a long row — not flat on the floor, but tipped backward at a sharp angle. . . . During his working hours the skin treader lives like Diogenes, entirely in his tub. . . .

After this preliminary tubbing the mink skins are soaked over night in salt water to soften them for the fleshing machines (which clean the skin and reduce its thickness).

After fleshing, the skins go back to the tubs for leathering. This process is simply prolonged treading in mahogany sawdust until the skin is as pliable as a finely woven fabric. At this stage they begin to assume something of their final beauty. They are flexible, the fur has taken on life and vigour, and to the inexperienced eye they look ready to make up.

There remains, however, the process of cleaning in drums. The skins are placed with more sawdust in great wooden drum-shaped containers and revolved by power for several hours. With skins of light color the sawdust is changed several times to remove every particle of grease or grain of dust which could mar their delicate purity. After this final cleaning the skins are ready for the grader and sorter.

Though the gathering and manipulation of furs is Edmonton's oldest industry, the city's future is founded upon the development of the agricultural and mining resources of the empire of which it is the commercial as well as the administrative capital. In 1901, the city had a population of 2625. Fifteen years later its civic census records give the number of its inhabitants as close on 70,000. Edmonton is mistress of four-fifths of Alberta's area, or about 200,000 square miles. Immigration is trending to the north. Railways are penetrating the Athabasca and Peace River Valleys and will eventually open up thousands of acres, fertile and well watered, to incoming settlers from Canada and from the United States.

An absorbing phase of Edmonton history is bound up in the story of the Roman Catholic missionaries who first ministered to the Indians

and half-breeds of this part of the Northwest three-quarters of a century ago. The rites of the Church were celebrated on the banks of the Saskatchewan in 1838 by two French priests, who in travelling the prairies and mountains set up the cross at each camping-place, and baptised the natives dwelling about the Hudson's Bay posts. One priest, the Reverend F. N. Blanchet, later became the first Bishop of Oregon City. His companion, the Reverend Modeste Demers, was appointed the first Bishop of Vancouver Island.

In 1842, the pioneer mission of the Canadian Northwest was established on Lake St. Anne, west of Edmonton, by Father Thibault, who before beginning his journey afoot, in the saddle, and by ox-cart across the plains from Red River had mastered an aboriginal language similar to Cree. After ten years of heroic labour he was succeeded by a young cleric from Quebec, whose arrival at Fort Edmonton was greeted by a salute from the bastions. During the decade that followed, Father Albert Lacombe spent himself zealously in an effort to Christianise the warring Crees and Blackfeet, and constantly travelled to and fro in the wilderness, going by dog-team as far north as the Peace River.

A *History of the Catholic Churches and Missions in Central Alberta*, compiled for private circulation by the Most Reverend Emile J. Legal, O. M. I., Archbishop of Edmonton, relates the circumstances of the founding of the romantic Mission of St. Albert. In January, 1861, the Bishop of St. Boniface (Red River), on a visit to his remote foothill parishes, left Lake St. Anne with Father Lacombe. "About nine miles from Edmonton they stopped on a hill, at the foot of

which flows the Sturgeon River. They cleared away the snow, lighted a fire and rested a while. It was there and then that Bishop Taché, after cutting down a young sapling, made a staff, and planting it firmly into the snow addressed his companion, thus: 'Father Lacombe, here is the site of the new mission! It shall be called by the name of your Holy Patron, St. Albert! You will undertake the work as soon as possible, and you will found this new mission!'"

On the spot where the staff was planted were laid the primitive foundations of the chapel which tourists go from Edmonton to see — a "poor hut, which even at its best allowed the snow and rain to enter it as their kingdom." About the chapel grew the mission buildings, the orphanage and school organised in 1863 by the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the house of the Oblate missionaries, the shops of shoemaker, carpenter and blacksmith conducted by lay brothers, the grist-mill, built by Father Lacombe's own hands, and the cabins of the half-breeds who stayed near the Mission in the intervals between their long buffalo hunts.

The missionaries lived in a one-room log hut, the first Bishop's Palace at St. Albert. They "slept on shelves arranged like bunks at sea . . . with a beast's skin for covering." Pemmican, "a kind of pulverised meat mixed with fat, and compressed in skin sacks for ten or twelve months," was the staple food.

Father Lacombe for his devotion to the Indians became known as their Apostle. The Blackfeet called him, Man-of-the-Good-Heart. He wrote a Cree Dictionary on Government grant, and made many translations in that language. In 1865 he left St. Albert to become a travelling missionary.

In the years between then and now he has not ceased to give his great talents to the cause of Indian evangelisation and education, and, approaching the age of ninety, has founded a home for poor of all ages at Midnapore, south of Calgary.

In 1909, a concourse of celebrities of Church and State assembled at St. Albert to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of the "Black-robed Voyageur." Father Lacombe's biography has been well written by Katherine Hughes, who dwells with sympathy upon the honours paid him, and the remarkable achievements of his long and hallowed life — a life ever lit with the fires of humour and humanity.

A new church and seminary building, and a commodious Diocesan residence have succeeded the rude structures of frontier days at St. Albert. Visitors who make the pilgrimage to the hill-top community, and many illustrious visitors have come here in the past fifty years, are free to wander among the various buildings and to enter the historic Mother Cathedral. A nun in grey habit makes a tranquil picture sewing beneath a tree. Bearded, French-Canadian Oblates form animated groups on the shady walks. In the enclosure beside the Archbishop's Palace a wrinkled Brother in moccasins and broad hat tends his roses and artichokes. If you find the proper word of praise for his immaculate borders, you may be rewarded with a flower. Beware, however, treading too close upon the path-lined beds, or Frère Letourneur will scold you as he scolds the Archbishop if, in passing, his robes but graze a trim patch of the jealously nurtured garden.

The Hudson's Bay Company issue a pamphlet detailing the route down the Athabasca, Peace and Mackenzie Rivers, the three sovereign waterways of the north, which once a season is open to the tourist as far as Fort McPherson, a few miles south of the Arctic Ocean. The Company may be addressed at Edmonton for yearly dates of sailing, steamer connections, cost, and duration of this many-sided trip into the realm of the fur trader and trapper.

Edmonton – Calgary, 194 miles by Canadian Pacific; 242 miles by Grand Trunk Pacific.

Edmonton – Wainwright (Buffalo Park 126 m.) — Saskatoon (326 m.) — Winnipeg (793 m.) — Minaki (901 m.) — Graham (junction for Fort William and Northern Navigation or Canadian Pacific Great Lakes steamers, 945 m.) — Cochrane (1569 m.) — North Bay (1822 m.) — Toronto 2049 miles, in 3 days by the Transcontinental Line (see under "Transportation," Chapter XII).

Edmonton – Saskatoon (311 m.) — Brandon (691 m.) — Winnipeg (827 m.) — Fort Frances (1034 m.) — Port Arthur (1265 m.) — Toronto, 2136 miles in 3 days by Canadian Northern.

Trains over the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern lines run daily between Edmonton and Winnipeg, and tri-weekly beyond.

TOURIST TOWNS AND RESORTS OF THE NORTHWEST

POPULATION [1] — HOTELS [2] — BANKS [3]

(The presence of a British Consul or Consular Agent is designated thus *; an American Consul or Consular Agent thus †)

OREGON

Albany; pop., 4600; hotel, Albany.
Ashland; pop., 5500; hotel, Oregon.
Astoria *; pop., 12,240; hotels, Merwyn, Occident.
Baker; pop., 7500; hotels, Geiser Grand, Antlers.
Bayocean; hotel, Bayocean.
Bend; hotel, Pilot Butte Inn.
Cottage Grove; pop., 1860; hotel, Cottage Grove.
Crater Lake; hotels, Crater Lake Lodge, Camp Arant.
Eugene; pop., 12,200; hotels, Osburn, Hoffman.
Forest Grove; hotel, Michigan.
Gearhart Beach; hotel, Gearhart.
Grant's Pass; pop., 4600; hotels, Josephine, Camp at Josephine Caves.
Heppner; pop., 1000; hotel, Palace.
Hillsboro; pop., 2550; hotels, Tualatin, Washington.
Hood River; pop., 2500; hotels, Oregon, Mrs. Howe's hotel,

[1] According to civic estimate, 1915.
[2] The best hotels in principal cities are conducted on the European plan; in smaller towns, and at resorts and camps on the American plan. A few houses offer accommodation on both plans. European terms, $1 to $2 and up; American plan, $2.50 to $5 and up. Furnished kitchenette apartments are to let in the principal cities by the day or week. See under "Hotels," Chapter II.
[3] Banks are given only in the larger tourist centres.

cottages and tents at Cottage Farm. On north slope of Mount Hood, Mount Hood Lodge and Cloud Cap Inn.

Joseph (Wallowa Lake); inn for tourists and sportsmen.
Klamath Falls; pop., 4080; hotels, White Pelican, Hall.
Lakeview; pop., 1390; hotel, Lakeview.
McMinnville; pop., 2900; hotels, Elberton, Yamhill.
Medford; pop., 11,000; hotels, Barnum, Medford.
Newport; hotel, Abbey.
Oregon City; pop., 4840; hotel, Electric.
Pelican Bay, Klamath Lake; hotel, Harriman Lodge and cabins.
Pendleton; pop., 4980; hotels, Bowman, New Pendleton.
Portland*; pop., 255,700; hotels, Benson, Portland, Imperial, Multnomah, Perkins, Nortonia. Furnished rooms and apartments for transients at the Wheeldon Annex and Alexandra Court; banks, First National, Ladd and Tilton, U. S. National, Lumbermen's National.
Prineville; pop., 1150; hotel, Prineville.
Riddle; hotel, Riddle.
Rowe P. O. (west slope of Mt. Hood); hotels, Rhododendron Tavern, Government Camp. Other inns at Welches, Tawney's and Arrah Wannah.
Roseburg; pop., 5000; hotel, Umpqua.
Salem; pop., 18,500; hotel, Marion.
Seaside Beach; hotels, Moore, Holladay.
The Dalles; pop., 5500; hotel, Umatilla.
Tillamook; pop., 1490; hotel, Todd.
Troutdale; hotel, sportsman's inn on the road to Mt. Adams.

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen; pop., 18,400; hotel, Washington.
Anacortes; pop., 5250; hotel, Taylor.
Bellingham; pop., 30,500; hotels, Leopold, Laube.
Blaine; pop., 2550; hotels, Del Monte, Blaine.
Brewster; hotel, Gamble.
Castle Rock; station for camp at Spirit Lake, at base of Mt. St. Helens.
Centralia; pop., 8160; Centralia, Wilson.
Chehalis; pop., 4800; hotel, St. Helens.
Chelan; two small hotels at the foot of the lake. At the head of Lake Chelan (Stehekin), Hotel Field.
Cohassett Beach; summer hotels.
Colfax; pop., 3050; hotel, Colfax.
Eatonville; hotel, Lakeside Inn.
Ellensburg; pop., 4700; hotel, Antlers.
Everett; pop., 32,700; hotel, Mitchell.

Friday Harbor, San Juan Islands; hotel here and at other villages and summer resorts in the archipelago.
Glacier (foot of Mt. Baker); inn.
Goldendale; hotel, Central.
Hood Canal (by steamer from Seattle); many hotels and summer camps along this waterway, at Duckabush, Quilcene, etc.
Hoquiam; pop., 10,650; hotels, Grayport, New York.
Index; summer hotels.
Kalama; hotel, Kalama.
Kennewick; pop., 1350; hotel, Kennewick.
La Grande; hotel, Canyada Lodge.
Lake Crescent; hotels, Tavern, Ovington's.
Lake Cushman; summer inn.
Lake Keechelus; hotel, Lake Keechelus Inn and tents (C. M. & St. P. R'y).
Lake Quiniault; camps and log hotels.
Long Beach; summer hotels, boarding-houses and cottages.
Marcus; hotel, Columbia.
Medical Lake; pop., 1900; hotel, Medical Lake.
Mineral; hotel, Mineral Lake Inn.
Moclips; summer hotels and cottages.
Nahcotta; summer hotels and cottages here and at neighbouring resorts on North Beach.
Newport; pop., 1310; hotel, Martin.
North Yakima; pop., 18,900; hotels, Commercial, Tieton, Yakima.
Olympia; pop., 7600; hotel, Mitchell.
Oroville; hotel, Hotel de Grubb.
Pacific Beach; summer hotels and cottages.
Pasco; pop., 2290; hotels, Cunningham, Pasco.
Port Angeles*; pop., 2510; hotel, Commercial.
Port Townsend*; pop., 4610; hotels, Centralia, Delmonico.
Rainier National Park; hotels, National Park Inn, Longmire's. Tent Camps at Indian Henry's Hunting-ground, and Paradise Valley.
Scenic; hotel, Scenic Hot Springs (G. N. R'y).
Seattle*; pop., 319,000; hotels, New Washington, Perry, Frye, Rainier-Grand, Savoy, Butler, Sorrento, Lincoln, Seattle. Furnished apartments for transients at the McKay Apartment Hotel, 7th and Pike Streets; banks, Dexter Horton National, Seattle National, First National, National Bank of Commerce.
Snohomish; pop., 3570; hotel, Penobscot.
Sol Duc; hotel, Sol Duc Hotel and Sanitarium.
South Bend; pop., 4080; hotel, Albee.
Spokane; pop., 136,500; hotels, Davenport, Spokane, Ridpath, Victoria, Fairmont; banks, Exchange National, Old National.

Sumas; hotel, Swail.
Tacoma; pop., 103,600; hotels, Tacoma, Donnelly, Mason; bank, National Bank of Tacoma.
Vancouver; pop., 12,150; hotel, Columbia.
Walla Walla; pop., 23,700; hotels, Grand, Dacres.
Wenatchee; pop., 4480; hotels, Wenatchee, Elman.
Whidbey Island (steamer from Everett); summer hotels and boarding-houses.
White Salmon; hotels, The Eyrie, Jewett's Farm.

IDAHO

Bonner's Ferry; hotels, Idaho, West.
Coeur d'Alene; hotels, Antler, Idaho.
Hayden Lake; hotel and cabins.
Lewiston; pop., 6300; hotel, Bollinger.
Moscow; pop., 4100; hotel, Idaho.
Priest River; camps.
Sand Point; hotel, Idaho.
Wallace; pop., 3570; hotel, Ryan.

MONTANA

Glacier National Park; hotels, Glacier Park, Many Glacier, Two Medicine Chalets, Cut Bank Chalets, St. Mary Chalets, Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, Gunsight Chalets, Sperry Chalets, Many Glacier Chalets, Granite Park Chalets, Belton Chalets. Tepee Camps at the foot of St. Mary Lake, at the head of St. Mary Lake, at Lake McDermott.
Kalispell; hotel, Kalispell.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Alberni, V. I.; hotels, Alberni, Arlington.
Ashcroft; pop., 800; hotels, Grand Central, Ashcroft.
Atlin; pop., 350; hotel, Royal.
Balfour; hotel, Kootenay Lake (C. P. R.).
Brentwood, V. I. (12 miles from Victoria); hotel, Brentwood.
Cameron Lake, V. I.; hotel, Cameron Lake Chalet (C. P. R.).
Campbell River, V. I.; hotel, The Willows.
Chamainus, V. I.; hotels, Horseshoe Bay, Lewisville.
Chilliwack; pop., 2000; hotels, Empress, Royal.
Courtenay, V. I.; pop., 800; hotels, Riverside, Courtenay.
Cowichan Lake, V. I.; hotels, Riverside, Cowichan.
Cranbrook; pop., 3090; hotels, Cranbrook, Cosmopolitan, Royal.

Creston; pop., 600; hotels, Creston, King George.
Duncan, V. I.; pop., 1500; hotels, Tzouhalem, Quamichan.
Esquimalt, V. I.; pop., 4700; hotels, Coach and Horse, Esquimalt.
Fernie; pop., 4000; hotels, Napanee, Fernie.
Field; pop., 300; hotels, Mount Stephen House (C. P. R.); Emerald Lake Chalet (C. P. R.).
Glacier; pop., 45; hotel, Glacier House (C. P. R.).
Golden; hotels, Columbia, Queen's.
Goldstream, V. I.; pop., 1100; hotel, Goldstream.
Halcyon Hot Springs (upper Arrow Lake); hotel, Halcyon Hot Springs and villas.
Harrison Hot Springs (Agassiz station); hotel, St. Alice.
Huntington; pop., 250; hotels, Alexandra, Huntington.
Invermere (Windermere Lake, Athalmer station); hotel, Stark's hotel.
Kamloops; pop., 6000; hotel, Leland.
Kaslo; pop., 1200; hotels, Kaslo, King George.
Kelowna; pop., 3097; hotels, Lakeview, Palace.
Lillooet; pop., 500; hotels, Excelsior, Victoria. Mrs. Craig's Camp, Cayoosh Creek.
Merritt; pop., 2000; hotels, Adelphi, Coldwater.
Midway; hotels, Midway, Crowell.
Mission; pop., 1300; hotels, Belleview, Matsqui.
Nakusp; pop., 475; hotels, Leland, Grand.
Nanaimo, V. I.; pop., 8420; hotel, Windsor.
Naramata; pop., 400; hotels, Syndica, Naramata.
Nelson; pop., 7500; hotels, Strathcona, Hume.
New Westminster; pop., 20,000; hotel, Russell.
North Bend; pop., 250; hotel, Fraser Canyon.
Oak Bay, V. I. (see Victoria).
Penticton; pop., 3000; hotels, Incola (C. P. R.), Penticton.
Port Alberni, V. I.; pop., 1250; hotels, Somass, Beaufort.
Prince George; pop., 2500; hotels, Fort George, Northern.
Prince Rupert; pop., 6500; hotels, Prince Rupert, Royal, Savoy, Bay View, The Samovar Tea Rooms (also breakfast, lunch and dinner), Fourth Street; banks, Montreal, Commerce, British North America, Royal, Union.
Princeton; pop., 900; hotels, Similkameen, Tulameen.
Qualicum Beach, V. I.; hotel, Qualicum Inn.
Revelstoke; pop., 4000; hotels, Revelstoke, King Edward.
Rossland; pop., 3500; hotel, Allen.
Salmon Arm; pop., 3500; hotel, Montebello.
Shawnigan Lake, V. I.; hotels, Strathcona Lodge, Koenig's.
Sicamous; pop., 75; hotel, Hotel Sicamous (C. P. R.).
Sidney; pop., 600; hotel, Rest Haven.
Sooke Harbor, V. I.; hotel, Sooke Harbor.
Stewart (Portland Canal); hotels, Empress, King Edward.

Summerland; pop., 1800; hotel, Summerland.
Union Bay, V. I.; hotel, Wilson.
Vancouver †; pop., 207,000; hotels, Vancouver, Glencoe Lodge, Elysium, Castle, Lotus, St. Francis, Grosvenor. Furnished apartments for transients at Royal Alexandra Apartments, 1086 Bute Street; banks, Commerce, Montreal, British North America, Royal, Molsons Nova Scotia.
Vernon; pop., 3500; hotels, Kallemalka, Royal.
Victoria, V. I.†; pop., 65,000; hotels, Empress (C. P. R.), Dallas, King Edward, Glenshiel, Oak Bay; banks, Commerce, Montreal, British North America, Royal, Nova Scotia.

ALBERTA

Athabasca Landing; hotels, Athabasca, Grand Union.
Banff; pop., 1200; hotels, Banff Springs Hotel (C. P. R.), Sanitarium, King Edward, Mount Royal; bank, Imperial.
Calgary †; pop., 81,161; hotels, Palliser (C. P. R.), Braemar Lodge, Alberta; banks, Commerce, Montreal, British North America, Royal, Nova Scotia.
Edmonton; pop., 76,243; hotels, The Macdonald (Grand Trunk Pacific), Selkirk, King Edward, Cecil, Blue Moon Tea Rooms; banks, Commerce, Montreal, British North America, Royal, Nova Scotia.
Jasper; hotel, Tent Camp (3 miles from station).
Lake Louise; pop., 100; hotel, Chateau Lake Louise (C. P. R.). Moraine Lake Fishing Camp (9 m.)
Macleod; pop., 2000; hotels, American, Queens.
Medicine Hat; pop., 15,288; hotels, American, Assiniboia, Cecil.
Peace River Crossing; hotel, Peace.
Wainwright; hotel, Wainwright.

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